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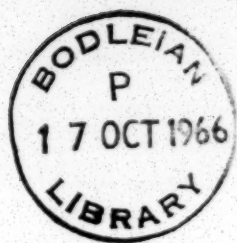
WE CULL THE CHOICEST.

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Part the First

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Hyatt

THE
POLITE REPOSITORY;
OR,
AMUSING COMPANION.

THE
STORY OF LUDOVISIO CARANTANI
AND HIS
TWO DAUGHTERS.

THERE is no species of domestic tyranny so iniquitous and oppressive, as that which unreasonable parents frequently exercise over their children, in popish countries, by forcing them into a state of life to which they have no call. If children ought ever to be left to their own free choice, it is certainly when the shutting them up for life in a convent or monastery is under consideration; for God requires the consecration of the heart, and to him that oblation alone, which is pure and voluntary, is an acceptable sacrifice.

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The following story affords a striking example of the fatal consequences of such compulsion, and is too well attested to admit any doubt of its being true.

Ludovisio Carantani, a native of Varese, a city of the Milanese, had only two daughters by a wife who had brought him a considerable fortune: but that parental affection which ought to have been divided between them, was confined to the eldest, whose name was Victoria; though she was not near so amiable as Olympia, her younger sister. This capricious preference was evident even in their infancy. Victoria enjoyed all the caresses of her father, nor could her sister obtain the least token of his tenderness or affection. Her mother's love indeed made her some amends for this indifference; but death having deprived her of this consolation, she was exposed to numberless contradictions, and suffered continual ill-treatment. Victoria's beauty, and the fortune which she might expect from the wealth and partiality of her father, soon drew about her a great number of suitors; and Carantani, that he might marry his favorite with the greater advantages, was determined to sacrifice to her interest the happiness of Olympia, whom he accordingly put into a convent, and caused a report to be spread that she had resolved upon a religious life. This report gained credit; the number of Victoria's lovers increased, among whom were gentlemen of the best families in the country.

The father already congratulated himself upon the success of his scheme. As he had always treated the amiable Olympia with severity, he was persuaded that she would be soothed by the tranquillity of a convent, and think herself happy to have escaped the rudeness and neglect which she suffered at home. Nor was he altogether mistaken; for at the solicitation of several of her relations who were devotees, and had been gained over by her father, she consented to take the habit of a novice or probationer in the monastery of San Martino. But there is a time of life when nature speaks a language very different from that of monastic devotion. Olympia, although young, lively, and of a complexion naturally amorous, was on the point of becoming the victim of her father's ambition, and her own
inexperience ;

inexperience; but on the very day of the ceremony, she saw amongst the company assembled as usual on these occasions, an amiable cavalier, who had made a deep impression upon her heart. Immediately the thoughts of a convent became intolerable: and she reflected with horror upon the sacrifice which she was just about to make, of all the advantages which she might promise herself in the world.

The nuns and her devout relations, who soon perceived the alteration, endeavoured in vain to bring her back to her first resolution. All the answer that they received from her, was, that her circumstances being equal to those of her sister, she had no inclination to sacrifice herself to her ambition, or to the partiality of her father; that her design was to marry, and that she entreated them to prevail upon her father to give her to a young cavalier of a very good family, by whom she was persuaded she was greatly beloved.

It is easy to imagine the astonishment of Carantani, when he was acquainted with a resolution which quite frustrated the scheme he had formed for raising the fortune of his dear Victoria. He earnestly entreated the nuns and his kinswomen, to redouble their endeavours to make Olympia alter her resolution. But these endeavours only enflamed her passion, and increased her disgust for a monastic life; nor did she conceal her sentiments even from her father, who came frequently to see her, in order to discover the effect of the remonstrances of his friends; to these he added his own; but perceiving that this expedient did not succeed, he had recourse to menaces, and assured her, that if she did not resolve upon a religious life, he would take her home again, where she might expect to be the most wretched of women.

Olympia, who knew her father's unkindness by a long and cruel experience, did not doubt but he would keep his word. Yet she endeavoured to mollify him by the most tender and pathetic expostulations; but neither arguments, intreaty, nor tears made the least impression upon his heart.

As by this change in Olympia's resolution, the match of his Victoria was in danger of being broken off, her lover

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growing cold and indifferent, in proportion as her fortune became precarious, Carantani was so much enraged, that the next time he visited Olympia he told her, in a transport of fury, that if she did not take the veil as soon as her noviciate expired, he would put her to death with his own hand.

“ If I die it shall not be by your hand,” replied his amiable daughter, calmly. “ I have often represented to you my aversion to a monastic life, yet you command me to sacrifice myself to the fortune of my sister, and to that excessive fondness which you have always shewn for her; and if it be impossible for me to prevail upon you to retract this command, you shall be obeyed, since my obedience will spare you the crime which you threaten to commit against me; but you and my sister will have perpetual cause to regret the cruel sacrifice which you oblige me to make you. She added, that he might, whenever he thought proper, order the necessary preparations for the ceremony; after which she withdrew. Carantani, who probably did not know to what lengths despair might carry a young maid, when love has once seized on her heart, pleased himself with the thoughts of having made her change her resolution. He went with an air of triumph to carry the news to his dear Victoria and her lover, who were then together. They exulted greatly upon it, and now thought themselves happy.

As the time appointed for Olympia to take the veil was now near, Signor Carantani made all the usual preparations, and, as if he thought the unhappy victim knew not to whom she was to be sacrificed, he took measures for solemnizing the marriage of his eldest daughter at the same time.

On the day preceding that which was fixed for this double ceremony, Olympia thought it her duty to make a last effort to soften her father, and if possible divert him from so barbarous a sacrifice. For this purpose she again reasoned, she expostulated, she intreated; but Carantani was equally deaf to the voice of reason, nature, and religion; he continued inflexible in his purpose, and confirmed his threatenings by the most horrible oaths. Ah! my
 dear

dear father, said the amiable Olympia, with a look of unutterable tenderness and grief, consider well what you are about ; consider, that to me your answer is either life or death, and be assured, that if you sacrifice me to my sister's fortune, you will repent when it is too late ; the phantoms that now mislead you will vanish at once ; you will perceive with horror the effects of your delusion, and feel the pangs of remorse when they are aggravated by despair ; but further conversation will only ratify my destruction by increasing your resentment ; permit me, therefore, to withdraw, and do not give your final answer till to-morrow : But remember, that if I perish, you will be wretched, and that in refusing mercy to your daughter, you give sentence against yourself." With these words she left the parlour.

Carantani, whose eyes the last sentence might have opened, disregarded it as one of those wild menaces which are usually the last resource of a passion increased by opposition, and exasperated by despair. The preparations for Victoria's marriage engrossed his attention, and he thought of nothing but how to render it splendid and magnificent. The relations who were invited to this double ceremony, were already assembled in the church of the convent, and Olympia was dressed in her richest apparel and most splendid ornaments, which at these times are put on only to be renounced for ever with the greater solemnity. The dreadful moment arrived in which this blooming victim was to be conducted to the altar : then knowing that she had nothing further to hope, yet concealing her despair, she asked leave of the nuns who were about her to go up into her cell, under pretence of recollecting herself for a few minutes, and meditating in private upon the important affair which she was about to transact. This was readily granted, and Olympia went up, not into her cell, but into a garret which was over it, and after having deplored her misfortunes, and prayed to God for pardon, she fastened to one of the beams a cord, which she had taken from one of the nuns who had used it for a girdle, put it about her neck, threw herself from a little bench on which she stood, and in a few minutes launched into eternity.

In the mean time the company, who had been almost an hour assembled in the church, waited with impatience for the beginning of the ceremony. The abbess was acquainted with it, who was equally surprised at the delay, and asking the nuns the reason of it, was informed of Olympia's request; they waited almost an hour longer; but still Olympia did not appear. They then went to seek her in her cell, but there she was not to be found; other parts of the convent were searched, but without success.

At length, after much time spent in a fruitless enquiry, one of the nuns thought of going up into the garret.—What a mournful! what a horrid spectacle was there!—The unfortunate Olympia hanging in the fatal cord with which she had put an end to her life.

Seized with horror at the ghastly sight, she ran precipitately down stairs, and rushing into the choir where the nuns were assembled, she filled them with terror and astonishment, by her outcries and lamentations. The alarm soon spread itself from the choir to the church, where all the relations with the utmost consternation received the news of the sudden death of the unhappy Olympia, the most shocking circumstances of which the abbess prudently concealed. At first they would not believe it; they demanded a sight of her, and going out of the church in a body, the ladies and Carantani himself, (this privilege being granted to fathers, entered the convent, notwithstanding the resistance of the abbess and nuns. What a spectacle was this for a father, for a sister, for a whole family! One of the most amiable young women, the victim of a violent despair, all the horror of which was yet visible in her countenance!

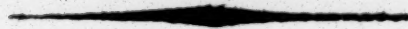
Great as Carantani's obduracy had hitherto been, he now burst into tears, and became frantic with despair.—He accused himself too late as the murderer of his daughter, and stung with this tormenting thought, which was but too much the suggestion of truth, he fled from the convent, and even from the city, with the greatest precipitation. He mounted his horse with a design to conceal his shame, his grief, and his remorse, in the obscurity of

a country seat. But heaven designed him for a public example. He had scarce rode six miles, when his horse taking fright threw him, and his foot hanging in the stirrup, he suffered a death yet more dreadful than that of his unhappy daughter.

Dragged by his horse, which ran full speed, every limb was broken, and his body covered with wounds and bruises. But Divine justice seemed to extend itself even to his carcase after he was dead, the head and arms of which were at length entirely torn off; nor did the horse stop till he got home.

Who can conceive the horror and consternation of his family, when they saw the horse furiously galloping, and dragging after him the torn and bloody trunk! Victoria, who was an eye witness of this dreadful event, could not sustain the complicated calamity, which was thus heaped upon her, on the very day in which she expected to have been completely happy.

The death of her sister, and of her father, attended with uncommon circumstances of horror, and the loss of her lover, who refused to enter into an alliance with a family which suicide had dishonoured, made so deep an impression upon her mind, that she died two days after, and closed that series of disastrous events, which afford an ever-memorable instruction to parents with respect to their conduct towards their children.



THE
HISTORY
OF

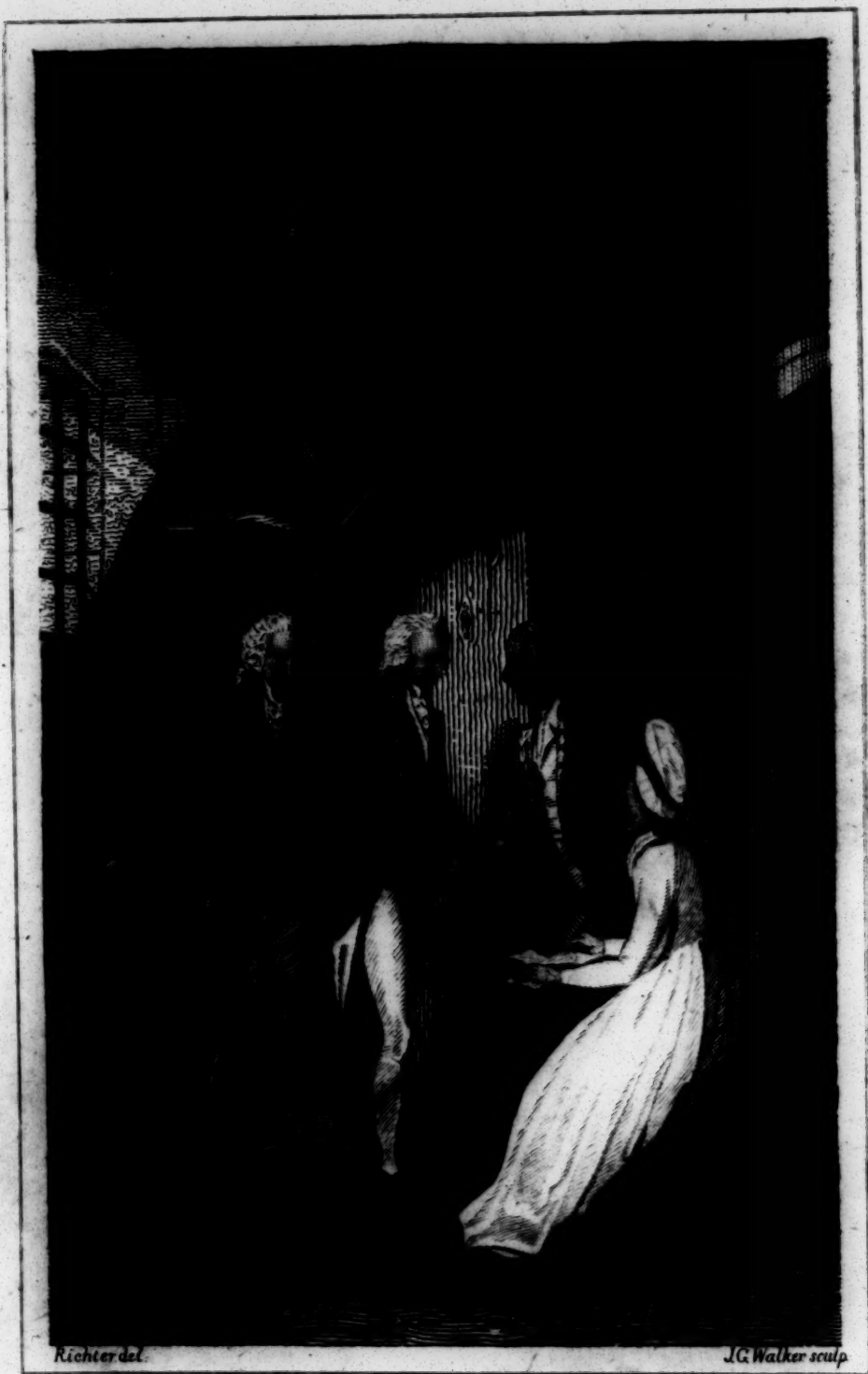
MR. ELDRIDGE.

(FROM CHARLOTTE, A TALE OF TRUTH.)

MR. Temple was the youngest son of a nobleman whose fortune was by no means adequate to the antiquity, grandeur, and, I may add, pride of the family. He saw his elder brother made completely wretched by marrying a disagreeable woman, whose fortune helped to prop the sinking dignity of the house, and he beheld his sisters legally prostituted to old, decrepid men, whose titles gave them consequence in the eyes of the world, and whose affluence rendered them splendidly miserable. "I will not sacrifice internal happiness for outward shew, said he: I will seek content; and, if I find her in a cottage, will embrace her with as much cordiality as I should if seated on a throne."

Mr. Temple possessed a small estate of about five hundred pounds a year, and with that he resolved to preserve independence, to marry where the feelings of his heart should direct him, and to confine his expences within the limits of his income. He had a heart open to every generous feeling of humanity, and a hand ready to dispense to those who wanted part of the blessings he enjoyed himself.

As



Temple's benevolence to Eldridge

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As he was universally known to be the friend of the unfortunate, his advice and bounty was frequently solicited, nor was it seldom that he sought out indigent merit, and raised it from obscurity, confining his own expences within a very narrow compass.

"You are a benevolent fellow," said a young officer to him one day, "and I have a great mind to give you a fine subject to exercise the goodness of your heart upon."

"You cannot oblige me more, said Temple, than to point out any way by which I can be serviceable to my fellow creatures."

"Come along then, (said the young man) we will go and visit a man who is not in so good a lodging as he deserves, and were it not that he has an angel with him who comforts and supports him, he must long since have sunk under his misfortunes." The young man's heart was too full to proceed, and Temple, unwilling to irritate his feelings by making further enquiries, followed him in silence, till they arrived at the Fleet Prison.

The officer enquired for Captain Eldridge: a person led them up several pair of dirty stairs, and pointing to a door which lead to a miserable, small apartment, said that was the Captain's room, and retired.

The officer, whose name was Blackney, tapped at the door, and was bid to enter by a voice melodiously soft. He opened the door, and discovered to Temple a scene which rivetted him to the spot with astonishment.

The apartment, though small, and bearing strong marks of poverty, was neat in the extreme. In an arm chair, his head reclined upon his hand, his eyes fixed on a book which lay open before him, sat an aged man in a Lieutenant's uniform, which though threadbare would sooner call a blush of shame into the face of those who could neglect real merit, than cause the hectic of confusion to glow on the cheeks of him who wore it.

Beside him sat a lovely creature busied in painting a fan mount. She was fair as the lily, but sorrow had nipped the rose in her cheek before it was half blown. Her eyes were blue; and her hair, which was light brown, was slightly confined under a plain muslin cap, tied round with a black ribbon; a white linen gown and plain lawn

handkerchief composed the remainder of her dress; and in this simple attire she was more irresistibly charming to such a heart as Temple's than she would have been if adorned in all the splendour of a birth-night belle.

When they entered, the old man arose from his seat, and shaking Blackney by the hand with great cordiality, offered Temple his chair, and there being but three in the room, seated himself on the side of his little bed with evident composure.

"This is a strange place, said he to Temple, to receive visitors of distinction in; but we must fit our feelings to our station. While I am not ashamed to own the cause which brought me here, why should I blush at my situation? Our misfortunes are not our faults: and were it not for that poor girl——"

Here the philosopher was lost in the father. He rose hastily from his seat, and walking toward the window, brushed off a tear which he was afraid would tarnish the cheek of a sailor.

Temple cast his eye on Miss Eldridge: a pellucid drop had stolen from her eyes, and fallen upon a rose she was painting. It blotted and discoloured the flower. "'Tis emblematic" said he mentally: "the rose of youth and health soon fades when watered by the tear of affliction."

"My friend Blackney," said he, addressing the old man, "told me I could be of service to you: be so kind then, dear Sir, as to point out some way in which I can relieve the anxiety of your heart, and increase the pleasures of my own."

"My good young man, (said Eldridge) you know not what you offer. While deprived of my liberty, I cannot be free from anxiety on my own account; but that is a trifling concern; my anxious thoughts extend to one more dear a thousand times than life: I am a poor weak old man, and must expect in a few years to sink into silence and oblivion; but when I am gone, who will protect that fair bud of innocence from the blasts of adversity, or from the cruel hand of insult and dishonour."

"Oh, my father!" cried Miss Eldridge, tenderly taking his hand, "be not anxious on that account; for daily are my prayers offered to Heaven that our lives may ter-

minate at the same instant, and one grave receive us both; for why should I live when deprived of my only friend.

Temple was moved even to tears. You will both live many years, said he, and I hope see much happiness. Cheerly, my friend, cheerly; these passing clouds, of adversity will serve only to make the sunshine of prosperity more pleasing. But we are losing time: you might ere this have told me who were your creditors, what were their demands, and other particulars necessary to your liberation.

"My story is short, (said Mr. Eldridge) but there are some particulars which will wring my heart barely to remember; yet to one whose offers of friendship appear so open and disinterested, I will relate every circumstance that led to my present painful situation. But my child," continued he, addressing his daughter, "let me prevail on you to take this opportunity, while my friends are with me, to enjoy the benefit of air and exercise. Go, my love; leave me now; to-morrow at your usual hour I will expect you."

Miss Eldridge impressed on his cheek the kiss of filial affection, and obeyed.

"My life, said Mr. Eldridge, till within these few years, was marked by no particular circumstances deserving notice. I early embraced the life of a sailor, and have served my king with unremitted ardour for many years. At the age of twenty-five I married an amiable woman; one son, and the girl who just now left us, were the fruits of our union. My boy had genius and spirit. I straitened my little income to give him a liberal education, but the rapid progress he made in his studies amply compensated for the inconvenience. At the academy where he received his education, he commenced an acquaintance with a Mr. Lewis, a young man of affluent fortune; as they grew up, their intimacy ripened into friendship, and they became almost inseparable companions.

George chose the profession of a soldier. I had neither friends or money to procure him a commission, and had wished him to embrace a nautical life; but this was repugnant to his wishes, and I ceased to urge him on the subject.

The friendship subsisting between Lewis and my son was of such a nature as gave him free access to our family; and so specious was his manner, that we hesitated not to state to him all our little difficulties in regard to George's future views. He listened to us with attention, and offered to advance any sum necessary for his first setting out.

I embraced the offer, and gave him my note for the payment of it, but he would not suffer me to mention any stipulated time, as he said I might do it whenever most convenient to myself. About this time my dear Lucy returned from school, and I soon began to imagine Lewis looked at her with eyes of affection. I gave my child a caution to beware of him, and to look on her mother as her friend. She was unaffectedly artless; and when, as I suspected, Lewis made professions of love, she confided in her parents, and assured us her heart was perfectly unbiassed in his favour, and she would cheerfully submit to our direction.

I took an early opportunity of questioning him concerning his intentions towards my child: he gave an equivocal answer, and I forbade him the house.

The next day he sent and demanded payment of his money. It was not in my power to comply with the demand. I requested three days to endeavour to raise it, determining in that time to mortgage my half pay, and live on a small annuity which my wife possessed, rather than be under an obligation to so worthless a man: but this short time was not allowed me; for that evening as I was sitting down to supper, unsuspecting of danger, an officer entered and tore me from the embraces of my family.

My wife had been for some time in a declining state of health: ruin at once so unexpected and inevitable, was a stroke she was not prepared to bear, and I saw her faint into the arms of our servant as I left my own habitation, for the comfortless walls of a prison. My poor Lucy, distracted with her fears for us both, sunk on the floor, and endeavoured to detain me by her feeble efforts, but in vain; they forced open her arms; she shrieked, and fell prostrate. But pardon me. The horrors of that night unman me. I cannot proceed.

He

He arose from his seat, and walked several times across the room: At length, attaining more composure, he cried, "What a mere infant I am! Why, Sir, I never felt thus in the day of battle."

"No, said Temple; but the truly brave soul is tremblingly alive to the feelings of humanity."

"True" replied the old man, (and something like satisfaction darted across his features) "and painful as these feelings are, I would not exchange them for that torpor which the stoic mistakes for philosophy. How many exquisite delights I should have passed by unnoticed but for these keen sensations, this quick sense of happiness or misery. Then let us, my friend, take the cup of life as it is presented to us, tempered by the hand of a wise Providence, be thankful for the good, patient under the evil, and presume not to enquire why the latter predominates."

"This is true philosophy," said Temple.

"'Tis the only way to reconcile ourselves to the cross events of life, replied he. "But I forgot myself. I will not longer intrude on your patience, but proceed in my melancholy tale.

The very evening that I was taken to prison, my son arrived from Ireland, where he had been some time with his regiment. From the distracted expressions of his mother and sister, he learnt by whom I had been arrested: and late as it was, flew on the wings of wounded affection to the house of his false friend, and earnestly enquired the cause of this cruel conduct. With all the calmness of a cool deliberate villain, he avowed his passion for Lucy, declared her situation in life would not permit him to marry her, but offered to release me immediately, and make any settlement on her, if George would persuade her to live, as he impiously termed it, a life of honour.

Fired at the insult offered to a man and a soldier, my boy struck the villain, and a challenge ensued. He then went to a coffee-house in the neighbourhood, and wrote a long affectionate letter to me, blaming himself severely for ever introducing Lewis into the family, or permitting him to confer an obligation which had brought inevitable ruin on us all. He begged me, whatever might be the event
of

of the ensuing morning, not to suffer regret or unavailing sorrow for his fate to increase the anguish of my heart, which he greatly feared was already insupportable.

This letter was delivered to me early in the morning. It would be vain to attempt describing my feelings on the perusal of it; suffice it to say, that a merciful Providence interposed, and I was for three weeks insensible to miseries almost beyond the strength of human nature to support.

A fever and strong delirium seized me, and my life was despaired of. At length nature, overpowered with fatigue, gave way to the salutary power of rest, and a quiet slumber of some hours restored me to reason, though the extreme weakness of my frame prevented my feeling my distress so acutely as I otherwise should.

The first object that struck me on awaking was Lucy sitting by my bed side; her pale countenance and sable dress prevented my enquiries for poor George; for the letter I had received from him was the first thing that occurred to my memory. By degrees the rest returned: I recollected being arrested, but could no ways account for being in this apartment, whither they had conveyed me during my illness.

I was so weak as to be almost unable to speak. I pressed Lucy's hand, and looked earnestly round the apartment in search of another dear object.

"Where is your mother?" said I faintly.

The poor girl could not answer: she shook her head in expressive silence; and throwing herself on the bed, folded her arms about me, and burst into tears.

"What! both gone?" said I.

"Both," she replied, endeavouring to restrain her emotions; "but they are happy, no doubt."

Here Mr. Eldridge paused: the recollection of the scene was too painful to permit him to proceed.

It was some days" continued Mr. Eldridge, recovering himself, "before I could venture to enquire the particulars of what had happened during my illness: At length I assumed courage to ask my dear girl how long her mother and brother had been dead: She told me, that the morning after my arrest, George came home early to enquire after his mother's health, staid with them but few minutes

minutes, seemed greatly agitated at parting, but gave them strict charge to keep up their spirits, and hope every thing would turn out for the best. In about two hours after, as they were sitting at breakfast, and endeavouring to strike out some plan to attain my liberty, they heard a loud rap at the door, which Lucy running to open, she met the bleeding body of her brother, borne in by two men, who had lifted him from a litter, on which they had brought him from the place where he had fought. Her poor mother, weakened by illness and the struggles of the preceding night, was not able to support this shock—gasping for breath, her looks wild and haggard, she reached the apartment where they had carried her dying son.—She knelt by the bed side; and taking his cold hand, “My poor boy, (said she) I will not be parted from thee: Husband! son! both at once lost! Father of mercies, spare me!” She fell into a strong convulsion, and expired in about two hours. In the mean time, a surgeon had dressed George’s wounds, but they were in such situation as to bar the smallest hopes of recovery. He never was sensible from the time he was brought home, and died that evening in the arms of his sister.

Late as it was when this event took place, my affectionate Lucy insisted on coming to me. “What must he feel (said she) at our apparent neglect, and how shall I inform him of the afflictions with which it has pleased Heaven to visit us.”

She left the care of the dear departed ones to some neighbours who had kindly come in to comfort and assist her; and coming to the house where I was confined, found me in the situation I have mentioned.

How she supported herself in these trying moments I know not: Heaven no doubt was with her; and her anxiety to preserve the life of one parent, in some measure, abated her affliction for the loss of the other.

My circumstances were greatly embarrassed, my acquaintance few, and those few utterly unable to assist me. When my wife and son were committed to their kindred earth, my creditors seized my house and furniture, which not being sufficient to discharge all their demands, detainers were lodged against me. No friend stepped forward

ward to my relief, and from the grave of her mother, my beloved Lucy followed an almost dying father to this melancholy place.

Here we have been near a year and a half. My half pay I have given up to satisfy my creditors, and my child supports me by her industry; sometimes by fine needle-work, sometimes painting. She leaves me every night, and goes to a lodging near the bridge, but returns in the morning to cheer me with her smiles, and bless me by her duteous affection. A lady once offered her an asylum in her family, but she would not leave me. "We are all the world to each other, said she. I thank God I have health and spirits to improve the talents with which nature has endowed me: and I trust, if I employ them to the support of a beloved parent, I shall not be thought an unprofitable servant. While he lives, I pray for strength to pursue my employment; and when it pleases Heaven to take one of us, may it give the survivor resignation to bear the separation as we ought; till then I will never leave him."

But where is this inhuman persecutor?" said Temple.

"He has been abroad ever since, (replied the old man) though he has left orders with his lawyer never to give up the note till the utmost farthing is paid."

"And how much is the amount of your debts in all?" said Temple.

"Five hundred pounds," he replied.

Temple started: it was more than he expected. — "But something must be done, said he: that sweet maid must not wear out her life in a prison. I will see you again to-morrow, my friend," said he, shaking Eldridge's hand: "keep up your spirits; light and shade are not more happily blended than are the pleasures and pains of life; and the horrors of the one serve only to increase the splendour of the other."

"You never lost a wife and son?" said Mr. Eldridge.

"No, (replied he) but I can feel for those that have." Eldridge pressed his hand as they went toward the door, and they parted in silence.

When they got without the walls of the prison, Temple thanked his friend Blackney for introducing him
to

to so worthy a character; and telling him he had a particular engagement in the city, wished him a good evening.

“And what is to be done for this distressed man,” said Temple, as he walked up Ludgate Hill. “Would to heaven I had a fortune that would enable me instantly to discharge his debt: what exquisite transport to see the expressive eyes of Lucy beaming at once with pleasure for her father’s deliverance and gratitude for her deliverer; but is not my fortune affluence, continued he, nay, superfluous wealth, when compared to the extreme indigence of Eldridge; and what have I done to deserve ease and plenty, while a brave worthy officer starves in a prison. Three hundred a year is surely sufficient for all my wants and wishes: At any rate, Eldridge must be relieved.”

When the heart has will, the hands can soon find means to execute a good action.

Temple was a young man, his feelings warm and impetuous; unacquainted with the world, his heart had not been rendered callous by being convinced of its fraud and hypocrisy. He pitied their sufferings, overlooked their faults, thought every bosom as generous as his own, and would cheerfully have divided his last guinea with an unfortunate fellow creature.

No wonder then that such a man (without waiting a moment for the interference of Madam Prudence) should resolve to raise money sufficient for the relief of Eldridge by mortgaging part of his fortune.

We will not enquire too minutely into the cause which might actuate him in this instance: Suffice it to say, he immediately put the plan in execution; and in three days from the time he first saw the unfortunate Lieutenant, he had the superlative felicity of seeing him at liberty, and receiving an ample reward in the tearful eye and half articulated thanks of the grateful Lucy.

“And pray, young man,” said his father to him one morning, “what are your designs in visiting thus constantly that old man and his daughter?”

Temple was at a loss for a reply: he had never asked himself the question: he hesitated, and his father continued:

"It was not till within these few days I heard in what manner your acquaintance first commenced, and cannot suppose any thing but attachment to the daughter could carry you such imprudent lengths for the father: it certainly must be her art that drew you in to mortgage part of your fortune."

"Art, Sir," cried Temple, eagerly. "Lucy Eldridge is as free from art as she is free from every other error: she is ——"

"Every thing that is amiable and lovely," said his father, interrupting him ironically: "No doubt in your opinion she is a pattern of excellence for all her sex to follow; but come, Sir, pray tell me what are your designs toward this paragon. I hope you do not intend to complete your folly by marrying her."

"Were my fortune such as would support her according to her merit, I don't know a woman more formed to constitute happiness in the married state."

"Then prithee, my dear lad, said his father, since your rank and fortune are so much beneath what your *Princess* might expect, be so kind as to turn your eyes on Miss Weatherby; who, having only an estate of three thousand per year, is more upon a level with you, and whose father yesterday solicited the mighty honour of your alliance.—I shall leave you to consider on this offer; and pray remember that your union with Miss Weatherby will put it in your power to be more liberally the friend of Lucy Eldridge."

The old gentleman walked in a stately manner out of the room, and Temple stood almost petrified with astonishment.

Miss Weatherby was the only child of a wealthy man, almost idolized by her parents, flattered by her dependants, and never contradicted even by those who called themselves her friends: I cannot give a better description than by the following lines from a late ingenious female pen:—

The gay but gaudy morning flowers,
 That bloom and die within few hours,
 That dying leave no trace behind,
 Bring to the deep reflecting mind
 The lovely maid whose form and face
 Nature has deck'd with ev'ry grace,
 But in whose breast no virtues glow,
 Whose heart ne'er felt another's woe,
 Whose hand ne'er smooth'd the bed of pain,
 Or eas'd the captive's galling chain ;
 But like the tulip caught the eye,
 Born just to be admir'd and die ;
 When gone, no one regrets it's loss,
 Or scarce remembers that it was.

Such was Miss Weatherby ; her form lovely as nature could make it, but her mind uncultivated, her heart unfeeling, her passions impetuous, and her brain almost turned with flattery, dissipation, and pleasure ; and such was the girl whom a partial grandfather, at the age of seventeen, left independant mistress of the fortune before-mentioned.

She had seen Temple frequently ; and fancying she could never be happy without him, nor once imagining he could refuse a girl of her beauty and fortune, she prevailed on her fond father to offer the alliance to the old Earl of D——, Mr. Temple's father.

The Earl had received the offer courteously : He thought it a great match for Henry, and was too fashionable a man to suppose a wife could be any impediment to the friendship he professed for Eldridge and his daughter.

Unfortunately for Temple he thought quite otherwise : the conversation he had just had with his father discovered to him the situation of his heart ; and he found that the most affluent fortune would bring no increase of happiness unless Lucy Eldridge shared it with him ; and the knowledge of the purity of her sentiments, and the integrity of his own heart, made him shudder at the idea his father had started of marrying a woman for no other reason

than because the affluence of her fortune would enable him to injure her by maintaining in splendour the woman to whom his heart was devoted: he therefore resolved to refuse Miss Weatherby, and let what would be the consequence, offer his heart and hand to Lucy Eldridge.

Full of this determination, he sought his father, declared his resolution, and was commanded never more to appear in his presence. Temple bowed; his heart was too full to permit him to speak; he left the house precipitately, and hastened to relate the cause of his sorrows to his good old friend and his amiable daughter.

In the mean time, the Earl, vexed to the soul that such a fortune should be lost, determined to offer himself a candidate for Miss Weatherby's favour.

What wonderful changes are wrought by that reigning power ambition: The love-sick girl, when first she heard of Temple's refusal, wept, raved, tore her hair, and vowed to found a protestant nunnery with her fortune; and by commencing abbess, shut herself up from the sight of cruel, ungrateful man for ever.

Her father was a man of the world: he suffered this first transport to subside, and then very deliberately unfolded to her the offers of the old Earl, expatiated on the many benefits arising from an elevated title, painted in glowing colours the surprise and vexation of Temple when he should see her figuring as a Countess and his mother-in-law, and begged her to consider well before she made any rash vows.

The distressed fair one dried her tears, listened patiently, and at length declared she believed the surest method to revenge the slight put on her by the son would be to accept the father: So said, so done, and in a few days she became Countess D—.

Temple heard the news with emotion: He had lost his father's favour by avowing his passion for Lucy, and he saw now there was no hope of regaining it: "But it shall not make me miserable, said he. Lucy and I have not any ambitious notions: we can live on three hundred a year for some little time, till the mortgage is paid off, and then we shall have sufficient not only for the comforts
but

but many of the little elegancies of life. We will purchase a little cottage, my Lucy, said he, and thither with your revered father we will retire; we will forget there are such things as splendour, profusion, and dissipation:— We will have some cows, and you shall be queen of the dairy; in a morning, while I look after my garden, you shall take a basket on your arm, and sally forth to feed your poultry; and as they flutter round you in token of humble gratitude, your father shall smoke his pipe in a woodbine alcove, and viewing the serenity of your countenance, feel such real pleasure dilate his own heart, as shall make him forget he had ever been unhappy.”

Lucy smiled, and Temple saw it was a smile of approbation. He sought, and found a cottage suited to his taste: thither, attended by Love and Hymen, the happy trio retired; where, during many years of uninterrupted felicity, they cast not a wish beyond the little boundaries of their own tenement. Plenty and her handmaid Prudence presided at their board, Hospitality stood at their gate, Peace smiled on each face, Content reigned in each heart, and Love and Health strewed roses on their pillows.

EDWARD

EDWARD AND ELIZA.

IN A LETTER TO THE SPIRIT OF MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

(FROM THE UNSUSPECTED OBSERVER.)

MADAM,

IT will be some relief to a wounded heart, to pour out its sorrows to one whom I hope will judge with impartiality; and while you publish this unfortunate story, may it be a beacon to others to avoid that fatal rock on which I have split. I am son to a nobleman of very ancient house, who is yet living; I had the misfortune (I may so call it) of having a too indulgent parent, who fondly gave way to me in every particular, and humoured me in all my fancies; and before I was twenty I had as much money in my hands as I wished, by drawing on the Earl's banker for whatever I wanted, and of which he, good, easy father, never complained.

Being brought up to the army, I rose very high in my military station, and at the age of six and twenty, was advanced to the rank of Major. I was soon after taken ill of a fever, and when I began to recover my strength, my physicians advised me to stay a month in the country; I got leave of my Colonel, and went to lodge at a village a
few

few miles from London. Happy, though not free from frailty, might I then have been, had the grave received me; the complication of guilt I afterwards plunged into, would not then have been placed to the black account which I must one day give of my reprehensible conduct.

“ Yet I'll look up—my fault is past;

“ But, oh! what form of pray'r can serve my turn?”

Love, cruel love, found me out in this retreat, and pointed his arrows at a mind accustomed to give way to every passion without control. Pride before was predominant vice—no wonder then that I sought unlawful means of gratifying my desires with a most beautiful creature, but whose origin was obscure, and whose fortune not a penny; yet, beloved as I was at home, this offence against family distinction would, I am sure, have been forgiven—and I should have found that approbation in my own breast, which is now gone for ever.

It will be necessary, Madam, to give you some account of the family with whom I went to lodge, as you may then form some idea of the situation of my heart; and though you may be shocked at my baseness, you will be inclined in some degree to pity and forgive.

The neat outside appearance of a small country-house, on the window of which was a bill, signifying that a part was to be let, induced me to stop there. If I was struck with the neatness of the outward aspect, I was still more so with the peculiar simplicity of the furniture, mingled with an air of gentility and elegance, and which bespoke the owners born to see better days, I began a short conversation with Mr. O—, and was astonished at his apparent literary talents; we soon made an agreement—and as I was a single man, we proposed living *en famille*, and he seemed greatly delighted at the acquisition of such a boarder.

At dinner I was introduced to his wife, a genteel, middle-aged woman, and a sweet girl about eighteen, their niece, who always lived with them. Heavens, what an angel! I could have exclaimed with the poet, “ O, true beauty, till now I never knew thee!” But I mastered my
passion

passion so well, as not to shew any signs of admiration then. Frequently, however, did I seek means of conversing with the charming Julia, and found her as sensible as she was handsome; yet that sense, so mingled with artless, unsuspecting innocence, that it was utterly impossible to behold her without wishing for a closer acquaintance; nor to know her, without loving her almost to idolatry. I had now recourse to a vice, which is certainly of the worst kind; I played the hypocrite so successfully, that the worthy Mr. O—— thought me the best young man in the world, and that his niece's virtue was as safe under my guardianship as his own; lovely creature, I found her so invulnerable to all my attacks, that though she loved me tenderly, as I once made her own to me, I could not, with all my sophistry, win her to my purpose but with the pretence of a private marriage.

Unhappy are those to whom power has given sycophants, who are ready panders to vice for sordid gold. A rascal of a fellow, one of the lowest in the army, agreed, for a paltry sum, to play the part of the clergyman in this detestable performance, a footman, who was the creature of my will, and minister of my pleasures, was to serve as clerk and father, and to procure for me a ring and false licence.

The dear, deluded girl, on these fallacious terms, consented to become the prey of a vile seducer, whose pride prevented him from making her happy for life, and made him destroy that innocence which rendered her enchanting beyond her beauty.

Wretch that I was; a Leda that might have made a Jupiter supremely blest, I was satiated with—and pretending positive orders from the Colonel of my regiment to hasten to town, I departed, leaving the sweet, unsuspecting victim, contented with my promise of sending for her, and discovering the whole affair by letter to her uncle and aunt, after I had acquainted my father therewith, and the storm was a little blown over.

I left her, and left her with a settled resolution of never seeing her more; and in order to get from her as far as possible, as soon as I arrived in town, I sat off post for Bath. After I had there endeavoured to lose in the gay

scenes of dissipation, the rebukes of a wounded conscience in vain, I returned to my father's house, and after three months absence from my Julia, I received the following letter from her :

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD EDWARD ———.

"AND is not the storm of parental anger yet blown over? Or what can be the cause I do not hear from my Edward? Ere this I hoped to have been welcomed to his noble mansion, and owned as a daughter to his father, to whom Edward has often told his Julia, virtue and innocence was the best present he could give.

"Ah, if the raging anger still continues, be it ever so boisterous, let it fall alone on Julia: Ah, shelter her Edward, and let him not feel the anguish of a parent's frown. Yet, why not write to her? Why thus neglect her? Alas, much has she suffered since your departure; she has had a storm to encounter with, which has glanced against an unspotted reputation; but surely it cannot be as they say. Oh, Edward, prepare to hear a tale of real woe.

"The visible alteration in my shape, obliged me to acquaint my aunt with the indirect step I had taken, by marrying without her's or my uncle's consent; she attended to me, but with a serious gloom I had never seen on her benignant face before, which at last ended in a flood of tears: "Oh, sweet innocence, (said she) you have, my Julia, been cruelly seduced, and are now left a prey to bitter remorse and blushing shame." I then so strenuously defended my Edward, that she seemed to believe you good, as I do, and that we were really (as we certainly are—are we not?) married. My uncle was called up; he boasts of his knowledge of the world, though he has lived many years in that retirement; his exclamation immediately was, (lifting up his hands and eyes to Heaven) Oh, our child! the child of our choice, and our hearts, is ruined—basely ruined and cast off. In this opinion he persists, and declares our sacred marriage a false one. Oh, Ed-

No. 7.

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ward,

ward, it is in your power alone to rescue my fallen reputation from the taunts of malignant scandal, which spreads her baneful influence more in a country village than in a populous city. My indulgent, kind uncle and aunt, are only displeased that I listened to your proposals without acquainting them. They know not that I write this; but whom am I now to obey but the lord and husband of my desire? My uncle repeats—"Oh, leave the vile seducer to the bitter reflections of his own wicked conscience; in your silence, my Julia, will most be seen your contempt of him; and silence and obscurity will be the best cover for your shame. I have yet sufficient left, out of the wrecks of a once ample fortune, to convey us into a remote part of the country, where we will weep over the sorrows of our child; and, while we endeavour to make her forget the vile seducer, whose title, wealth, and power authorize him, in the eye of a base world, to oppress the poor and innocent, I will teach her gentle spirit, when it leaves the beautiful clay that first inflamed his guilty breast, to ascend by just degrees to those blissful seats, where no proud, oppressive tyrant can have entrance."

So spoke my uncle:—But can I suspect my Edward wants true affection! Ah, no! But my sad fears that his health perhaps is at this moment declining, or that his father refuses to forgive him, makes me importune a speedy answer to this; for on a kind answer depends the future peace of your own

JULIA."

I had the iron-hearted cruelty to return her the following answer:

TO MISS ———.

"IN justice to myself, as well as to you, it is time I strip off the mask, and tell you, in plain terms, we never were married. I was obliged, Julia, to have recourse to this stratagem, from the ridiculous, antiquated notions you

were brought up in, of virtue and such unmeaning stuff; but in truth, in sober truth, the man who married us was no more than my own servant.

"I always admired your uncle's good sense, and he has now given me the strongest proof in the world of it: Tell him I greatly commend him; and if you, as well as he, can have the prudence to hold your tongues, you may retire into the country retreat he mentions, with the pretence of being a widow to an officer who died abroad; and perhaps, as you possess both youth and beauty, you may make yourself happy with some fond husband who knows not your real story. I shall always esteem you, and wish you well; but must entreat you to think of me in no other light than merely as a person you have heard spoken of.

"You hint that you are with child by me; I have sent you the sum of five hundred pounds in bank-notes, which, from a mistaken pride, (for I know you are possessed of strange ideas) I desire you will not send back;—indeed, it will be in vain, for, before this reaches you, I shall be far on my way to France; our whole family are going to make the tour of Europe, and have entirely left our house in town; my commission in the army I have given up, therefore it will be totally impossible for you to find me out. Only keep your own counsel, and may you be as happy, and as free from care, as

EDWARD ———.

"P. S. Let me advise you to get into the country as soon as possible.

Adieu, Ma Bella."

This indifference I then felt, or thought I felt for the most perfect of her sex. I gave way to every vice, and became a disgrace to the name I bear. Ten years had now elapsed since this fatal event, during which I dared not give way to thought or reflection a single moment; for, notwithstanding all the bustle of folly and gaiety,—

"Fierce repentance rear'd her snaky crest,"

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and a melancholy gloom overwhelmed me, which nothing could dissipate.

I have an only sister, much younger than myself, the glory of her sex, as I have been the disgrace of mine.—“My dear-brother,” said she to me, one day when we were alone, “something heavy seems to hang on your mind; may your Diana be entrusted with your confidence? perhaps it may be in her power, in some measure, to relieve you.” I told her all; and though her countenance evinced she was shocked at having such a brother, yet she poured into my afflicted breast the balm of consolation and sisterly comfort.

“Edward,” said she, after some little conversation, “you and I have often said we should like each other for travelling companions; let us persuade our father to pay a visit to S—— Park; the cheerful ease and innocent gaiety that reign in that hospitable mansion, will, I think, be more likely to divert your mind than the guilty bustle of the town.” I clasped my beloved sister to my breast, and declared, for the future, I would be entirely swayed by her chaste and gentle counsels.

My father gave his consent. I was now what might be called a middle-aged man, and my irregular life made me look much older than I really was; this made me appear a very proper guardian to a young and beautiful sister.—We travelled post, and in two days arrived at the end of our journey.

We frequently, during our residence at S—— Park, strolled to the neighbouring little cottages, where my lovely sister made me observe the charms of rural innocence and health. In one of those rambles we strayed farther than we intended, and came to a small, lone house on the top of a hill; though in a barren situation, where no spot of ground was thought worth cultivation in the gardening way, yet this was laid out with taste, and some little degree of elegance; we therefore did not here enter *sans ceremonie*, as we were accustomed to do into the other cottages, but were passing by, though secretly wishing to go in, when an old woman, in a coarse russet gown, with a low country curtesy, said, “Gentlefolks, will not you walk

walk in, and honour my little hut with resting yourselves awhile.

The house did not accord with the taste of the garden, it was much like the other cottages we had been in before; but one of the most beautiful children I ever saw, sat marking linen on a little wooden chair; she was about eleven years of age, yet her countenance had the sweet infantine appearance of no more than four or five years.

"Betsey, said the old woman, take the gendefolks into your garden. I assure your honours that the little spot is all laid out according to Betsey's taste." The little angelic creature flew to open the door for us, and looked up in our faces with the most persuasive smile of childish innocence.

"Lady Diana admired the profusion of lavender that was in different parts of the garden; and this obliging little charmer gathered some bunches, which, together with a few trifling flowers, innocent as herself, she presented to each of us.

"My sweet girl, said Lady Diana, I shall set a great value on your little posy; but tell me, my love, is that good woman your grandmother!" "No, said she, no relation at all; but she is very good to me; and, my dear lady, I know you will excuse me, I must go and milk the cow for her."

"My dear Edward, said my sister, what shall we do? It is, you hear, almost evening." "And cannot you stay, (said the little innocent) till I have done? I never saw so sweet a lady, and must I lose the sight of you the minute I have known you?" My sister affectionately embracing her, told her, she would not leave S—— Park without seeing her again.

I kissed the little creature, and while I held her in my arms, from what cause I know not, I burst into tears:—She seemed frightened, and I saw by her intelligent looks that she thought me mad, and seemed glad when she shut the little wicket after us; nor did she again repeat her invitation to Lady Diana.

On our arrival at S—— Park, we found a letter for me, purporting that my father was dangerously ill; therefore,

fore, without thinking on the little cottager, we set off post for London as soon as possible.

Heaven was pleased to restore an indulgent father to his sorrowing children; but a voyage to the South of France was judged necessary to the recovery of his health, whither my sister and I accompanied him; and, in the charming air of Montpellier my constitution began to mend.

In about the space of six years after our return from France, we all paid a visit to S—— Park; and the first time we could, with propriety, we took a ramble to the cottage, though we despaired to find the inhabitant who had formerly so charmed us.

Contrary to our expectations we found the beautiful girl still there; and if we thought her lovely in her infant state, she now appeared still more so, in an increase of beauty, and arrived at that enchanting age when few young women fail to charm.

I gazed, and again I loved; yet it seemed a love tempered with cool reason: that sort of love I felt for my sister, yet something more ardent; but I fancied age had cooled my passions, and being fully determined against engaging in an unlawful commerce again, I resolved to ask my father's consent to marry her.

I was almost certain of not meeting with a refusal. Indeed, in a man of my age, it was a mere form; and I was pleased to see my father so delighted, that I was going to take a wife at any rate.

My interviews now with Eliza became more frequent; yet, though she appeared every day with new charms, my affections seemed more rooted in my mind than my senses; and, instead of the ideas of self-gratification, my sole ambition seemed centered in her happiness. I trembled at the temptations attendant on beauty; but this might be stilled jealousy, so very inseparable from a disparity of years.

With Lady Diana's persuasions, my title, fine cloaths, and fine speeches, or perhaps from a more tender motive, she listened to my proposals, and consented to be my wife. Horror! My mind yet recoils at the dreadful idea.

I called on her one morning, and found her in an agony of distress that terrified me; but, putting into my hand a paper, she entreated me instantly to leave the cottage, and peruse that at my leisure. I obeyed; and think of the various passions that agitated my troubled breast, on reading the following history:

TO ELIZA ———.

“ If Heaven has preserved your life to this period, which your unhappy mother can scarce wish, for the world, with which you will have to struggle, is base and cruel, you will have reached the age of eighteen; at that humiliating period of her life, your mother became the prey of one of the most apparently amiable, yet worst of men.”

Then she goes on, in the most pathetic terms, to relate her connexion with me, and concludes in the following manner :

“ Enclosed, my Eliza, is the sum of five hundred pounds, the price of your injured mother's honour. My good aunt has promised me, ere I leave this transitory and miserable life, which I am certain will be soon, that she will leave her money to a faithful creature, who was a foster-sister of her's, to take care of you, and bring you up as her own. Should you be bereft of her ere you open this paper, here will be a little portion for you. If Heaven, in kindness to innocence, preserves her life, endeavour to find out the father who has had the cruelty to disown his offspring, at least to cast her off from his paternal care, and restore it entire to him, in an anonymous manner. I cannot but say, it is my earnest wish you may never behold him, but live and die in your rural retreat, and never know the guilty scenes of a gay and deluding world. Had he, your unhappy parent, been born in a humbler station, he would not have sought the illicit means he did of gratifying his inclinations. My next earnest prayer to the Father of all good is, that he may reform, and repent the
evil

evil he has done, and that with as little torments of conscience as possible; and may I, if departed spirits know each other in a state of bliss, congratulate him on his presentation to a Crown of Immortality. May the God of all mercy hear my last prayers, nor visit him for any wrong to me.

Your unhappy mother,

JULIA."

A thunderbolt darted against my brain could not have given me greater horror! Yes, dear, injured saint, I do indeed repent, and will do all in my power to reform; but I fear the prayers thou offerest for me at the throne of grace, will only heap afflictions on my wretched head. Excuse this digression.

After perusing this fatal paper with Lady Diana, we hastened to the cottage, and though Eliza at first refused to see me, yet, through the persuasion of my charming sister, and all the reasoning I could muster, she consented, with the good old woman, to accompany us to S—— Park.

My father was astonished at her beauty and native elegance, but still more at her extraordinary story. I have brought her to my house, and acknowledge her before all the world as my daughter. I entertain for the purest affection, which I am not afraid to encourage, and hope soon to have the satisfaction of seeing her and my beloved sister married to two very worthy gentlemen, who now pay their addresses to them.

With my free permission to publish this history, I remain,

Madam,

Your very humble servant,

Edward ——."

CLAUDIUS;

CLAUDIUS;

OR, THE

DISAPPOINTED SCHOLAR,

A TALE.

IT has frequently been observed by the petulance of wit, and the peevishness of unsuccessful lovers, that genius and learning are small recommendations to the favour of the fair, and that the sex, so far from holding in due estimation the superior endowments of the mind, are always ready to prefer the flimsy tribe of sycophants and coxcombs, to those whose labours have tended to advance the happiness of society, or whose talents have given splendour to their age and country. "If you mean, say they, to conciliate the favour of these children of affectation and frivolity, you must renounce at once the deportment and dignity of a rational being, consult their fantastic whims, flatter with incessant praise their silly vanity, and devote your whole attention to the most unmanly and degrading trifles; in short, you must assume the pliancy of a spaniel, and the pert vivacity of an ape."

But this heinous charge, however generally admitted, and however apparently supported by the frequent disappointments, in their tender attachments of literati and men of genius, I am inclined to consider as destitute of solid and

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rational foundation: Nay, I will venture to assert, that when facts are properly examined, we shall find that the want of success, in this particular, of which men of letters so frequently complain, is chiefly attributable to their own folly (to give it no harsher name) and is, in many instances, rather a proof of the good sense than of the weakness of the sex so unjustly satirized.

That mere coxcombs are sometimes caressed is undoubtedly true; and so are lap-dogs and monkies; but what is the proportion, or the description of females, who would be much more inclined to embrace the first than the latter in the character of husbands? The question is easily answered. There are undoubtedly fribbles and idiots of either sex; and it is fit they should keep each other in countenance. But if we consult the conduct and sentiments of females, whose understandings are not greatly below the common standard, we shall find them almost universally prepossessed in favour of those who have distinguished themselves by their spirit, their writings, or their ingenuity: And if they who are fortunate enough to procure favour by their reputation, forfeit it afterward by their conduct, it cannot be difficult to assign the censure to its proper cause.

The annals of gallantry, could they fairly be presented to our view, would convince us that men are generally successful in proportion to the extent of their capacities; and if we are obliged to make a mortifying exception with respect to men of superlative talents, shall we not also be compelled to assign a cause for this exception, still more degrading to literary pride; and to confess, that, if even fribbles and coxcombs sometimes succeed, while poets and scholars are rejected, there is but too much reason to suspect that the latter are sometimes less calculated to make a rational being happy; since innumerable facts will support the assertion, that they are frequently more sullen, more tyrannical, and unsocial; more devoted to selfish pride, and even less communicative and entertaining (within the circle of their own families) than even their most illiterate rivals. And what degree of happiness can superior talents confer, if the soothing graces of

a sociable, affable, accommodating disposition are entirely wanting?

"I understand you, (cries the surly student.) It is not for the superiority of our capacities; it is not for our talents or acquirements that we are to expect regard; it is by sacrificing these endowments at the shrine of their vanity. The cause of our failure is sufficiently evident; we cannot submit to those little, idle, fribbling, and servile attentions, with which other men conciliate their favour by degrading themselves."

Nor is it necessary. Civility, common respect, and the mere conversational attention of instructing them with tenderness, good humour, and some little vivacity, will be more gratifying to the female mind, than all the flattering servility of fools, or the light impertinence of fops; and the man of learning or of genius who cannot *condescend* thus far, has no right to complain, if the esteem of his talents is not able to subdue the disgust which his manners must inspire: Nor is the fair one to be censured for the rejection of a man, who is too proud of his talents to treat her with tenderness and esteem, or whose scholastic roughness renders him neglectful of all the social softness which gives to life its sweetest charms, and without which conjugal happiness, or even the pleasures of friendship, must be sought in vain. Learning and genius, like beauty and feminine vivacity, are to be considered but as the ornaments of life, the essentials of which are good temper and virtue; and wherever these latter, or either of them, are wanting, no talents, however brilliant, can give their possessor any genuine title to love, or even to esteem.

Claudius was a youth of astonishing talents, of remarkably premature judgment, and of attainments far surpassing the expectations of his years. In the prosecution of his studies, and the elucidation of the sciences, he began to display the independent vigour and copious elegance of his mind before the generality of boys discover any will or opinions of their own in the choice of their pastimes and pursuits of hilarity; and at a period when it would have been boasted by the parents of other children, if they had cast dumps and leaden horses in moulds of their own cut-

ting, he had surprised his friends with an animated historical painting, and distinguished himself in the most respectable periodical publications by classical essays, both in prose and verse.

Such were the qualifications, for which Claudius was known and admired among his seniors, his family connections, and a tolerably extensive circle to whom only his genius and his fame were familiar: But among his playmates, (if so we may call those school-fellows, with whom he never associated but to dictate or dispute) he was more distinguished by an obstinate adherence to his own opinion, and the petulant jealousy, with which he enforced obedience to his usurped superiority. The juvenile period of human life is, however, in general pretty strongly marked by an attachment to the equalizing rights of man, and boys are as unwilling to submit to the aristocracy of merit, as men of sense are to any other kind of aristocracy. This disposition, therefore, of Claudius, destroyed all the happiness which he considered as the divine right of his superior understanding; and he was obliged at last, before he had completed his intended course of study, to desert the public seminary, in which a general persecution was instituted against his envied talents.

As the years of Claudius increased, his capacity and his disposition gathered equal strength; and as the press, and the pencil, equally contributed to diffuse his fame, all whom approximation of years, connexion, or situation, drew within his vortex, alternately pressed forward to his friendship: But from the attachment, to which they were attracted by his talents, they were equally repulsed by his disposition; so that, though all who but slightly knew him coveted his acquaintance, scarcely an individual with whom he became familiar, regarded him with a tender or permanent affection. This he did not fail to attribute to the inconstancy, the folly, or even the ingratitude of mankind: for, eager to purchase the friendship he could not conciliate, he was always lavishing favours upon every one with whom he had the slightest acquaintance; though he often, by his ungracious manner, only disgusted where he meant to oblige.

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These angry criminations did not fail to deepen the natural gloom, and increase the asperity of his disposition; and the melancholy effect was still farther heightened by the ancestral pride of parental authority; his father, who traced his descent from a long line of military officers, compelling him, in direct violation of his taste and genius, to accept a commission in the army.

Not long after his entrance into this honourable profession, (for so the concurring prejudices of all mankind have ever considered it) he became acquainted with a brother officer, with whom he sympathized in hatred to his profession, and indignation of the parental tyranny which forced them to its adoption. This officer, whom we shall distinguish by the name of Captain Woodford, and who was himself a man of great literary ability, and an enthusiastic admirer of all in whom he discovered the least traits of early genius, had frequently seen and admired the productions of our hero, which, for justness of sentiment, richness of fancy, and energy of expression, not only reflected the highest honour on a youth of nineteen, but would have been owned with conscious pride, by writers of eminence and reputation. He was therefore delighted with the opportunity of an acquaintance he so long had coveted, and he cultivated it accordingly with a zeal that blinded him to every defect in the manners and dispositions of his recent friend, and the orders of his sovereign, which shortly removed young Claudius, with his corps, to distant service, prevented his eyes from being opened to the delusion: while the intercourse of epistolary correspondence, so calculated (without the aid of voluntary hypocrisy) to exalt the most amiable, and conceal the exceptionable traits of his incongruous character, ripened the growing partiality into the warmest and most sincere attachment.

As Woodford had a sister whom he loved with excessive tenderness, and with whom he lived in habits of the utmost confidence, he would frequently read to her the epistles of his ingenious friend, in the confidence, that whatever delighted himself, would essentially contribute to her satisfaction.

The tender Evelina listened with growing satisfaction to a correspondence which expressed, in the fervent language of sincerity, an inviolable attachment to her darling brother, and which painted, in the softened reflections of sentiment, the favourable features of Claudius' mind, but left in impervious darkness those unhappy defects of temper, which the meditations of the closet can present so few occasions to call forth; nor could the brother at all times avoid, in the playfulness of social vivacity, expressing his hopes under the mask of bantering ridicule, and archly recounting the legends of tradition and romance, of knights and ladies fighting for a celebrated name, languishing with the air-blown love of rumoured excellence.

Such were the prepossessions of the respective parties, when Claudius returned to England, not indeed with any peculiar laurels of military renown; but with a degree of reputation for personal courage, which five or six duels had placed beyond the possibility of controversy. He was soon introduced to, and became sensible of the charms of Evelina; and though his person, which was rude and diminutive, but little corresponded with the abstract idea of a hero, or a votary of Apollo and the graces, the fair-one generously summoned to her imagination the brighter picture of his mental excellencies, and suppressing her disappointment, accepted with commendable vanity, the invitation, which, thro' the medium of her brother, he solicited her to accompany an acknowledged man of letters, to a place of public amusement. His awkward bashfulness during the evening of this appointment, (for he was but little used to the society of the sex) she candidly overlooked; and she listened with eager pleasure to his remarks, though they were seldom addressed to her; nor could she help observing afterwards to her brother, that his comments, even upon the most trifling occurrences, had something in them which shewed the superiority of his genius and understanding.

As Woodford was much attached to elegant gaiety, and never went to any place of amusement without his sister, Claudius aspired to emulate his taste; so that in almost every fashionable circle, the friendly trio, for a considerable time, was almost constantly to be met with. Claudius
continued

continued to address his remarks to Woodford; and Evelina continued to think him a youth whom every one must esteem and admire.

The first time she saw him to any disadvantage was at a ball. On this occasion he had, by a bold, but injudicious effort, broke through the rustic bashfulness of distant respect, and aspired to the honour of her hand; but acquitting himself so awkwardly, in an exercise for which he was not at all calculated, as to excite some degree of risibility among the company, his native temper displayed itself in a jealous petulance, and peevish engrossment of the attentions of his partner, which not all her painful compliance, and amiable affectation of cheerfulness and satisfaction, could sooth or allay.

Woodford saw with pain these strong indications of a temper he had already begun to suspect, and, fearful that their influence on the mind of his sister might disappoint an alliance, of which he was particularly ambitious, he resolved to change a scene so ill calculated for the display of his friend's talents, and to give him an opportunity to retrieve his credit. He therefore took an opportunity of drawing off his little party (mostly composed of young people of a literary and sentimental turn of mind) into an adjoining room, where a cold collation had been previously prepared for their entertainment; and soon contrived to draw our hero (who was much more expert in the use of his voice than of his gymnastic muscles) into a discussion of some favourite maxim of ethics. Claudius, who was a sincere and ardent moralist, was now in his natural element; he charmed the whole company with a spirited and elegant refutation of the false principles, which his generous opponent had purposely advanced; and giving full scope to his fine imagination, rendered the glowing sentiments of virtue and benevolence still more amiable by the beautiful figures and allegories with which he embellished them.

The voice of Claudius, whenever he felt himself interested in his subject, was rich and harmonious; and it might be well said, in the elegant language of our ancient poet, Lydgate, that (by his copious selection, and happy

arrangement of the sweetest and most appropriate sounds of our language)

——“ He caus'd to distil and rain

“ The gold dew drops of speech and eloquence;

so that the disgusting remembrance of his rusticity and ill temper, was quickly effaced from the gentle bosom of Evelina, and a deep and favourable impression was made in her heart, by the fortunate display of mental ability.

Woodford soon began to congratulate himself on the success of his stratagem; for as Claudius had previously declared to his friend the fervour of his attachment, and intreated him to assist his endeavours for ensuring a return of his sister's affection; and the willing advocate, on their return, seized a favourable opportunity to turn the conversation from the general occurrences of the evening to the particular subject which lay so near his heart; painting in forcible colours the passion of his friend, and pressing the affair as freely as a delicate tenderness for the unrestrained sentiments of his sister would permit. Evelina, who was indeed

“ The pupil of Nature, and stranger to art,”

which the elegant pen of her living author * has described, freely confessed to her brother that she felt some prepossession in his favour; that she admired his talents, and esteemed his principles.

But

* The tear in the eye, and the blush on the cheek,
The tongue that reveals what the heart bids it speak;
The tender sigh pregnant with pity or love,
And the smile that congenial gladness can move——
(What ideal raptures these tokens impart!)
She the pupil of Nature, and stranger to art.

But when I behold in fair Emily's form
The graces that please, and the beauties that warm;
When I trace in her sorrow, or joy undesign'd,
The feelings that mark a susceptible mind,
My rapture is lost in a wild throbbing sinart,
For the pupil of Nature, and stranger to art.

But this smiling prospect was quickly overcast ; for as Claudius was now admitted on the declared footing of a lover, his visits were more frequent, and his opportunities of conversing with his mistress, afforded her also an ample opportunity of detecting his real disposition. She was shocked to discover the noblest powers of understanding, linked with the most unamiable qualities of an unsocial temper ; she was disgusted when she found the generous encouragement with which she had endeavoured to dissipate his timid reserve, suddenly inspire the most presumptuous confidence ; and she could not without indignation observe the finest talents for wit abused, on the slightest provocation, to the purposes of imperious ill-nature, and the brightest powers of imagination “ sicklied over by the pale cast of jealousy and suspicion,” which all her generous condescensions could not subdue or soften.

He soon perceived, or thought he perceived, that his interest in her affection was but small ; and this discovery precipitated him into a conduct that must necessarily make it less. His deportment, ever since his admission as a lover, had been tinged with a strange mixture of inattention, rudeness, and presumption ; but it now became fretful, fullen, and petulant. It had always been evident that he rated the female understanding exceedingly low ; but now, he could not refrain from expressions of contemptuous indignation ; and if she did but speak to a male acquaintance, when he was present, she was sure to be entertained with sarcastic commendations of the sagacious preference of blockheads and coxcombs, and the wisdom of the sex who delight in exposing men of sense to ridicule and contempt, while they flirt the feathered fops of frivolity and fashion.

Poor Evelina now discovered, how wide a distinction there is between literary admiration and love ; and how possible it is to unite all the qualities which command the former, with every thing that can operate, as an antidote to the latter ; and while Claudius was cursing the frivolity of a sex, always insensible to the merits and passions of men of learning and genius, she, with better reason, reflected that, if she must be miserable, it would be but an indifferent consolation, that the brute who made her so

was admired for his understanding; and celebrated for his wit.

But the chief anxiety of Evelina, arose from the dilemma to which she was reduced with respect to her brother; for she dreaded an explanation that must interrupt his intimate and partial friendship, and yet could not endure the idea of acting, without assigning her reasons, in a manner contrary to his wishes, even in circumstances where his liberality always upheld that her heart should be her only arbiter. The behaviour of Claudius, however, soon relieved her from this embarrassment; for being shortly after at a private masquerade together, the turbulent jealousy of Claudius, (who had been previously offended by the repulsion of such familiarities, as his presumption rather than his good sense had dictated) imagining every mask to conceal a favoured rival, and every word addressed to another to be an act of insult and neglect toward himself, burst out in such terms of intemperate rudeness, as drew upon him three or four direct challenges, and afterward led him to vent his wanton malevolence on the glasses and chandeliers; and to throw the whole company into confusion and dismay; and when the lovely and cheerful Evelina, was enchanting the surrounding circle with the rich melody of her voice, the literary savage muttered his discontent in broken imprecations, and at length started from the table with an audible malediction of female perverseness, because she was singing an air which the company had requested, when she knew there was another for which he entertained a greater partiality.

Woodford, who had long observed, with silent anguish, the private disposition of his friend, seized the opportunity to withdraw with his sister and their party; and left the son of Turbulence and Genius to curse the levity of flirts, who will not admit that brilliant talents make brutality amiable; and to settle, at the peril of his life, those quarrels to which the violence of his temper had exposed him.

In the above essay, I have simply delineated a real character and not presented a creation of my own mind. I do not therefore hold up the portrait, as an allegorical representation of the whole body of literati; nor do I mean to insinuate

insinuate that moroseness and ill-humour are necessary concomitants of genius; or that great mental acquirements unfit a man for happiness and social enjoyment.— There are certainly in this kingdom some, and in a neighbouring land of liberty and letters many, who blend the greatest learning with the most engaging good humour, and to the fire of genius, add the brilliancy of elegant manners; and such are ever secure of the most gratifying reception from the fair. All I mean to insinuate is, that when men of letters are neglected by the sex, they owe not their disgrace to the eminence of their abilities, but to some qualities or habits, which, as they might remove them without injury to their talents, it is their duty to themselves and society to reform instead of cherishing them with irrational pride.

INJURED DAUGHTER;

IN

THREE ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER I.

MISS CLIFFORD TO MISS BALFOUR.

Charlotte-street, May 7, 1763.

DID not my dear Miss Balfour tell me that she would favour me with her advice in any thing that seemed to concern my welfare and happiness? Yes, she did; I remember those were her words at parting. Then why

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should

should I scruple to unfold to her every secret of my heart. I am certain, that though her superior sense may blame, her lenity will pardon the weakness of an heart which has too much sensibility for its own repose. And yet, madam, when I am about to tell you all my errors, I tremble, least in so doing I should lose your esteem. I have often heard you say, that among all the errors of the female heart, vanity is at once the most dangerous and despicable, then will not Miss Balfour despise her poor Harriot when she hears to what foolish hopes her vanity has led her; for surely it is the height of vanity, in me to suppose such a man as Mr. Le Sage could think of a poor girl like me, and yet, when I have told you all, I do not think you will blame me very much, for indeed he is the most generous of men.

You know, madam, my poor mother's circumstances are very much embarrassed, (pardon me for troubling you with such trifles) but yesterday morning she was arrested for fifteen pounds; we had but six guineas in the world, which my mother offered the man, with a promise of paying the remainder when she received her pension. This he refused, and indeed I do not wonder at it; for he is not a rich man, and had waited a long while for his money, (but you know, my dear Miss Balfour, we could not help it) so they called a coach, and were going to take my mother away, when Mr. Le Sage came to the door, for he is not proud, but very often calls upon us, and is as kind and as condescending as a certain young lady, who don't like to be told of her goodness; but *you* know her, madam.

Well, he asked the reason of my weeping, and mamma told him, and would you believe it, he took the men out of the room, and paid it every farthing. When he came in, and told us my mamma should not go to prison, I was so overjoyed, I did not know what to do or say. I do verily believe, if it had not been for shame, I could have kissed him. But as I had cried before for sorrow, so I now cried for joy, and falling on my knees before him, I took both his hands in mine, and prayed to God Almighty to bless him for ever and ever. He raised me up, and prest me in his arms, said I was a dear good girl, and bade me

me think no more of the trifle he had advanced, for that he would give twenty times as much to oblige me; for he loved me dearer than his own life, and if I would but love him, he would give me every thing my heart could wish, and take care of my sister Nancy, and that my dear mamma should never be distressed again.

Oh, dear Madam, you cannot think how my heart fluttered; I was so overcome with joy, that I could not speak a single word; so Mr. Le Sage said he would leave me to compose myself. When he was gone, I asked my mamma if she thought he was in earnest, and whether she supposed so rich a gentleman could have honourable designs when he heaped unasked, unexpected favours on such poor folks; she said, she did believe him sincere, and that he only meant honour, and that I should be the happiest woman in the creation; and so indeed I should, if Mr. Le Sage loved me sincerely and honourably, for I always thought him the finest and best tempered gentleman in the world; but believe your poor Harriot, Miss Balfour, when she says, were he the greatest king, and I loved him dearer than my own life, I would die rather than submit to any thing dishonourable; for while I have my reputation unfulfilled, I should not fear maintaining myself at service, or some way or other, but if I become a naughty character, every body would despise me, and I should despise myself, and be wretched and miserable as long as I lived.— But I cannot help flattering myself that Mr. Le Sage does not mean to make me such a despicable being, for he called this morning, and told me I should have masters to teach me to draw, and play on the piano forte, that I should learn to dance, and speak French, and have every accomplishment befitting a gentlewoman: Is not this very good, madam? He must take care, or he will turn my little head wild; but I will have a guard upon myself, and be very cautious and circumspect in my conduct, and I should be very glad if Miss Balfour would favour me with her advice how I ought to act, and whether I should receive so many favours from a gentleman, before I am certain in what manner he expects them returned. I write this unknown to my mamma, because I know she would blame me for asking any body's advice but her own,

45 THE POLITE REPOSITORY; OR,

own, and often calls me squeamish and prudish when I seem unwilling to receive so many obligations from our benefactor; but I know you, Madam, will advise me in every thing that is right, I hope you will pardon this trouble, and permit me the honour of stiling myself your sincere friend,

HARRIOT CLIFFORD.

LETTER II.

ERWARD LE SAGE, ESQ. TO CAPT. WELCOTT.

Windfor, Aug. 20, 1763.

IT is all in vain; I may as well attempt to turn the wind, arraign the vivid lightning in its course, convert to constancy the unstable moon, or do any other impossibility, as convince this obstinate Harriot Clifford that happiness is within our reach without the shackles of matrimony; not all her mother's good council, not all the fine ladies I have introduced into her company, can persuade her to part with her darling virtue. And yet, Welcott, I am certain the little gipsy loves me. We are obliged to keep her rather a sort of state prisoner; for she had got a knack of scribbling to that little vixen Anna Balfour, and this meddling Miss gives her the most sage advice imaginable; for the other day she, by accident, dropped one of these letters from her pocket; I took it up unperceived, and conveyed it into my own. When I retired, I honoured it with a perusal, and find she advises her to be very cautious of her conduct towards me, and not let me perceive her partiality, for that my character in regard to the female sex was ever doubtful, and is rendered more so of late from my known intimacy with the infamous Welcott, (those were her very words.) After a great deal more to this purpose, she concludes thus:—

‘ I would not have you place too great a confidence in
‘ your mother ; you will pardon me, Harriot, but I fear
‘ she has not so nice a sense of female honour as is neces-
‘ sary to preserve your reputation unfulfilled, and your peace
‘ of mind unbroken. While Le Sage behaves towards
‘ you with respect, you must by no means let him know
‘ your suspicions ; for if he means honourably, they will
‘ offend him ; if otherways, they will only serve to put
‘ him on his guard, and perhaps he would then lay his
‘ schemes too deep for you to have the least chance of
‘ escaping. If you find he throws off the mask of respect,
‘ (for such, I suppose, it to be) do not scruple to leave
‘ your mother’s protection, and fly to me, where you will
‘ be sure to meet friendship and protection, not only from
‘ this designing man, but from the censures of the ill-
‘ natured world.’

Very pretty, indeed, thought I, but, upon my word, my dear Harriot, these fine schemes wont do, I am not so easily duped as the wise Miss Balfour may suppose. I shall not be at all this expence and trouble for nothing ; and after I have got my bird in the cage, leave the door open, and let it escape. No, no, Harriot, I have you in my power, and I am determined to make you submit to what terms I please.

Full of these mighty resolves, I posts away to Mother Clifford’s again in the evening, said I wanted a glass of wine, and pressed Harriot to drink one with me. I thought to have given her several, but here I was mistaken ; for had I knelt down, and worshipped her, she would not have touched more than one. The convenient mother saw my aim, and so marched out of the room, taking the other girl Nancy with her. This did not in the least alarm Harriot, as we have frequently spent several hours by ourselves, though I never attempted any further liberties than a modest kiss. I now drew my chair near her’s, and putting my arm around her delicate waist, gave her several fervent kisses. These she quietly submitted to ; but when, with sacrilegious hand, I attempted to remove the gauze that faintly shaded the most lovely bosom ever eyes beheld ; she immediately caught the alarm, and pushing
me

me from her with more strength than I supposed her mistress of, and darting at me an angry look, she cried,—
 “What mean you, Sir? While you behave like a man of honour, as such I shall esteem you, but when you, by ungenerously endeavouring to take advantage of the unhappy situation of my mother’s affairs, forfeit that character, I would tear you from my heart, tho’ at the expence of my life.”

“Then you own, my dear Harriot, it would give you some pain to banish me from your presence?”

“Edward,” said she, assuming an air of firmness, “it would be in vain to attempt to conceal the emotions which gratitude has awakened in my bosom. I am a poor distressed orphan, I look round the world, and see not one friend whose heart beats with either affection or pity for the lowly Harriot. My mother, Oh, my mistaken mother, has, instead of being a source of comfort to me, wounded my heart, by giving me advice which I shudder but to think upon. In you, Edward, I thought I had found a disinterested friend, a friend who would protect me, (smile not at my simplicity) if I thought you would protect me through life. Encouraged by your seeming tenderness in this fond belief, I reposed my whole soul in you, I respected you as my benefactor, I esteemed you as my friend, I loved you as my brother. But think not this love shall ever make me forget what is due to myself; be assured I know too well the just value of virtue ever to forfeit it voluntarily, and should think, if deprived of that inestimable jewel, life no longer worth preserving. I could suffer poverty, pain, and sickness without a murmur, while I am possessed of that serenity of mind, which conscious rectitude never fails to inspire. Cease then to endeavour to draw me into the thorny paths of vice, for such a detestation do I feel at the idea of a life of infamy, that it is not the wealth of India could tempt me to endure it.”

“My dear Harriot, said I, do you suppose I would drag you into infamy? No, my sweet girl, I would protect you from it at the hazard of my life. Do not my love harbour such a thought; I mean to devote my whole life to you;

my fortune is at your disposal—do with me as you please, only deny me not your love.

“Edward,” said she, rising from her seat, “I can love and revere a man of true honour and generosity, as much as I can despise a cool deliberate villain, therefore, if my regard is of the consequence to you which you pretend, you know by what means to preserve it.”

And so, Welcott, with a look of mingled contempt and indignation, she darted out of the room, and left me in a very foolish situation. By my soul, I am half tempted to marry her, but that I am almost afraid part of her dignity and virtue is assumed, for never was a woman of more consummate art than the mother—at the same time, that she has the most abandoned principles—a girl tutored by such a mother, can never be proper for a wife. No, I will not marry her—I must try a little more persuasions, a little more sighing and dying, for I am determined not to have recourse to that stale trick, a sham marriage. I have furnished them a handsome house in this place, given them the use of a chaise and pair, provided the lovely Harriet with masters to teach her music, dancing, painting, and French; furnished her with every article of finery in dress, but these she will not wear, seldom appearing in any thing but a white muslin gown, and never ornamenting her lovely auburn tresses with any thing beside a plain lawn cap. I am determined to triumph over her scruples, if liberal presents, obsequious tenderness, and consummate art, can conquer undissembled innocence, and a real regard to virtue. I cannot bear the idea of matrimony—the chain indeed appears silken at the first, but a few months converts it into iron; it grows heavy and insupportable—we are unable to break it, and by our continual endeavours to do so, we render it so galling, that we curse the hour when fascinated by a beautiful face we consented to put it on.—Adieu.

Your's,

E. LE SAGE.

LETTER III.

MISS CLIFFORD TO MRS. PARKINSON,
LATE MISS BALFOUR.

Hampton-Court, July 17, 1764.

AT length I am permitted to assume my pen, and pour forth my complaints into the bosom of a friend who will pity and console the undone Harriet. Alas! Madam, I fear you think me lost to every principle of virtue, since you must undoubtedly have heard that I live in the same mansion with my seducer; but, Oh, the shocking cruelties that have been practised to bring me into this horrid situation. My mother—Oh! burst! burst! my heart at the sad remembrance—for it was she who completed the ruin of her child—I loved Mr. Le Sage, and, alas! I blush while I write, I still do love, unjust and cruel as he has been—I fear I shall love him while this aching heart throbs in my bosom; but let me hasten, in some measure to exculpate myself from the odium of having voluntarily plunged into a life of infamy. I mean not, Madam, to extenuate the fault of still continuing with him; I have but one plea to make, and that I fear you will say is a weak one. I do not indulge the vain hope of being still ranked among the friends of Mrs. Parkinson: Oh, no—I know my fame is polluted, I know I am unworthy your esteem, yet I know you will pity my involuntary fall, and pardon my weakness and errors; I only ask you not to detest the unfortunate Harriet, but sometimes to remember her with a sigh of affection. This is the last time I shall ever intrude on your friendly patience. The rest of my life will either be a scene of gloomy solitude, with remorse and guilt for my companions, or only variegated by the presence and company of a man, whom, though I love, I am still sensible has deeply, irreparably, injured me.

The last letter I troubled you with from Windsor informed you, that I began to suspect Mr. Le Sage had not those honourable designs which my fond foolish heart had once flattered me he entertained. Soon after that, he threw off the mask entirely, and let me perceive, however specious his outward manner, he was an unprincipled libertine at heart. When I made this discovery, greatly as it pained my heart, I determined to leave my mother, and fly to the asylum you once generously offered me; I felt no repugnance at the idea of servitude, since reason informed me, that innocence, though attended by poverty, was of more intrinsic value than wealth and splendor purchased with infamy; for what is ease and affluence if we have a conscious monitor within that continually reminds us of our errors, and is goading us for our faults.

But when I had laid a plan for my escape, (for I found I was narrowly watched) when I had even packed up a little parcel of linen, and with it in my hand, was descending the back stairs at ten o'clock in the evening, I unfortunately stumbled on the first stair, and came instantly to the bottom—I was in a moment surrounded by all the family, and seeing my mother take up the parcel, fearing my plot was unravelled, I gave a shriek and fainted. I had not broke any bones, but having fell with my hand under me, I had dislocated my wrist, and was much bruised. I was put to bed, and the agitation of my mind, added to the anguish of my arm, threw me into a fever. During my illness, Mr. Le Sage was made acquainted with my design of going to Groveby Lodge, for in a delirium I revealed my intentions, which before they had only guessed at. When I recovered, I was more closely watched than ever, though no mention was ever made of my designed escape. Mr. Le Sage redoubled his assiduity, again assumed the timid respectful lover, again practised those arts which had once so effectually deceived me.— But I was upon my guard, nor once suffered my eyes or tongue to give the slightest information of the situation of my heart; I earnestly wished for an opportunity to fly from a place where I was threatened with infamy, but I was unable to elude the vigilance of my guards.

One day when I was tolerably recovered, Mr. Le Sage proposed going to dine at a house of his at Hampton-Court, my mother and sister, and a Mrs. Arundel, were to be of the party. At first I strenuously opposed going, but Le Sage pleaded, that with three female companions, it was quite prudery to deny myself the pleasure of a jaunt, merely because he was to be in company, and we were to dine at his house.

"Indeed, Harriet," said he, with well-affected chagrin, "I think you only affect this reluctance, because you imagine it will give me pain. You see the power you have over me, and, ingrate that you are, your only pleasure is to render me unhappy."

However unwilling I was to join the party, I could not bear that my reluctance should be construed into either ingratitude or affectation, and therefore consented to accompany them.

A coach conveyed Mrs. Arundel, my mother, sister and myself, Mr. Le Sage riding on horseback. We spent the day tolerably cheerful, though, I must confess, a damp came over my spirits several times in the course of the time, for which I could not account, and which I endeavoured to dissipate and repel, as I had no particular reason for uneasiness, every thing being conducted with the greatest regularity, and the utmost regard being paid to propriety, both in their conversation and behaviour.—The dinner was elegant, and Le Sage strove, by a thousand tender assiduities to engage my attention, and awaken my tenderness.

I began to feel myself very uneasy, as the evening drew in, to find no proposal was made for our departure. At length, I ventured to hint, that it grew late; my mother then begged the coach might be ordered. "Pshaw, my dear Mrs. Clifford, said Le Sage, you must not think of leaving this place till after supper. The roads are perfectly safe, and it is but a trifling ride." "Trifling do you call it, Sir?" said I, "at any rate it is too far to drive even so late as it is now, much more, should we stay supper." "Well, my lovely timid Harriet, (he replied) you shall only have a cup of tea, and I will order the carriage."—Tea was immediately brought in, and I was desired to make

make it, as I had before done the honours of the table, Le Sage telling me I was only accustoming myself to welcome my friends in my own house. "For, my dear girl, said he, this house, and all that is in it, was purposely provided for you—Here you shall reign queen of hearts."

While I was making the tea, my mother said she would go and see the apartment, which was designed for me, and Mrs. Arundel, though she had seen it before, would accompany her. Nancy, who is vastly fond of finery grandeur, &c. ran after them, as she said, to have another peep at the beautiful toilette. But, alas, my dear Madam, this was a concerted scheme. I made the tea, poured it out, and began to be surprised that my mother did not return, though Le Sage had been entertaining me with a recital of some humorous anecdotes of a country 'squire of his acquaintance, that I did not at first perceive how long they were absent. At length, expressing my impatience, and saying the tea would be cold; he rang the bell, and desired the servant to inform the ladies tea waited.

"Why, Sir," said the fellow, with a well affected stare, "the ladies are gone."

"Gone!" said I, starting up precipitately, "did you say Mrs. Clifford and Mrs. Arundel were gone?"

"Yes, Miss, replied the fellow, they have been gone full half an hour."

"Then," said I, bursting into tears, "I am miserably betrayed, and you, Sir," contemptuously turning toward Le Sage, "you, Sir, I suppose, have been the chief contriver of this vile plot. But then my mother, how could she consent." I could no more—my agitation rose almost to an agony, and leaning my head upon my hands, I gave a free vent to my tears. My cruel lover endeavoured to sooth me by the strongest professions of constancy and honour. At the mention of that word, I started from my reverie. "Villain, said I, profane not the sacred expression; for honour is as foreign from thy breast as frost from the torrid zone—else why this low, this base contrivance to get an helpless girl in your power—to blast her fame in the eyes of the world, to render her an object of pity to some, of contempt to others, and of detestation to herself."

"My

"My adorable girl, said he, talk not in this strain, tho' I am perhaps to blame in this affair, your mother is the chief instrument—she, dear Harriet, would sacrifice you to age and impotence, rather than not enjoy the ease and superfluities of affluence. Then do not, my love, turn indignant from a man who adores you, and whose future life shall be devoted to your service. Consider, Harriet, what course can you take which will secure you from the insults and calumnies of an unfeeling world, if you are forsaken by your only remaining parent."

"She has forsaken me already, (exclaimed I, wildly) fold me to worse than death, to ruin infamy and shame.—Oh, my much esteemed Edward," continued I, falling on my knees before him, "do not you join this unnatural parent, nor plunge in everlasting sorrow an unhappy maid, who is in your power—exert your boasted honour, my dearest Edward, send me instantly from this house to a place of safety, and preserve my only wealth, my innocence, my peace of mind."

"Charming, bewitching girl, said he, raising me, why, while you are such an advocate for being sent from here, do you discover such charms as makes it impossible for me to comply with your request; indeed, my Harriet, I love you almost to distraction, I would sacrifice my life to make you happy."

"You may purchase my happiness at a much easier price, Sir, said I, I ask you not to sacrifice your life, sacrifice your passion, which tends only to my ruin—prove yourself an honourable disinterested friend, and save me from the horrors of infamy."

"My dear girl, he replied, Heaven knows with what pleasure I would make you my wife, were there not unexpected obstacles that have lately arisen. My mother, my beloved, is a proud imperious woman."

"Enough, Sir," said I, interrupting him, "you need not rack your thoughts, or vilify the best of mothers, for excuses for your conduct; I am sensible of my error in having once entertained the vain idea of being honourably your's, and pardon me, Sir, if I say, that, tho' conscious of the inequality of our fortunes, I acknowledge myself unworthy
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the honour of your hand, I will never stoop to any action which shall make me unworthy your regard—let me only be ranked among your friends, and, Oh, Edward, for Heaven's sake, deprive me not of the power to deserve that character."

In this manner I argued some time, at length, pretending to be convinced of the guilt of his intended design, he swore, if I would only remain in his house that night, he would, in the morning, convey me to any place, any friend, I should mention.

"Be pacified, my Harriet, your rest shall not be disturbed—depend upon my honour—I will not commit any action that shall render me unworthy your love and esteem."

My mind was in some measure calmed by these assurances, and I consented to partake his supper, drank one glass of wine, and then desired to retire. A female servant was desired to shew me my apartment; I entered it with a heavy heart, a thousand fears rushing like a torrent on my mind. Once I was almost tempted to endeavour to draw the woman that attended to undress me, over to my interest, but her looks wore forbidding, and I feared to propose an escape, lest, in being detected, I should irritate Le Sage, and by that means facilitate my own ruin.

I refused to undress, but desiring the woman to leave the candle, I bolted the door, and having wept myself weary, I threw myself on the bed, and was just falling into a dose, when I was disturbed by a rustling at my chamber door, and presently a gentle tap caused me to start from the bed, and listen attentively, when a female voice thus addressed me. "I am afraid, dear Miss, you are unacquainted with the cruel plot that is laid for your ruin, but, believe me, 'tis never intended that you shall leave this house till you consent to become the mistress of Mr. Le Sage. If you do not voluntarily consent, force and stratagem will be put in practice."

"Oh, Heavens, said I, if virtue is acceptable in thy sight, teach me, guide me to escape the snares of my enemies."

"Spend

"Spend not your time in supplications, Miss, said the woman, but if you wish to escape the ruin that awaits you, I will set you free from this house, and go with you to an inn, where you may take the stage either to town, or where you may think proper. The family are all in bed, and you cannot be missed till morning, when you will be out of the reach of pursuit."

"Thou art surely a guardian angel," said I, unlocking the door, "and Heaven will reward you for thus saving an unfortunate creature from what she fears more than death."

I followed her softly down stairs, and from thence into the garden, where a back gate opened into the fields. I had scarcely set my foot out side the gate, when a man put a pistol to my breast, and demanded my money, at the same instant my companion caught hold of my arm, and exclaimed, "Heaven save us! we are in the hands of robbers." Just then another man discharged a pistol at us—I shrieked, and fell senseless to the earth.

When I recovered from the state of insensibility to which terror had reduced me, I found myself in the arms of a person, whom I soon discovered to be Mr. Le Sage—He bore me to the house from whence I had just escaped, and after leading me to my chamber, began to reproach me for the little dependence I had on his honour. "Why, Harriet, said he, would you tempt the dangers of the night, and venture, without a protector, to wander out at that late hour, like a Princess of Yore, in search of adventures; and a sad adventure it would have proved to you had you got farther from the house before those ruffians attacked you, but I heard the discharge of the pistol, and the shrieks of the woman, and without suspecting who was in danger, I rushed out instinctively, and saved my adored Harriet."

At the close of this speech, he pressed me in his arms. Oh! Madam, how shall I tell you, that gratitude for the deliverance I had just experienced, mingled with the affection I before felt in my bosom towards my deliverer, facilitated the ruin which, but an hour before, I was so eager to shun. I will not attempt to describe the poignant anguish

guish of my feelings, when the rising morning restored my reflection, they only can judge of them who, conscious of the value of innocence, awake to the horrid certainty of having forfeited for ever that peace and serenity which innocence alone can bestow: But judge how those feelings were augmented, when, by accident, I discovered that the servant who aided my escape, was incited to it by Le Sage, and the fright I afterwards underwent was a scheme planned entirely by this cruel man, in order to render the overflowings of a grateful heart subservient to the worst of purposes. I saw my ruin was now complete, my reputation was blasted, my peace of mind was gone for ever, yet I vented not my sorrow in violent complaints or reproaches on my undoer; it preyed like a canker-worm on my heart, silent, but not on that account less insupportable. I will not intrude on your patience by describing the first meeting between my mother and myself after this shocking night—My heart was torn with contending passion. While I considered her as my mother, I longed to throw myself into her arms, to pour my tears upon her bosom, and tell her all the anguish of my soul—but when I recollected that she had been accessory to the ruin I lamented, my bosom swelled with indignation and horror. Le Sage used every argument in his power, added to the most attentive tenderness, to urge me to submit quietly to my situation, but to this I should never have consented, had I not discovered that I was likely to give to the world a pledge of my unfortunate connexion. The recollection that Le Sage was the father of this unborn innocent, and my own inability to provide for its subsistence or education should it live, induced me to listen to the intreaties of my lover, and the persuasions of my mother, and accept a settlement, which, though it has secured me from the galling sting of poverty, has planted in my breast the scorpion stings of remorse and conscious guilt.

“ Oh, my dear Madam, would the unthinking youthful part of my sex reflect but a moment on the horrors of a situation like mine, how few would rush voluntarily into it—sooner, much sooner, would they embrace poverty in its most horrid shape, the most laborious employ would be pleasure, the coarsest fare delicious, and the hardest bed

prove a bed of ease, if innocence lightened the toil, sweetened the homely meal, and strewed her roses on the coarse hard pillow. Oh, ye virtuous happy women, did ye but know the unutterable pangs that attend a life of guilty love, you would turn your looks of indignation to those of gentle pity, and with a tear of Heavenly compassion soften the anguish of our bleeding hearts. You, Madam, I know will pity my errors, and sometimes in your prayers remember the lost unhappy

HARRIET CLIFFORD.



S T O R Y

O F

J A Q U E T T E.

RELATED BY SIR JOHN AMINGTON.

(FROM THE FAIR SYRIAN.)

ONE delightful afternoon I chose to walk from Poitiers to Niort. An eminence, which promised a pleasing prospect, drew me from the great road. It overhung a romantic valley. A river ran at its foot. There was a seat near the extreme verge, but it was occupied by a man, whose habit indeed commanded no respect, but it could not be refused to his silver locks, and a mild and open countenance.

tenance which shewed intelligence. His eye was intent upon the prospect down the valley. A few tears coursed each other down his cheeks; and his sighs were deep and frequent. At his feet lay a scrip, and by the side of it, a little dog, who looked up at his master, almost, you would have thought, with pity. The sorrow seemed so sacred, that I was unwilling to intrude upon it; but the little dog saw me, and barked. The old man turned his head, rose, made me a submissive bow, and seemed about to retire from the seat. There was room for many;—a little contest of courtesy ensued, which brought us into a kindly disposition to each other, and we took the seat together. I wanted to know the cause of his grief, for I wished to alleviate it, and I entered upon the subject abruptly, though with kindness.

“ Good Sir, says he, this is my native country, whence I have been absent thirty years, and this the first hour of my return. This spot was the scene of many a youthful pleasure. On this very seat, I woo’d and won a very pretty young woman, the object of my fondest wishes.— Oh, had she been as good as beautiful, what miseries had I not escaped! In that house, (pointing down the valley) I was born. That house, with three hundred acres of land around it, I once occupied. A mile lower down, you see a castle. It was the seat of the good old Count Valerieux, the lord of the village. Were all patrons like him, France would be enviable. See that church, whose spire peeps amongst the trees. There I prayed to God with a contrite heart, and thanked him for all the blessings he bestowed upon me. There I solemnized my nuptials, and thanked him for the greatest of all blessings, a loved and loving wife. On the right of the church, you see a house, a row of sycamores along the front, and a spreading mulberry shading the little court.—

This was the dwelling of the good old vicar, as fond of doing good as the patron himself. Our little ails of mind and body, it was his province to cure, and to prevent or heal our dissensions. The Count and he died within a month of each other, a few months after my Jaquette had given me a daughter. Do you see on the left of the church a little green, with the school-house on one side, and a maypole in the middle? Three years together, from

seventeen to twenty, my Jaquette was crowned Queen of the May; and these very years I obtained the greatest number of prizes in our rural sports. The next was the year of our marriage. How lovely she was, when, arrayed in white and innocence, she gave me her hand at the altar. Poor girl! what is become of thee?"

Here his voice, broken and interrupted, failed in its office. He struggled awhile against the weakness, then gave his sorrow way. It was contagious. I would have given the world for words of comfort—not one obeyed my wish. At length this burst subsided.

"You have a soft heart, Sir, says he, shame on me for giving it anguish, I will be more a man. I have borne miseries in many shapes, and sometimes firmly; now I yield to womanish remembrance. Well, Sir, as soon as we had paid the last duties to our vicar, we received another from our new patron, the young Count Valerieux. This gentleman (the vicar) was young, and had, it was said, some very engaging qualities. In particular, two elegant rows of ivory teeth which he kept in the highest preservation; a white soft hand, which displayed two brilliants; and hair exactly curled, and sweetly powdered. He never suffered the least disorder in his dress, and was profoundly skilled in the arts of the toilette. He talked of every thing done at Paris, and talked in such soft and gentle tones, and smiled so sweet, that all our women were taken with him, and Jaquette as much as any. It was autumn when he came amongst us, and by the following spring he was master in every house. Then it was, he announced the coming down of the young Count, the best of men, so unproud, so generous, so affable! He came accordingly, accompanied with ladies and gentlemen from Paris. The castle was magnificent, and the disposition of its rooms and offices remarkable for use; but it was Gothic, and though not out of repair, was out of taste. The Count set about a reform, and we had the honour to promote this work of taste, by the labour of our teams, and the neglect of our rural oeconomies. In return, we had feasts at the castle, and balls for our wives; and the gentry were kind enough to mingle in our amusements, and the Count himself condescended to chuse my Jaquette his partner in
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the dance. As to our vicar, he was now the happiest mortal living, except on Sundays; or when a poor sick body was to be visited. This was indeed a most distressing circumstance, for the effluvia would fasten upon his cloaths, and get up his nostrils though plugged, and seize upon his brain.

“ The Count had now begun to take a particular liking to me, and would often call at my house, and take my advice as to the management of his demesne; and now and then he would hear of a breed of cattle twenty leagues distant, which he wished I should see. At length a friend told me, how he thought matters were going on; for which I quarrelled with him, and he beat me, as I deserved. But Jaquette was much at the castle, and greatly in favour with one of the ladies, who was greatly in favour with the Count. Jaquette had exhibited two or three gowns which I knew nothing of, of finer matter and make than usual; and she had also some other gentilities never seen in our parts before.

“ This aspect of things I did not like; still less, the little attention she paid to business, and to me; but the neglect of our cherub hurt me worst of all. I proposed to her a journey to Pau to visit a distant relation. No, indeed, I would not go last summer when she desired it, now it would be monstrous, whilst her *friends* were in the country. We disputed this, three or four days, on one of which her friends called to take her to the castle, after which she disputed it no longer. We went. I left her at Pau, and returned home. I am afraid I shall weary you, Sir, with a long story. After all, it amounts to no more than this, that there are bad men in the world, and frail women, and that power is sometimes vindictive.”

I entreated him to go on, and to be as minute as he pleased.

“ I had not been at home more than three days, before our relation from Pau came post, to inform me my wife was stolen. There was a pleasant common a mile upon the road to Saint Bertrand, where she had drawn our relation's wife, two or three evenings to enjoy the air and prospects. Upon this common she was seized, screaming violently, by two men, and put into a chaise to

a third, which drove off towards St. Bertrand at a great rate.

“ I now saw as well as passion would suffer me, into the whole of the contrivance. I ran to the castle; the Count received me with his usual affability, and even put on an air of kindness; but anger such as mine is seldom dissoluble in monkey-grimaces. I taxed him boldly with my injuries, and spoke with the energy my feelings prompted! Unfortunately there were too many witnesses, for I found the Count, with the rest of the gentry, walking amongst the workmen. The Count therefore thought proper to treat me with a supercilious disdain, and at length threatened me with a discipline by his servants. I got nothing therefore by this attempt, but the increase of my anger to madness. I lay nine days in a burning fever, with a delirium. Dr. Maret, a physician from Niort, attended me. He was a humane and sensible man, and though physician to the castle, and acquainted with its present temper, he had the audacity to attend me with double assiduity, and to save my life. He could not indeed have done me a greater injury. But he meant well, and I was grateful for his good intention. After my recovery he gave me the best advice—to put up with the wrongs I could not redress; to forget my wife and be happy. My little Jaquette indeed promised me infinite consolation, for I doated on her; but she was the picture of her mother, and how could I forget her? I might indeed have put up with my wrongs, for it was impossible to vindicate them; but the Count could not put up with his. His honour was insulted: for I had unhappily forgot his greatness, and my own littleness, and talked to him as a man would talk to a man. This is an insult the French *Noblesse* cannot pardon. He even went off for Paris a few days after receiving it, and left orders with his agent to turn me out of my farm. Accordingly he gave me due notice. This was not all. He instituted a suit against me, for some pretended failures in my duty as a tenant.— This was a mean revenge; for in reality I had failed in no point of duty; but in a contest of purses, mine must have died of wounds, which his would scarce have felt. Our vicar too directed the spiritual thunder against me for matters

matters as frivolous as false. My kind physician advised me to yield to the storm. I made haste therefore to sell every thing as fast as I was able; and having finished, I divided the whole into two very unequal parts; the greater I left with Dr. Maret, for the support and education of my child; and with the other I began my travels. In Normandy I took a small farm, and laid out my little all upon it. It was ungrateful, and made me no returns. I was thrown into a prison at Caen, and detained near three years. Here it was I learned to read, to reflect, and to value life as it deserved. An Huguenot minister lent me his books; a man grown old in this prison; but his misfortunes had not diminished his enthusiasm. He wanted to convert me, and might have done it, but that I found his religion had soured, at least not sweetened, his temper, and that he railed more than he reasoned.

“ At length I was released, and having neither cloaths nor money, was obliged to become a hero for bread. I fought, or seemed to fight, for I confess my heroism was never very animated, in Germany several years. No modern war, I believe has had the honour of slaughtering more of the human species; yet fatigue, want, and disease destroyed two for the bullet's one. A thousand times I have marched leagues without a breakfast, sometimes barefoot; and sinking to the ground from perfect weariness, have been pricked up again by the halbert of a serjeant.— I wanted every thing—even hope—and envied my more fortunate comrades the quiet possession of a few feet of earth, even whilst crows and vultures were tearing them from it. Whilst thousands are thus miserable, the master, whose restless ambition—but what have I, a reptile, to do, to murmur at Kings. Are they not as Gods unto us?

After the battle of Leipfic, so fruitful in destruction, wearied out still more with the evils I saw, than with those I felt, I ran away, and hid myself a year amongst the iron mines. Afterwards I rambled over Poland, Livonia, and Muscovy, labouring when I could obtain work, starving upon charity when I could not, but always thinking of my Jaquette, my little daughter, the Count Valerieux, and my misfortunes.

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"A war was talked of between the Russians and Turks; and it being understood that I had been a French soldier, I was partly solicited, partly forced into the Russian service. My post was equivalent to that of a corporal, and whilst the war was only talked of, which was some years, my condition was not quite deplorable.

"At length we marched, and all the horrors of war were perfectly alive in my remembrance. It is said that heroism will make men endure willingly the greatest fatigues. It may be so—I never felt its power—nor the common soldier of the Russian herd neither. Their animating principle is stupidity, and they do wonders with it. It is a seven fold shield on the day of defeat, and on the day of victory, an impenetrable bulwark against the feelings of humanity. Alas! I could not get rid of mine, and my soul sunk within me.

"From this oppression of spirit, the greatest of human evils, the second year of the war delivered me. I had the good luck to be taken prisoner by the Turks, and soon after sold for a slave in the public market of Necopolis in Bulgaria.—This was indeed a new evil, and of a nature most mortifying, but I had undergone an excellent preparation. In spite of the pride of manhood to see itself degraded to a horse, I soon found my condition much mended. I had more food, and more ease and tranquillity. I was several times bought, however, only to be sold again; at length I found a master in Adrianople, and he was a good man. I shall scarce gain credit for this with my countrymen—for how can a man be good who is not a christian? It is true the Turkish religion is false, the more is the pity. They ought to be objects of compassion, not of hatred. It is true also they have four wives, whilst a Christian can have but one; and concubines, forbidden fruit to us, as many as they can keep. In other respects, their morality is as pure as ours, and, for any thing I can perceive, they adhere to it as well.

"I think, good Sir, I make my story too long; I must weary you; and the evening draws on apace; I have three miles to walk to a mill; and I am impatient to see my daughter, who, I hear, is married to the owner of it, and who is now the only hope of my old age."

It happened that this mill lay but little out of my way, and I grew so interested in the old man's fortune, that we agreed to go on together, and he continued his story thus:—

“ My master, as I said before, was kind to me, and I felt but little of the peculiar evils of slavery. Unfortunately he was a public man. I knew very little of the Turkish government, but it seems, as much as possible, to do all its acts in the dark. One night my master was seized in his bed, and carried, as we believed, to Constantinople. In a fortnight his effects were sold, of which, women and men slaves make always a considerable part. I made my appearance again in the markets, and after a few changes, I became the purchase of a rich merchant of Constantinople. As to my old master, I never heard a syllable more about him.

“ My new master was a native of Georgia, and professed Mahommedanism, but I don't think he was sincere in it. In the first place we had not that strictness of prayer, and ablutions, which is to be found in the houses of most Turks. Secondly, he had but one wife, and never purchased a female slave for beauty. It would have been difficult indeed to have found one, with half his wife's beauty, accomplishment, and goodness. I am sure she was a christian at heart, though she said nothing of it. At their country-house, three miles from Constantinople, they lived exactly as christians do. There was no haram here, nor separation of men from women; but when their household was in the city, it was different.— This was the family in which, had it been possible, I should have forgot my country, and my misfortunes.— From the highest to the lowest we all loved one another. All my master's offspring was too daughters, now drawing towards womanhood, and lovely creatures both in mind and body. It was impossible such parents, should not dote upon such children.

“ The son of the Aga of the Janissaries wanted to marry the eldest. He had a fine house at no great distance from my master's, and having travelled in the west of Europe, and seen the French taste in gardening, was desirous to imitate it, and particularly the water-works.—

In pursuance of this inclination, he had made a large pond, by damming up a rivulet which ran into the Propontis near the corner of my master's garden. There are no tides in this sea; but its height notwithstanding fluctuates a few feet according to the winds that blow.—When at the highest, it forms a small bay, where it receives this rivulet, west of my master's country house, whose south aspect looks full upon the Propontis. When at lowest, this bay is left dry, except the bed of the rivulet; and the sands abound in shells, which our young ladies were fond of gathering to make the shell-work of grottos.

“ One fine afternoon I was at work in the flower garden; my mistress and the young ladies came and assisted me in tying them up; and talked a great deal to me in French, for they read a great deal of French, and asked me much of my family, and talked very kindly to me.—I blessed them when they left me, and wondered how women could be so good. Then I wondered it had not pleased God to make all women good; for you know, Sir, he might, if he pleased, with a stroke of his will—and then men would be good of course, and the world would be happy—and my little Jaquette and her mother—alas, Sir, that was her father's house—there she was born—from thence I took her blushing to the church, where she vowed to be true; and who would not have believed such virgin innocence? Good Heaven! how often, and how fondly, have we walked along this very path.

“ I am ashamed, Sir, I am ashamed,” continued the old man, after a burst of sighs and sobs.

“ You need not indeed; why should you be ashamed of memory and feeling? why should you be ashamed of being a man?”

“ Ah! Sir, but let me go back to my good mistresses. The young ladies, the day being dry, were gone down to gather shells; the mother stayed on an eminence in the garden. I heard her shriek, and turning, saw her fall upon the ground. I flew to relieve her. The moment I reached the eminence, what an object presented itself!—The young ladies rolling down a rapid stream, and with-

in an hundred yards of the Propontis ! Merciful Heaven ! —“ I cannot tell you my thoughts at the time, for I don't remember that I had any. My mistress lay at my feet in a swoon—that was nothing. I made but few steps down into the bay, and running with my whole speed, threw myself into the water a little nearer the sea than the ladies had yet reached. Poor girls ! they had caught hold of each other, and their cloaths had yet buoyed them up. They were still sensible, and I disposed each to hold by a part of my garment, whilst I endeavoured to swim obliquely downwards to the bank. I soon found that with these impediments I could not advance a yard. I struggled till my strength was nearly gone, then yielding to fate, we rushed into the Propontis together. There was now but one possible hope of safety, that of supporting them above water till we might be seen and relieved by a boat or a bark, which, so near the city, was no improbable circumstance. The poor girls, however, hung heavy upon me, I could not have supported them long, when I heard my master's encouraging voice, and saw streamers waving in the air, as if designed for signals. By the blessing of God, they produced the desired effect. We were taken up by a fishing boat within a few minutes of the end of our existence.

“ The Aga's son was amongst those who received us upon our landing, an impious man, who uttered imprecations against Mahomet, and blasphemed Allah, because it was the breaking of his new raised mound that occasioned this sad affair.

“ Indeed it had a terrible consequence. My poor mistress had been carried home delirious, and never recovered her senses till within two days of her death ; and the parting scene betwixt her and my master, and the young ladies, would have melted a heart of stone. I was present at it ; for I was now highly considered in the family—and I think it hurt me more than all I had suffered in so many years of calamity—for when we suffer in the sufferings of those we dearly love, you know, Sir, the pangs are keener than when we feel but for ourselves.

“ My mistress’s obsequies being performed, and my master and the ladies having reasoned and wept themselves into some small tranquillity, they came all together to me into the garden, where I was doing some little matters with a spade. My master took it from me. “ My friend, said he, no more labour. It is owing, under God, to you, that I am not destroyed in all my hopes, and utterly desolate and forlorn. You are free from this hour. But it would be little to give you freedom, did I not give you the means of supporting it with comfort. You are now growing into years, and age requires repose. As to my part, I have already made some secret sales, and am preparing to spend the rest of my days in Georgia, my native country. Every man loves his native country, even tho’ it has used him unkindly. This it is that hinders me from offering you an establishment in my family for life. We should be happy to have you with us, but I urge it not. Chuse your own condition. Only leave us not till we have left this now hateful country. Then we will assign you two thousand sequins for the comfort of your age, and may Heaven prosper your wishes.”

“ I kissed his hand respectfully, and wept upon it; for how should I be able to speak? The dear young ladies took me about the neck and kissed me, as if I were their father, and that tender moment almost determined me to live and die in the family.

“ But then, Sir, it came into my head that I was myself a father, and how transporting would be the dutiful embraces of a child of my own, lovely and good, perhaps, like the ladies who stood before me. My heart pants with expectation—for see, Sir, the mill where my daughter lives is before us; it is a mill for grinding the stronger kind of edge tools; and the person who occupies it, a young man of good character, but no great means, has married my daughter. This I learnt yesterday, and also that Dr. Maret is dead. Oh, Sir, I feel as it approaches how terrible is the trial. If she proves unworthy, old as I am, I will yet go back to Georgia, and lay my bones in the tomb of my master. And, what, I wonder is become of my once dear Jaquette? Alas, I have not dared to enquire.—Sir, you have had the patience to hear my tedious

ous story, have the goodness to see the event of it. A few minutes will probably determine what portion of happiness the small remainder of my life is destined to experience. I tremble with hope and fear."

A man sat upon a stone at the door of the mill, with his arms folded, and his eyes fixed upon the ground. Another beside him, seemed to have been crying. I enquired if any thing was the matter.—

"Not half an hour since, Sir, our largest stone split into a thousand pieces; one of them struck my master, and killed him on the spot; and I think it will be the death of my mistress too; and then God help the poor children. There is sad work in the parlour; I can't bear to see it."

Inattentive to ceremony, I sprung forward to the parlour, and the old man followed panting. The dead body, dressed as it was, lay on the floor in the middle of the room. In one corner, sat a young woman, whose sorrow was turbulent and loud, and broke forth in shrieks and lamentations.—In another, an elderly woman with two female children upon her lap, one of whom clung affrighted round her neck, the other had buried its little face in her bosom. But the most interesting object, one excepted, my eyes ever beheld, was another woman about thirty, sitting on a chair not a yard distant from the corpse, from which indeed they had lately raised her. Her eyes were fixed immoveably upon the face of the deceased.—She shed no tears; she uttered no complaints; her hands hung torpid by her side; she did not seem to breathe; nor scarce to live. There was something so moving, so sacred in her grief, that, though there were women in the room, not one regarded any object but herself, not one dared to disturb her. At length the old man, unable to bear his feelings longer, cried out, "it is my daughter, the very image of her mother! My Jaquette," says he, taking one hand, "look upon me; I am your father." A heavy sigh broke from her, but she did not alter her position.—"What! will you not look upon me Jaquette, upon your poor old father that has been miserable thirty years?"

"Father!" says she, faintly, just glancing her eye, and returning it.

"Yes,

" Yes, Jaquette, I am your true father ; come to comfort you, and be comforted by you ; to live with you, and to die with you, my Jaquette."

" Father !" says she, looking at him.

" Yes, my Jaquette, your father, that has been a wanderer thirty years, and a slave among Turks."

" Oh dear, how hard that was ; and this is hard too," looking at her husband ; " is it not ?"

" Yes, very hard, my dear Jaquette ; but God is good ; he has sent me to be a comfort to you, and a help to your children."

" My children, my poor children ! where are they ?"

The woman brought them. She made an effort to take the youngest in her arms, but was too weak. The old man took it in his, and kissed it. The mother smiled—but it was the smile of insensibility, and was the last that ever beamed upon her countenance. Her frame was overpowered, and a convulsion fit ended her life in a few minutes.

I will no longer torture your gentle heart with the *minutiæ* of this sad scene. I cannot forget it ; and I can fix upon no circumstances that I can remember without horror. What a moment had fate chosen for its work !—Poor old man ! he would certainly have sunk under this fatal stroke, had not I incessantly placed before his eyes the necessity of living for the children's sake. He is now become more tranquil ; has settled in a small house in the same village ; and taken into the house the old woman (aunt to the deceased husband) because of her known affection to the children, and of theirs to her. The mill is still worked in their name, and for their profit. I have negotiated his draft of 2000 sequins, and placed it safely out ; and by paying a few debts left by the late proprietor, I flatter myself I have smoothed the path of life for the little ones, and given the old man, all the comfort he is able to receive.

THE
HONEST BRETON;

A TALE,

(FROM THE TALES OF AN EVENING.)

PLEMER, a wealthy merchant of Nantes, a man of great simplicity of manners, a little blunt indeed, of quick feelings, and a warm heart; in a word, a true Breton, coming to Paris about his affairs, took a lodging in a small hotel in a solitary part of the city. He was of all men the most æconomical, and the least of a miser. Nor had he ever known during his whole life any of the wants of vanity.

Returning home one evening, he met, as he was going up stairs, an elderly woman who was coming down weeping. "What is the matter with you, my good woman?" said he. She curtsied, and made no reply. "What ails you? Speak. No one weeps without sorrow." "Ah, Sir, as for sorrow, I have enough of it." "And what is the cause? Are you distressed?" "No, Sir, not I, thank God." "Not you? then it is another's distress that afflicts you." "Alas, Sir, it is." "And who is the person? come, explain yourself." As she still continued silent—"Open the door, (said he, to his servant) this woman puts me out of all patience; but I am determined

to

to make her speak. Come into my room, good woman ; come, we are alone ; come, 'sdeath ! sit you down, and tell me quickly who you are ; whence you come ; and what is the reason of your weeping."—" Sir, my name is Dupré ; I am a widow ; and I get my bread by waiting on sick persons ; I now attend a young man lodged in this house, whose health is undermined by a slow fever, and whom I find to be without a friend."—" Who is this young man ?"—" I do not know him."—Is he known in the house ?"—" I believe not. He fell sick here."—" His name ?"—" Montalde"—" Has he the appearance of a decent man ?"—" Yes, truly, Sir, and it is that which grieves me. He is of so sweet and kind a disposition ; he is always lamenting that he is giving me trouble. He never awakens in the night without being vexed with himself, and asking my pardon." " You sit up with him, then every night ?"—" O, Sir, certainly ; and how could I neglect him ! he has no friend but me in the world."—" Not even a physician ?"—" He will not permit me to call in one. And yet he perceives that he is in a bad way, and I really believe he is glad of it." At these words her tears increased. " Good woman, said Plemmer, perhaps he may be in want ?"—As yet, Sir, he has wanted for nothing ; but he has just desired me to dispose of his watch ; it is all he has left ; and we are in debt to our landlord for the last week's soups, and to the herborist for the herbs I have put into his diet-drink." And your pains, your care, your attendance ?—" Ah, Sir ! if I could but save him, I should consider myself as well paid."—" Good woman ! excellent woman ! Here, take this for yourself, and this for the soups, and other wants of the sick man.—Let him imagine his watch is disposed of, and, hark ye, take care of it for him." " Oh, Sir !"—" Can I see him ?"—" He does not see any body, Sir." " Go, and tell him that a neighbour of his, a man who is not of this country, wishes to see him for a moment." " Tomorrow, Sir, if you please." " Oh, no ! the nights are long—I should not sleep. I want to see him before I go to bed. I love to sleep in quiet."

The good woman delivered his message, and returned to inform him, that with some difficulty she had obtained permission for him to go in.

He went up to the third story, and entering the sick man's room—"Well, my good neighbour, said he, you are not inclined to see your friends." "My friends, ah, Sir! were I but happy enough to have one in the world!" "If the manner in which I hear you spoken of be the truth, said the Breton, you deserve to have many." "Alas, Sir, I do not apprehend that I am even known to you."—"Excuse me, I know you are a worthy man; and as for myself, I am very unceremonious, and soon make an acquaintance with the unfortunate. Adieu, my good neighbour; I will not fatigue you any longer. Sleep quietly; and dream that you have found a friend in Plemer, the merchant of Nantes. Good night. You have an excellent nurse; if I should fall sick myself, she shall take care of me."

Montalde could scarcely believe the reality of what had just passed—it appeared to him one of those kind of illusive dreams, which are sent for the consolation of the unfortunate. He asked his nurse in what manner the stranger had learnt any thing about him. He is your neighbour, said she; go to sleep, and let me sleep too."

He slept but little, yet his sleep was composed and comfortable. In the morning his new friend came to see him. After enquiring how he had passed the night—"You will not then have a physician? said he. "I had two, replied the young man, Nature and Time; and now I have a third." "And who is the third?" "Friendship."—"I hope then, said Plemer, that you will follow his prescriptions. My good woman, take care of your sick charge; and let him want for nothing; his doctor orders it; he will return in the evening."

Montalde, after bestowing great praise upon the goodness of heart of the worthy Breton, asked his nurse if she had disposed of his watch; and if his little debts were discharged. The good woman, availing herself of her authority, replied, that one in his situation ought to be like a child, and give himself no concern about any thing. "Let

it suffice, said she, to say, that your debts are paid: compose yourself, and think only of your recovery."

The young man, fearful of offending her by shewing any uneasiness, no longer persisted in his enquiries. But at a moment when she thought he was asleep, he perceived her consulting the watch to know the hour. "Every thing is paid, said he, and my watch is still here, and you conceal it from me. Ah! unravel the mystery. You have disclosed more to my neighbour than you ought, and than I could have wished."

The nurse pretended not to hear him. But in the evening Plemer was made acquainted with the sick man's uneasiness. "I will cure him of it," said he; and sitting down near his bed-side, and making a few severe observations upon the folly and variety of Parisian luxury, and upon the miserable pride of opulence; "Young man, said he, do you affix a great value upon money?" "A great value? no, Sir," replied he. "Neither do I, (answered the Breton.) And as I am not proud of possessing wealth, I am not pleased that my friend should be ashamed of wanting it, or of confessing his wants to me. Don't tease this poor woman then any longer with your idle delicacy; I am not your friend for nothing." "Ah, Sir, replied he, I perceive it well; but how can I be sufficiently grateful?" "O, nothing more easy; if ever you have it in your power to oblige me, I'll promise you that you shall return me a good office. You shall be fully gratified; if not, you must do without; and we shall not be the less quit. You would be inclined to do me good; and is not wishing to do so, in fact doing it? Grateful hearts have no debts of gratitude unpaid. The pain arising from an obligation is only excusable in an ungrateful disposition." "Certainly, (said the sick man) that is not my disposition, and I should abhor myself if I felt my heart oppressed by the weight of a benefaction. And I will confess to you that of all men you are the person from whom, could I make my choice, I would most willingly receive a favour. But still, Sir, I ought to be surprized, that from the first moment of our acquaintance—"—Plemer interrupted him. "Hear me, said he, for a sick man should hear others speak, and speak but little himself.

Suppose I was a Tartar, an Arab, an Hottentot, and finding a fellow-creature in misery, I hold out my hand to assist him, is it necessary he should ask me who I am, to have a right to assist him? Are we so far from a state of nature that a man cannot be a friend to another without he knows his name. As for you and myself, we are but little acquainted, yet we have a good opinion of each other. Let that idea satisfy us, and time will make us better acquainted. I, who read but little, have read in an old book, that in a certain country, I know not where, when a stranger come into a house he was well received, he was conducted to the bath; was clothed if he stood in want of apparel; had a good supper and a good bed, and on the morrow, his host would ask his name, his country, his birth, and his adventures; and then if they suited each other, they would give their hands, and were afterwards friends for life; if not, it was good morning to you, and a good journey. The stranger was not the less benefited, and there was an end of the matter. What do you think of this kind of politeness! Well, such is mine. Let me take care of you till you recover, and then we will come to an explanation. In the mean time compose yourself, and don't torment me with your difficulties. I have not laboured thirty years to acquire wealth, to be contradicted as to the manner in which I chuse to employ it.

“ This is truly, (said the young man) a new manner of reconciling people to receiving favours.”

The following day, Plemer announced a physician to the sick man; he had just made an acquaintance with him by happening to dine together at the same table, and had already conceived a great esteem for him. “ He eat, said he, with an appetite that made me envy him, and he drank to the full as well. I asked him if his digestion was equal to his appetite? — “ Yes, replied he, without losing a mouthful.” “ If he was ever ill?” — “ No, never.” — “ What his *recipe* was, and what his *regimen*?” “ Exercise, and, when needful, low living and water.” “ What was his practice in medicine?” “ To observe nature, to let her go on when she can go alone, and, when necessary, to follow and assist her.” “ I spoke of your slow fever.” “ A slow fever at his age! said he, a disappointment in

fortune or in love!" "This man is no fool—I have brought him to you, and here he is." He came, and after examining the sick man, and talking a few moments with him, answered for his recovery. "Sir," said he to the worthy Plemer, "this young man owes his life to you, without you the stroke would have been mortal."—The nurse followed him out to give him his fee, and Plemer observed that he refused taking any: "No, no, Sir," said he, making up to him, "we are rich people here, none of these ceremonies with us; keep your generosity for the poor."

"Now," said he to Montalde, "I am easy; you will henceforth see me but seldom. I am going about my affairs, but keep your watch; a sick man, when he cannot sleep, may like to see how the hours pass away during the night." "The night as well as the day, said Montalde, shall be the season of my gratitude." "Say rather that of your friendship."

The tranquillity thus restored to the young man's mind, spread its beneficent effects over his whole frame, and his fever sensibly decreasing, at length totally left him, and gave place to the serenity of a calm convalescence.

At Montalde's time of life, nature is quickly renewed and her strength repaired, and Plemer had the satisfaction of seeing his young friend revive, like a flower watered by his hand when almost withered to death.

"Now tell me," said he to him one day, when he saw that his health was completely restored, "by what wayward fortune a young man so well disposed and educated as you are, could have fallen into the condition in which I found you."

"I am young, said Montalde, yet the story of my misfortunes would be a long one were I to enter into the detail of them, and let me be never so concise I shall still relate too many."

"I was born at the foot of Mont d'Or, in the most fruitful country in the world. When I say it is the *Limagne d'Auvergne*, I have said all. Every one knows how luxuriantly fertile this charming country is. Yet by an
unhappy

unhappy contrast, and difficult to be accounted for, the greater number of the inhabitants of this rich district are poor, or in low circumstances.

“ My family was of the latter description. I was however bred up with great care ; and the habitual view of nature in all its charms, on one hand ; the majestic aspect of the mountains, on the other ; the romantic prospect of our orchards, of our hills crowned with vines, and of the fine meadows below ornamented with fruit-trees, and where the crystal water from the sources of the Roya comes winding along in a full stream ; in fine, the labours, the pleasures, and the manners of our country had made so lively an impression on my mind, that in contemplating them, I fancied I was born a poet. My essays were applauded by people not very difficult in their judgments, and I confess I was far from believing them to be too indulgent. Intoxicated with praise, and placing all my hopes of fortune upon my talents, I requested my father not to trouble himself about my interest in the division of his fortune ; my sisters were provided for with every advantage that the law would allow, and my father dying soon after these arrangements, I left my mother with them in the possession of the little inheritance that fell to me, and which she now enjoys, reserving to myself a sum just sufficient to support me at Paris during the little time that it was necessary for me to live before I could begin my career.

“ Almost immediately on my arrival, I went to see a man as celebrated for his goodness as for his taste and information, the sage d’Alembert. I never knew a more true philosopher ; he had been one from his infancy.—What nature had made him, so he appeared every day, and in every situation. In this great man, nothing borrowed, nothing fictitious, nothing studied ever appeared. His little impatient humours, his ingenuous foibles, and his childish anger, as his friends called it, were as openly displayed as his most sublime thoughts, or his firmest and most elevated sentiments.

A frank and engaging reception inspired me with confidence. I spoke to him of the hopes I had been encouraged to form, and requesting him to estimate the foundation of them, I presented him a copy of my labours. “ Do
you

you wish, said he, that I should give you my opinion with severe and unreserved truth?" "Yes, Sir, said I, (timidly) I do; it is the only thing that can be serviceable to me; it is like those remedies of which the efficacy depends on their bitterness." "Well, said he, then let us read."—We read. "Ah, Sir, what a sudden gust dissipated all my illusions. Every thing that I fancied new in my writings was trite. All that I had painted had been painted a thousand times better. He placed my models before my eyes, and I felt myself annihilated. He perceived my humiliation, and to relieve me from it, he took occasion to say, that destitute as I had been of instruction and example, he was still more astonished that instinct had so well led me on. But he taught me to consider the fields of poetry as already reaped; and the treasures of imagination as a mine of gold already exhausted. I do not assert, said he, that in its depths there are not yet some veins reserved for the exertion of genius; but it requires much digging, and the labour must be long, and I assure you that even after an assiduous study of art and nature, nothing is more uncertain, nothing more rare than the success of poetic talents, nor is any thing more unprofitable.

"You do me, said I, a great service, but the error was agreeable, and the remedy as painful; therefore, from henceforth, farewell to poetry. But if this means of distinguishing myself from the crowd, and of providing for my subsistence, be denied me, what is to become of me?"

"You are now, as it were, at confession, said he. Can I with safety answer for your conduct?" I laid open my soul to him, and I did not conceal the little faults of my youth. "Come, said he, smiling, there is no great harm in all this; but 'tis now your business to see whether you have resolution enough to sacrifice a part of your liberty for the advantage of living quietly at Paris, above want, and in a situation that will enable you to observe the world, and to form your taste."

"I acquiesced in these conditions; and a few days after, I was entrusted with the education of the Countess of Ventaumont's children.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE
PROSTITUTE.

(FROM MRS. ROWSON'S POEMS.)

DAUGHTERS of vanity, attend;
Ye sons of riot, hear
The lovely, lost Maria's end,
And drop a silent tear.

Lift to the solemn passing bell,
Behold the sable pall;
The awful sound thus seems to tell,
This is the end of all.

Maria once was young and gay
In beauty's blooming pride,
Sweet as the fragrant breath of May,
And innocent beside.

Her form was faultless; and her mind,
Untainted yet by art,
Was noble, just, humane, and kind;
And virtue warm'd her heart.

But,

So THE POLITE REPOSITORY; OR,

But, ah ! the cruel spoiler came,
Admir'd her charms and youth ;
He felt, or feign'd to feel, a flame,
And vow'd eternal truth.

Free from disguise herself, she thought
Her lover as sincere ;
To hide her tenderness ne'er sought,
But told it without fear.

She said she lov'd ; one fatal hour
The villain, pleas'd to find
The lovely creature in his pow'r,
Poison'd her artless mind.

He talk'd of laws by nature made,
The dearest of all ties ;
The heedless girl, by love betray'd,
Believ'd his specious lies.

Her honour gone, reduc'd to shame,
He leaves the ruin'd fair ;
With cruel vaunting blasts her fame,
And laughs at her despair.

Her father heard the shocking tale ;
Anger inflam'd his breast :
Repentant pray'rs wou'd nought avail ;
All nature was suppress'd.

In vain with tears she bath'd his feet,
And vow'd to err no more.
He said her home shou'd be the street,
And thrust her from his door.

Her sex her miseries insult ;
Contempt she meets from all :
Some boast their virtue, and exult
In poor Maria's fall.

Unpity'd, wretched, and undone,
No friend to take her part,
To teach her future crimes to shun,
Or sooth her aching heart.

At first, Oh ! horrible to name !
She's infamous for bread ;
Till lost to ev'ry sense of shame !
She meets it without dread.

Awhile in folly's giddy maze,
Thoughtless her time she spends ;
While pleasure seems to wait her days,
And joy each step attends.

But vice soon robs her lovely face
Of all its wonted bloom ;
While black remorse, and pale disease,
Her tender frame consume.

That bloom she now supplies by art,
And chearfulness she feigns ;
But still her poor dejected heart
Feels agonizing pains.

Plung'd in distress none wou'd relieve,
Maria walks the streets ;
By casual prostitution lives,
Expos'd to cold and heats.

That voice which once, in accents mild,
'Twas music but to hear,
By words obscene is now defil'd,
Offensive to the ear.

Cold blew the wind, descending snow
Clad nature all in white ;
Maria, now the child of woe,
Braves the tempest'ous night.

Passing her vile seducer's door,
 The fight past scenes recalls;
 With tears her languid eyes run o'er;
 Low on the ground she falls.

" And must these steps," she, weeping, cry'd,
 " Support my aching head?
 " Ah! wou'd to Heaven that I had died
 " Ere innocence was fled.

" And thou, false man, whose specious lies,
 " My easy heart did gain,
 " Behold the lost Maria dies
 " Thro' famine, grief, and pain.

" Oh, come and take my parting sigh,
 " And hear me vow to Heav'n;
 " As I forgive thee, so may I
 " Hereafter be forgiv'n.

" But, Oh, my father, nature sure
 " Might plead within thy breast;
 " Why didst thou drive me from thy door?
 " Why leave me when distress'd?

" Hadst thou but pardon'd my first fault,
 " Hadst thou but been my friend,
 " I'd ne'er, thro' grief and shame, been brought
 " To this most wretched end.

" Or had some gen'rous woman strove
 " A falling wretch to raise,
 " I now, with gratitude and love,
 " Had liv'd to speak her praise."

A poor man passing, heard her mourn,
 But little was his store:
 He thought to share it; in return
 Just Heav'n wou'd give him more.

He gently rais'd her on her feet,
 " And led her to his home ;
 A poor straw bed, and matted seat,
 Were all that deck'd his room.

Some milk with hand humane he brought,
 And cheer'd the dying fair ;
 With pious pray'rs to sooth her sought,
 And chase away despair.

" Reward him, Heav'n, for what he's done,
 " For I've no pow'r," she cry'd.
 The accents falter'd on her tongue ;
 She grasp'd his hand, and dy'd.

S O N G.

" CYNTHIA THINKS OF ME NO MORE."

O PROSPECTS, rich in all the charms
 That Art with happy Nature blends !
 Why fill my soul with wild alarms,
 While cold regret my bosom rends—
 While faithless Cynthia in my heart
 Retains a warm, a tender part ?
 And there she triumphs as before,
 Tho' Cynthia thinks of me no more !

Ye barren rocks, that proudly rise
High o'er the crystal waves of Dee !
Have you not echo'd Cynthia's sighs,
And heard her often vow to me,
'Those hills should from the scene remove,
And sink, ere she would cease to love—
Which stand majestic as of yore ?
Tho' Cynthia thinks of me no more !

When Pleasure wing'd the rosy hours,
Did she not swear—Perfidious Maid !
Beneath your shades, ye conscious bow'rs !
The forest like the leaf should fade,
And ruthless destiny subdue
Its pride, ere she would prove untrue ?
Yet, still it prospers as before,
Tho' Cynthia thinks of me no more !

And thou, chaste Regent of the-Night,
Whose lucid rays, that softly beam,
Fling o'er the trees a frosty light,
And quiver on the trembling stream !
Say, did they not as brightly shine
When Cynthia vow'd she would be mine,
When endless constancy she swore !
Tho' Cynthia thinks of me no more !

Gay haunts of youth, delightful groves,
Where first my heart was captive made,
Calm scenes, where sad remembrance loves
To dwell on joys for ever fled !
Let not the perjur'd Cynthia know
Ye saw my proud heart swell with woe,
Or that my sighs your echoes bore !
But Cynthia thinks of me no more !

THE
SOCIAL FIRE.

WHEN beating rains and piercing winds
At night attack the lab'ring hinds,
And force them to retire——
How sweet they pass their time away,
In sober talk or rustic play,
Beside the Social Fire.

There many a plaintive tale is told
Of those who, ling'ring in the cold,
With cries and groans expire !
The mournful story strikes the ear,
They heave the sigh, they drop the tear,
And bless the Social Fire.

The legendary tale comes next,
With many an artful phrase perplexed,
That well the tongue might tire ;
The windows shake, the shutters crack,
Each thinks the ghost behind his back,
And hitches to the Fire.

Or now, perhaps, some homely swain,
Who fann'd the lover's flame in vain,
And glow'd with warm desire,
Relates each stratagem he play'd
To win the coy disdainful maid,
And eyes the Social Fire.

36 THE POLITE REPOSITORY; OR,

To these succeeds the jocund song,
From lungs less musical than strong,
And all to mirth aspire;
The humble roof returns the sound,
The social cann moves briskly round,
And brighter burns the Fire.

Oh, great kind Heav'n, a state like this,
Where simple ignorance is bliss—
'Tis all that I require;
Then, then—to share the joys of life,
I'd seek a kind indulgent wife,
And bless my Social Fire!

BEANS AND BACON,

A TALE.

WHEN Philosophy was in the antique chair,
All gorgeous carv'd, and rais'd above his peers,
He ask'd a question made his brethren stare,
Pulling his major down to hide—his ears!
“As we've complete arrang'd both grubs and greens,
Pray in what genus do you class your beans?”
“How class your beans?” cried Fergus, “let me see,”
“How class your beans?” roar'd Horace, (*vis a vis*)
“How class your beans?” went individual round,
And all seem'd lost in reveries profound!
Silence assum'd the absolute command,
Each head lean'd pond'rous on its kindred hand:

No band of nincumpoops were e'er so pos'd,
 And some, o'er-wrung with Study, dreamt and doz'd.
 D. D's, Lords, M. D's look'd in deep distress,
 And Ignorance hoodwink'd each F. R. S.
 'Till an old woman (who, at their desire,
 Was wont to empt the pot and stir the fire)
 Ended the matter as bystanders ought,
 And sav'd their brains from being pierc'd by thought;
 "Your honours sure (quoth she) can't be mistaken,
 "I always classes my beans with my bacon."

 THE

DISTRESSED LOVER.

WHILE Fate and Fortune both conspire
 With Love, that sets my heart on fire,
 My wounded peace to kill;
 What method can my fondness take,
 To shew my sufferings for her sake,
 Whose fear subverts her will?

In vain I urge my constant flame,
 While interest claims the ruling aim
 Of sage parental care;
 Duty restrains compassion's aid,
 And makes the much-lov'd prudent Maid
 Reluctant force despair.

SOLILOQUY ON THE LAST SHILLING.

IN the dry desert of a leathern pocket
 There yet remains a solitary Shilling,
 In his last retreat. So lies the hunted stag,
 In timorous fearful mood, when in full cry
 The bellowing hounds threaten his dissolution.
 My honest, faithful, generous friend, come forth :
(Takes it out of his pocket.)

Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes ;
(Kisses it.)

Thou royal stamp of majesty divine,
 Must thou dissolve ? Yes ; Time will have it so ;
 Here, waiter, bring me change. Be not dismay'd ;
 Thy being must have end, but not to-day.
 The dogs will tear thee, and thy mangled limbs
 Will soon be scatter'd o'er this joyless waste ;
 Yet, Phoenix like, thou shalt again revive ;
 Again shine forth ; assume thy native splendor.
 But let me charge thee (as my last request)
 Mix not with vulgar coin ; for ever shun
 The impious hand that would in iron chest
 Thy useful, humble services retard.
 Now, I dismiss thee—Oh, farewell for ever.
 As lightning swift fly to some empty fob :

(Throwing it carelessly away.)

And faithful still, as thou hast been to me,
 Assist where griping penury usurps,
 For only there thy value can be known !

REVIEW OF NOVELS.

GENEROSITY, 3 vols. *Lane.*

THIS is evidently the production of a very juvenile pen, as such must not be judged by the rules of severe criticism. The author's design is laudable, and the work itself perfectly harmless.

UNSUSPECTED OBSERVER, 2 vols. *Lane.*

AN agreeable collection of Essays, tending to promote useful knowledge, virtue, and piety. It is interspersed with a variety of interesting anecdotes, and the whole work is executed in a style peculiarly pleasing. As a specimen, we refer our readers to the tale of Edward and Eliza, at the 23d page of this Number.

A BUTLER'S DIARY, 2 vols. *Lane.*

THE author of this work has attempted originality, but the field of modern romance has been so often gleaned, that there is scarce a single flower left, of whose tints and fragrance

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grance the public have not had a specimen : However, the Butler's Diary will certainly afford an agreeable entertainment for a few hours, and tends to inculcate morality and rectitude.

TALES OF AN EVENING, FROM MARMONTEL.

Bew.

THESE Tales are beautifully simple and interesting, and are translated in an agreeable style. We were particularly pleased with the story of Madame Norlis, whose patience, forbearance, and fortitude is a bright pattern for those wives who either are, or from an unfortunate jealousy of disposition, fancy themselves neglected by their husbands. We select the scene of reconciliation, as a specimen for our readers, and we likewise refer to them the interesting history of the Honest Breton in the 71 page of this Number. At the same time we assure them, they will find, on the perusal of the whole, several others equally striking, where the fine touches of nature must reach the heart, not wholly dead to the feelings of sensibility.

“ Two days afterwards she came to see me. I had a few other visitors at my house, and the warmth of a new and encreasing friendship on her part, and on mine, the appearance of wishing to cultivate it gave the company an idea that I was ignorant of my husband's attachment to her. The conversation then turned in a free manner upon the news of the day. The divorce of a certain Madame de l'Yeuse was the topic, and every one was assiduous to applaud the spirit of that young woman, who, finding herself betrayed and abandoned, had taken her resolution to be free. “ I can pardon her, said I, she has no children.” “ And if she had, (replied Madame de Velbac) would not her resolution be not only pardonable, but even

even praise-worthy?" "One can see, Madam, said I, that you are not a mother." "You can have no idea how trifling the little disappointments of self-love and of vanity are in comparison with maternal affection."

"Children certainly have their claims upon us, replied she, and without being a mother, I feel one may bear much for their sakes. But a woman should not suffer herself to be contradicted, betrayed and humiliated incessantly; an evil which is to last for life, and which is felt every moment, is more than human constancy can bear." Then pretending to relate Madame de l'Yeuse's story, she touched upon mine in such a manner as wounded me to the heart. "At last, said she, only conceive a husband, who, in order to irritate his wife, introduces her rival to her in her own house, obliges her to give her a good reception, and before her face lavishes upon this lady all the attentions of love."

"Well, said I, (without being moved) if she had thrown a veil over her husband's errors, and, by concealing them had taught her friends likewise not to notice them, the evil would not be of long duration. The wisdom of her conduct would perhaps soon reclaim him; for there are but few that are insensible to the force of virtuous perseverance; and even if the ill proved remediless, she would at least have the public esteem in her favour, which would tend to reconcile her to her fate, while humiliation always awaits those who deserve it."

"She appeared hurt at these words: "People, said she, console themselves as well as they can, but whatever they may say on the occasion, humiliation must certainly be the lot of the abandoned woman, who has not courage enough to screen herself from contempt." On saying this, she went away with an air of triumph; and, above all, well pleased at leaving a poisoned arrow in my heart.

"I was resolved not to give her any advantage over me, and perceiving that I should either be forced into a quarrel with her, or be daily agonized with such kind of scenes, I determined to counteract both these projects.—Madame de Velbac soon gave me a favourable opportunity. I went to return her visit, and I found her alone.

"I was impatient, Madam, said she, to have the pleasure of seeing you. I have been guilty of an involuntary offence, and I feel it incumbent on me to justify myself. I took up the cause of young Madame de l'Yeuse, the other day, in your presence, with rather too much warmth. I have since learnt in what manner it offended you, and I ask your pardon." "For what, Madam? and what can have been said?"—"Alas! that you yourself are in a similar situation, and that M. de Norlis ——"—"Stop, Madam," said I, with a corrected but imposing spiritedness of manner, "there are certain things which one cannot hear but from particular friends, and I have not yet the happiness of being upon that footing with you; nevertheless I am willing to hear what you have to say; but first of all do me the favour to listen to me."

"Norlis is, in fact, a worthy and an excellent man.—Five years of intimacy, of confidence, and of neglect, have only taught me to esteem and love him still more; and it is impossible for me not to perceive that nature has formed him for a true and sure friend, an indulgent husband, a good father; in a word, he is, of all other men, the man I would still prefer, were my choice still to be made. That he should be infallible, or proof against the seductions of wit and beauty, is more than can be expected from him, or from any other man of his time of life.—The first of the virtues of our sex is seldom in the number of those of the other. It is thus that opinion will have it, and let us not be more severe; and, believe me, these crimes of love, which are so unpardonable in the eyes of a young mistress, are considered with more lenity by an indulgent wife, and especially by a good mother. Admitting then that M. Norlis has also those faults which are ascribed to M. de l'Yeuse, it would be by duty to endeavour, by my care, my tenderness, my complaisance, and by every means of pleasing him, to draw him out of the snare in which he had fallen. Now, Madam, tell me, is he accused of this?"

"Yes, Madam; and they add, what I can hardly believe, that his error is irretrievable."

"Pardon

" Pardon me, said I, you may think so, but I do not. If the woman who has seduced him were virtuous enough to make him despair of success, even if she had your charms, Madam, he would not love her long. Nor would he love her long if she should cease to be estimable."

" Madam, replied she, with warmth, a divorce might be obtained, and Norlis might have promised it." " He has then promised an impossibility, said I, smiling, for it depends upon my consent, and I will never submit to it." " And if he asks you?"—" I will refuse him."—" I have a two-fold courage to support me in my resolution, that of a wife, and that of a mother; and neither, I trust, will forsake me." " How, Madam! can you bear negligence, coldness, forgetfulness, desertion? Ah, whatever you may think, it is too bitter, too humiliating to be borne." " I would bear it, however, and bear it without shame.—Virtue can never be degraded. It is she who abases all that aim at her humiliation."—" But, Madam, if he is unhappy with you?"—" Well, we will be so together; but not long, I hope; and we shall find happiness in friendship."

" But if it be true, as it is reported, that he is passionately fond of another woman?"

" Yes, Madam, it is true that he loves a charming woman, endowed with every personal and mental attraction—but why all this equivocation? Yes, madam 'tis you he loves, I know it, and I forgive him; but I declare to you, that during my life Norlis shall never become your husband. It is certainly in his power to render me unhappy a thousand ways, but I will suffer in silence. Such is my destiny, and I will fulfil it."

" Since you are so well acquainted with the affair, said she, I have nothing more to conceal from you. It is true that he admires me. I have not been able to cure him of this foolish passion. If you oppose it, he must, however, give it up. We shall soon drive him to despair.—But why do you persist in your endeavours to retain a heart which can be no longer your's? A thousand others will be at your service, and, amiable as you are —"

“ I then arose—“ I am but little sensible, said I, to the consolation you give me. I persist, as you say, in being the wife of Norlis, because I am a mother, and the mother of his children. These two relations in which I stand, I consider as most sacred; they shall both be equally indelible; they shall both be inscribed upon my tomb.”

“ I perceived she was moved at these words; and she suddenly caught hold of my hands, and pressing them between hers, she kissed them with a transport, which, as you may well imagine, astonished me exceedingly. “ Ah, Madam, cried she, how irresistible is the ascendancy of virtue, and how weak are all the vanities of life, when compared to it!”

“ She went to Norlis. “ Return, Sir, said she, to the arms of an incomparable woman. Love her, or at least live for her alone. I at length know her; and, in truth, although I am not wanting in self-esteem, yet I am compelled to acknowledge, that I am greatly her inferior.”

“ Norlis returned confused, and under great depression of mind. He shut himself up in his closet for some hours, and, after much reflection, he came into my room, where he found me alone. “ Madam, said he, listen to me.—My heart is full, it is oppressed, it suffers extremely, and I must unburthen it.” Then making a confession of all the injuries I had suffered, and which I have related to you, “ Such are my faults, said he, and as I have confessed, I will expiate them. I restore you a heart sensible and ashamed of its errors, and overflowing with tenderness and esteem. I dare not add more. You would not believe me; but for the rest of my life I swear——”

“ Ah, my dear friend, said I, (throwing myself into his arms) hear me. I will call some witnesses, who will answer for your vows.” I rang the bell, and called for my children. “ It is by them,” said I, taking them both in my arms, “ that we ought mutually to vow to forget the past, and to afford them examples of goodness, of tenderness, and faithfulness.” He made the vow with great emotion, and seemed to feel inexpressible relief of heart.—You may judge whether, in this moment, I felt myself happy.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. BILLINGTON. *Ridgeway.*

THIS performance is but a pamphlet, and yet we feel ourselves inclined to write almost a pamphlet in reviewing it.

Why has the compiler thus grossly sinned against decency and common humanity? Why are the faults of an unhappy young creature (who unfortunately had neither example or precept to form her mind to the love of virtue) to be dragged forth to the eye of the public? We shuddered involuntarily at reading the following sentence:—"The compiler acknowledged he had been employed for some time in forming the work by a celebrated performer."

It appears almost incredible that a performer could engage in a task so truly despicable as exposing the reprehensible actions of any one of the same profession. If this *celebrated performer* is a woman, we can easily imagine, that envy at Mrs. Billington's astonishing abilities, and superior beauty, could alone incite her to the malignant attempt of endeavouring to degrade her in the eye of the public, by whom she is at present almost idolized. If a *man*, the blush of honest indignation will dye our cheeks, while we pronounce him a disgrace to *manhood*.

The Heroine of these infamous sheets, we will not call them *memoirs*, for the compiler has been at evident pains to collect every injurious tale that might tend to blacken her character, but, at the same time, has taken care not to hint a single syllable that might appear to her advantage. This unhappy woman, we must again repeat, is more deserving compassion than censure. Brought up by parents who had themselves but a faint idea of what virtue meant, early perhaps a witness to scenes that could, by no means, tend to amend her heart—early accustomed to the voice of adulation for those wonderful abilities which have since delighted and astonished mankind—married to

a man whose sense of honour ever gives way to interest, with this husband, and no other protector, adviser, or friend, for her brother was too young, and her father too pusillanimous to appear in those sacred characters, was Mrs. B. first launched on the great theatre of life—in a foreign kingdom, dependant on the caprice of a *manager* to whose dishonourable conduct and seductive powers many a woman besides Mrs. B. have fallen victims.

What person possessing the least candour, who consider these things, but will feel inclined to compassionate her follies, and wish them for ever buried in oblivion.

The letters offered to the public in this work, we confess, contain several expressions which can be attributed to nothing but the most thoughtless levity; but they in general breath such a spirit of filial affection towards her mother, such a dependence on the protection of a bountiful Creator, that we must confess they do honour to the heart that could dictate them.

It is really shocking to humanity to see with what avidity scandal is attended to, and propagated, while virtue is neglected, and silently sinks to oblivion. Had Mrs. B. been super-eminently good, would any person have taken the pains to collect every little anecdote to prove how amiable she was. Alas! we fear not. The publication of such things would afford no gratification to envy and ill nature.

On Eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die.

The editor has (improperly we own) taken his motto from holy writ. We also shall address the impartial reader from the same sacred volume. We mean not to say the fair heroine of these memoirs is free from error: Alas! where shall we find mortality that is so.—Therefore, “*Whoso among you is without sin, let him cast the first stone.*”

HONEST BRETON;

A TALE,

(FROM THE TALES OF AN EVENING.)

(Continued from page 78.)

IN tracing out a plan for the education of my pupils, D'Alembert had the goodness to give me also some precepts for my own conduct. "In the house you are going to live in, familiarity with any person will not become you; avoid it therefore with the greatest care. If others are forgetful of the dignity of your station, do not be forgetful of it yourself, and make them feel it with a becoming pride. Reserve, politeness, an air of respect bestowed where you are conscious it is due from you; such are the decorums of your situation. Remember you will have to do with pride, that you must neither mortify nor flatter. Speak little, and harken with attention. Precision, justness, and a natural turn of expression, as of thought, are the characteristics of a sound mind; and a man with such recommendations is well received every where. A man of wit is differently circumstanced; he is liable to be punished for his very successes.

"Let truth from your lips be the language of a free but modest man. There is a manner of being sincere without giving offence. Avoid jesting, and even never

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answer

answer the jests of others but by a reserved silence. It is a game that ought to be played upon equal terms, and it will not be so in regard to you. Do not aim at wit, for it is a mark that people too often miss; and of all disappointed pretensions, this perhaps is the most ridiculous.— In fine, until the knowledge of the world shall have taught you how to converse with grace upon the common or frivolous subjects, indulge those who speak well in the pleasure for which they will most thank you, that of hearing them.

“ You are right, said Plemer, this d’Alembert was a man of sense.”

“ Well, replied Montalde, his lessons were useless; it was in vain that I followed them to the best of my power; in three months I was dismissed.

The Count, looking down upon me, made me feel the great distance I ought to keep at from a man like him.— He honoured me sometimes with an affable *how are you?* but it was *en passant*, and without hearing my answer.— One time however he condescended to ask me to give him some account of his children’s learning.

I laid before him the method which D’Alembert had recommended to me. “ Let us examine it,” said he, casting his eyes upon it, and a moment after he exclaimed, “ What a loss of time! Latin! What is it good for? Morality! that can only be learnt at court, or in the great world!— Metaphysics! Ah! M. D’Alembert, your definitions, and your analyses for my children! A little history is admissible, not that of nations, but of families. You should give them an abridgment of Moreri, by way of exercises. I would have them know who is who, and upon occasion, be able to give an account of every body. As to the genealogy of my own family, I would have them get it by heart, and never speak about it; for they ought to learn to feel who they are, but not to humble any one. I have been modest myself, and I have found my account in it.”

“ What a coxcomb this Count was,” exclaimed the Breton: “ And yet, replied Montalde, he was a man easy to live with in comparison with the Countess; for, all ostentatious as he was, one had only to give way to his foible in order to be well with him.

But

But as for the Countess it was impossible to know what she was, or what she wanted. From morning to night, from one hour to another, she was ever in extremes.—Affable, gentle, familiar, lofty, arrogant, disdainful, she would one moment put on an excessive modesty of deportment, and the next assume the most unbounded pride.—You would think she was two distinct persons.” “Ah! had she been my wife, said Plemer, in how short a time should I have brought her to an equality of temper!”

“Whenever she appeared to overlook the advantages of birth, I took care not to be too much of her opinion, said Montalde; I would only confess, that in such advantages there was more good fortune than glory, and that it was more reasonable to be glad than proud of them.

“You hear him,” she would say to her woman. “It is a journeyman philosopher that M. D’Alembert thought fit to send us to cure us of the sin of pride.” And an hour afterwards she was again, as it were, in the clouds, and would hardly deign to speak to me.

I have heard her declare twenty times that nothing was more insipid than praising people before their faces. I did not want this advice to induce me not to hurt her delicacy, and I was as sparing in my praises as she seemed to have wished. But I perceived she was always discontented when I did not dwell upon and enhance the advantageous things which others said in her favour, or which she said of herself.

She certainly disliked adulation, and every body knew it; but did I think myself obliged for that reason to be uncivil to her; and is not there a medium betwixt flattery and rudeness? And certain delicate distinctions which I ought to have observed, and to have availed myself of.

One day, on reading one of her childrens’ exercises, she was so angry as not to be able to keep her temper. “Your provincial, (said she, to D’Alembert) has no regard for any thing but old stories. He talks to my children about the mother of the Gracchi, without saying a word about their own, who, without vanity, is at least her equal.”

At length her birth-day came. She had heard that I made verses; she made no doubt of my having composed some on the present occasion; and in the morning, when

she saw me come in with her children, as she was at her toilette, she drew herself up on her seat, and, without doubt, expected to hear us all repeat some fine panegyrics. But how great was her surprise when her two children, kissing her hand, congratulated her on the day, as if she had been a mere citizen's wife. Their felicitations were accompanied indeed with some expressions of tenderness, which their hearts dictated better than any muse could have done.

"What, Sir, is this all my children have to say to me on such an occasion?" "Nature, Madam, has spoken, and art has not presumed to interfere. And much less, added I, has it dared to shew itself in my respectful homage." An ill-natured smile betrayed her spite. "Your respectful homage, nothing surely could be more new, or better turned than that compliment—'Tis very well, indeed, Sir." From this moment I totally lost her good opinion; and it was necessary that I should think of making my retreat.

But the Count, with whom I lived upon pretty good terms, would not discharge me in a humiliating manner, and recommended me as secretary to his friend the Marquis of Fervac, who was going on an embassy. He presented me to him, and I had the honour, on the first interview, to be appointed.

The Marquis was a young man, who possessed all that natural and brilliant wit, which meets with such success in the world, but to which neither study nor reflection had scarcely ever added any thing. He could not bear serious reading, nor even go on with a romance if a little long—He would turn over quickly to the *denouement*, impatient to discover whether the lover had drowned himself in despair, whether he had softened the heart of his cruel fair one, or had cured himself of his passion.

"M. Montalde, said he, when I was settled in his house, we set off in three months, and I must learn by that time to talk learnedly about the contents of these volumes and papers before us. Now, I declare to you, that I have neither leisure nor resolution to read this heap of correspondencies and negociations. Yet either you or I must get through it." "It will be my task, Sir, said I, the consequence

quence is evident." "In making your extracts, added he, remember the story of the cook, who reduced the essence of six dozen hams into the compass of a small phial. The diplomatic stile is compressible like air; and I wish in this small pocket-book to carry all these folio volumes about me. You will apply yourself to this in the day-time, said he, in the evening we will frequent the play-houses, and you shall make one of my party at supper."

I laboured at this task with so much the more ardour, as I perceived I should become very useful to the Marquis; and as in the mean while he recompensed my labours by making me the associate of his pleasures.

Among the dancers of the opera he had a mistress who was very pretty, and amiable enough. Her name was Emily. We supped every night at her house, with other girls of her profession, and a select party of young men.—My little talent for poetry was found out I know not how. I was often intreated to recite my verses, and was heard with that indulgent air of politeness which induced me to think I afforded pleasure. I will not deny that I was highly sensible of these little successes.

Emily had the goodness to divest herself in her acquaintance with me, of that severity of a nymph of Diana, which served to keep her train of suitors in awe; and as she was sure, that in her I should respect the object of my ambassador's adoration, she deigned sometimes to become familiar. Her companions imitated her. Thus did I sometimes laugh with them in a corner at the serious and respectful decorum that prevailed at the suppers." "You are jesting, said Plover. Seriousness, and respect, and decorum, with opera girls! And what was going forward there?" "Witty conversation, easy and delicate gallantry; sometimes politics; and on my part, now and then, a little poetry—the epithalamium of two canary birds—a dialogue between two paroquets—or the triumph of Amelia in a *pas* she had danced, and which had been applauded. Each of the young girls was ambitious of the little glory of being celebrated in her turn; and this ambition led them to shew me particular attentions. Apolline, the mistress of a young Duke, a man extremely meagre, very gloomy, much worn out by debauchery, and jealous in proportion

as he had the less right to be so, was the lady that appeared the most attached to me. As she was of a satirical turn, she amused herself in laughing with me at the follies of our little court. One time when the serious turn of the supper had tired her, "Do you know, said she to me, that these gentlemen, who are so reserved, and treat us with such respect in the evening, are the most impertinent coxcombs among women of fashion in the morning."

I asked her the reason of this singular contrast. "Nothing is plainer, said she, with us liberty is attainable only in the tête-à-tête; and it is there introduced by billets signed by Love or Fortune, whereas in the world——" The Duke interrupted her by coming up to us, and asked me if I had any handsome things to say to them that day. "Yes, said Appoline, a very amusing composition upon the stupidity of jealous and tormenting lovers." The Duke made a wry face, and turned upon his heel.

"Why did you speak in that manner?" said I to the giddy girl. "To teach him, said she, to be no longer impertinent. Are you brought here only for the purpose of making verses? Your poetic lyre is a pretty instrument, but the pleasure of hearing it should be a favour you should tender more scarce. Talents, like beauty, lose their value when displayed with prodigality, and there is a necessary coquetry for you which I shall teach you."

I answered, that on the contrary I had ever thought that little things were only valuable in proportion as we made no parade of them, and that readiness in the display of them conciliated indulgence. "Not at all, said she, know that, in your absence, you are considered as a person who is obliged to make himself amusing. I am much hurt at it, I who love you, and see you give yourself over to the perfidious cajolery, which they bestow upon you to bring you into play." I thanked her, and promised to be more reserved in future. "But your Duke, said I, is displeased, and that makes me uneasy." "O, no, be quiet, said she, I am like a sportsman, that corrects his spaniel when he has committed a fault; but I chastise him in vain, he offends again even under the lash. There, don't you see what he is now about? Congratulate me, said she to him; I have made a conquest of M. Montalde; he

does me the honour of dining with me to-morrow. You shall be of the party. He will recite his verses upon the jealous lover." "No, replied the Duke, I shall not have the pleasure of hearing them;" and as he walked away he added, "I am sick of verse."

"I perceive, (said he to my ambassador) that your cox-comical secretary takes it in his head to play the gallant, and endeavours to recommend himself by his verses. Tell him, I request you, not to be so assiduous with regard to Apolline. I shall be dissatisfied at it, and I should be sorry that any one belonging to you should give me cause for displeasure."

At supper I had many inticements to draw forth my muse, as they said, out of that reverie which threw a damp upon their gaiety; but my muse was inexorable.

"You have not been so agreeable and complaisant as usual," said the Ambassador, as we went home together; "what has been the matter with you? Some caprice or other of a poet?" "Sir, said I, no one is always agreeable, and I do not conceive it incumbent on me to be at all times complaisant." "Speak the truth, you are in love?"—"In love! most assuredly not, Sir." "I perceive, however, that you are much taken up, and pleased with Apolline. But, believe me, don't give way to your passion, the Duke will be displeased."—"That will be the least of my concerns," replied I. "You will do wrong then," rejoined he, in a more serious tone. "The Duke is my friend, and I would not wish him to have any reason to complain of me." "Of you, Sir! And what is there in common between your excellence and my connection with Apolline? Are you answerable for my conduct?" "But, said he, is it not I that carry you there, and should not I be the cause?"—"(), a very innocent cause!" "However it may be, you will oblige me by not interfering with the pleasures of my friends." "The means, said I, are very easy; it is to be no more of your supper parties; nor will I be of them any more." "Why?" said he. "Because I consider myself as henceforth out of my place in the circle of your amusements." "But you are, it appears to me, very well received there, however!" "Yes, as a witness, and to contribute to them; and this part does not

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at all suit my disposition." "You are proud, M. de Montalde!" "A little, Sir." "But really would you have us be complaisant enough to permit you to cajole our mistresses?" "I ought, Sir, to respect you in yours, but in her only. It is not that the others captivate me more; and although I am amused with Apolline, yet I can prove, by no longer seeing her, that she holds no place in my heart. But I am determined to be free, and if I gave any other the power to prohibit whatever may give me pleasure, I should be no longer so. Let us, I request you, wave all further discussion on this point."

The next day, I wrote to Apolline, and informed her that I could not have the pleasure of dining with her, without mentioning the reason. But in the evening, in her box, the Duke had the folly to boast that it was he that had forbidden me to see her, without which I should have been discharged from my office.

"O, ho! said she; well, I give you your discharge then," and he was instantly dismissed."

He attributed his disgrace to me, and went in a rage to complain to the Ambassador, who sacrificed me to his resentment.

"And this good girl, this Apolline, said Plemer, you went to see her, I hope?" "No, I was dejected; I was entirely taken up with the thoughts of my situation, nor would I involve her in my sorrows and misfortunes. But in answer to the note, she had the goodness to write me, announcing the Duke's dismissal, I acknowledged how highly I was sensible of her generous behaviour."—"Had I been in your place, said Plemer, I should not have been so much master of myself; you were wiser than ever I was in my life." "It is because you have never felt the pangs of a next day's reflection," said Montalde.—"Misfortune is a great moralist, and at this moment I was more than ever in its school."

They were now summoned to dinner. "Let us make haste and eat it, said the Breton, I am impatient to learn what was now to become of you."

"You will naturally imagine," said Montalde, resuming the thread of his history, that I had recourse to my kind friend d'Alembert. At the recital of my misfortunes he
grew

grew quite impatient, and more than once interrupted me by the impulse of his anger; at one time against that foolish pride, at another against that still more foolish vanity, which, said he, sues for petty successes, and solicits false praises. I, for instance, what should I go to these suppers for? Ought not I to be aware that I should not be in my place there? But I am scolding you, and I take a very good time for it. Excuse me. Come here again in three days, and don't remember this affront. I am going to see what I can do for you."

"I have taken many unavailing steps," said he, on seeing me again, "but at last I believe I have hit upon a good plan. Did not you say, that towards the end of your studies you had made some progress in the law?"—"A little," said I. "Well, among the gentlemen of the long robe I am acquainted with, is a great dispatcher of causes. He is assisted by an old secretary, to whom he wishes to give a pupil, who in case of need may take his place. I will propose you for this situation, the labour will be hard, but useful to you. In a little time you will have more legal information than most of our advocates; without frequenting the schools you will have taken your degrees; and if you perceive you have talents for the bar, you may follow that profession." I embraced the project, and took new courage.

Monsieur de Ferbois, with whom I was placed, was a person of cool gravity, unalterable calmness of disposition, and of such sedate apathy, that neither the good or evil of others could ever disturb his quiet. He had two hundred law suits in hand in the year, and every day after having decided the fate of two families, enriched the one, and ruined the other, he would return home with as much tranquillity as if he had been only taking an airing.— "What would you have?" said he one day at dinner.— "It is the fate of law-suits to make at the same time happy and unhappy people. One must accustom one's self to it. A judge is like a surgeon, and his hand would not be steady if he gave way too much to his feelings." I was struck with this manner of reasoning, and only concluded that I myself should make a very bad judge.

M. Rapin, the secretary of this school in which I was placed, was also endowed with an uncommon hardness of heart; but he united rudeness of manners to it; and that bluntness of humour and language, which he used towards the clients, he called integrity. I was deceived by it during two or three months.

My patient assiduity to the labour which was imposed upon me; my diligence in the dispatching of it, my diffidence, and my docility in submitting it to his superior information; the ease, and perhaps the advantage he derived from it, had gained me his good will, and from the little marks of kindness with which M. Ferbois honoured me from time to time, I perceived that M. Rapin had spoken advantageously of me.

The Secretary drew monthly from a small box, more or less full, what, as he said, fell to my share; and this little recompence sufficed me so well, that I found myself in very easy circumstances. My only concern was, that I sometimes found, at the end of my extracts, that the conclusions of the reporter were at variance with those that good sense would have dictated. I complained of this to D'Alembert, who, upon hearing me, made a wry face.— I even expressed my surprise one day to Rapin. “Why do you trouble your head about the matter?” said he abruptly. “When you have made your extracts from a suit, and remitted your labours to the judge, your task is performed, and you should think no more of it. Affairs have so many points of view, and the law so many different aspects! And besides, what signifies it on which side the scale of justice preponderates? and what is the fate of a suit? Loss or gain all comes to the same at the year's end, as to the public good; there is not a farthing loss; and law-suits are, looking on them in a right point of view, nothing else but a means of circulation.”

I was not edified by my master's lesson. This game of *heads and tails* upon the fate of causes, and this circulation of loss and gain, which is the same thing, took away from the respect I could have wished to hold him in; and I soon after began to know him completely.

Being

Being laid up with the gout, he was obliged to leave me for some time entirely by myself, in the midst of the pleaders. He was uneasy on the occasion. Every day I duly gave him an account of my labours, and of the audiences I had given; but I perceived that he was under some kind of embarrassinent with me, for which he did not care to account.

One day, after having examined an extract of importance, which I presented to him—"Very well, said he; but have you seen the parties?" I replied that I had.—"Well!" "I heard them both with attention." "Well!" "They went away satisfied with my reception." "And is that all?" "Yes, Sir, that is all; I desired them to make themselves easy, and that I would expedite their affair as fast as possible." "As fast as possible! Why truly I cannot be surprized if each party went away satisfied.—With this manner of treating them there would not be ——"

At these words he stopped, and, after having considered for a few moments—"No, said he, this affair is in no hurry. Let us see; here is one that calls for more dispatch. The pleaders for and against have requested to see me. I shall send you to them. Hear them; promise them nothing; and do not put on so obliging an air. You will inform me in what manner they conduct themselves."

They came; I listened to them patiently, but with reserve, according to Rapin's instructions. One of them, more uneasy than the other at this cool reception, left upon the table a *rouleau* of gold, which I did not perceive before the client was already gone a good way off. I took this for an affront, and I repaired to my gouty man to complain of my humiliation.

Rapin eyed me with a down-cast look, and a sneering smile, which was a very bad presage for me. "You are right to be offended, said he; this pleader is a fool, an impertinent fellow. Leave me his gold, and let him dare to appear before me; I will treat him as he deserves; I'll scold him with a witness!" "At least, said I, inform him that I did not perceive the affront he gave me."—"I

will not fail." "That I ran after him." "Very well!" "That I called him back." "Doubtless." "And that if I had known where to find him, I should have followed him, and thrown his infamous present at his head." "I will say all that." "A man must have a very base mind, continued I, to suppose a judge's secretary could be capable of venality and corruption." "It is true, said Rapin, it calls for vengeance, and we are not of a disposition to suffer such like affronts. But leave me now, my fit is upon me, and I have no occasion to heat my blood."

"Ah! old Rapin, said Plover, I will wager that he was making a fool of you, and that he kept the *rouleau* for himself."

"I had some suspicion of it, said Montalde, and I intended to have enquired of the pleader if he had got his money back again, but Rapin, who did not like such explanations, was before-hand with me, and prevented my enquiries. The next day, when I waited on M. de Ferbois, he received me with more than usual affability and kindness. "M. Montalde, said he, I am well satisfied with your assiduity and your diligence, but you are very little versed in affairs. M. Rapin has not had time to form you: He is ill, and, in order to supply his place, I have occasion for a person of more information and experience than you can possess. I am very sorry. I esteem your talents and your manners. Go, depend upon me. I shall patronise you, and give you the best recommendations."

I went away without feeling any regret at not being any longer of this school, but persuaded, however, that my evil genius delighted in pushing me back into an abyss, as often as I endeavoured to get out of it.

"Behold, said I, I am again fallen, and what can I do to extricate myself? Shall I go again and importune the worthy D'Alembert, after he has exhausted every means to serve me? No, it would be baseness. Shall I deprive my mother of the little income I left her, become burthensome to my sisters, and carry back to my native country the mortification of disappointed hopes? No, I will sooner die! But
since

since I have now no resource but to hang myself, why not render this desperate courage of some use to my country? I have yet the honourable resource of dying a soldier. I endeavoured to enlist; but, alas! on being measured, I was found to be a quarter of an inch below the standard.

Nothing before this time had ever been more indifferent to me than my height. I had never even thrown away a thought upon the subject. But there are certain situations in life in which the smallest increase of misery will completely overwhelm us. The idea of being unfit even for a foot soldier, mortified and oppressed me to the heart. I perceived the gall which mixed with my blood diffuse itself over my whole frame; and I felt the shivering of the slow fever in which you found me run through all my veins. I came, with the little money I had left, to this hotel, where I fell sick, and desired to have a nurse. Heaven sent me this charitable woman, this worthy Dupré. It has since sent me the best and most generous of men. Heaven will not suffer me to be always unfortunate."

"No replied Plemer, you shall be so no more, or we will be unfortunate together. I have been long looking out for a young man, who, at the head of my commercial affairs, should be, as it were, another self; and you may, if you please, become that man."

Montalde, overcome with joy and gratitude, would have fallen at Plemer's feet, if the latter had not prevented him. "Oh, no transports, said he, I do not like them; they make a man look as if he was astonished, and I would not have any man be so at my doing a kind action. The air of Paris is good for neither of us. My business is transacted here; I have taken leave of my friends; my chaise has room for two, let us set off to-morrow for Nantz. The good Dupré, your nurse, shall follow us thither."

"I only request you will give me time to inform my worthy friend D'Alembert, of my good fortune, and to bid him farewell."

"Let us go and see him together, said Plemer, I will not go away without having the pleasure of seeing that man."

D'Alembert

D'Alembert gave a start on seeing Montalde. "Are you there ? said he. " I thought you had been drowned. What has become of you since M. de Ferbois dismissed you ?"

" I have been ill," said Montalde, " and I did not dare ——"

" A fine piece of discretion, which puts a poor man to the torture ! Have I deserved that you should make a mystery of the situation into which you were fallen ?"

Montalde related all that had happened to him.

" Ah, Sir," cried the philosopher, addressing himself to Plemer, " what an excellent thing is riches in the hands of a beneficent man ! From what a painful situation do you relieve me ! This young man has rendered me more unhappy than himself. For these two months past he has spoiled my rest, and I have been looking after him in vain. Indeed, Sir, I have reason to be very angry with you, and I only pardon you out of consideration for this excellent man, who has the goodness to take a liking to you."

" Faith, if I am good, says Plemer, I have found a better man than myself ; and I am very glad of it ; I did not think there was a better any where. Adieu, Sir, I shall never forget your anger."

They embraced each other like two old friends, and on the morrow Plemer and Montalde set off.

During this journey Montalde's health was completely re-established. His soul was wrapped in a delicious state of repose ; his happiness appeared like a dream to him ; and the delightful prospects, on the fertile banks of the Loire, contributed still to the enchantment.

" You are going to be transplanted into a new world, said Plemer ; and I give you notice of it. My account-books have no resemblance at all to poetry ; but you will, perhaps, find in them a kind of intelligence which will be equally interesting to you. It is no small matter to combine the wants, the produce, and the means of exchange of all the countries in the two worlds ; and to calculate the hazards, the perils, the advantages of a commerce which comprises the earth and the seas. I hope that in these speculations the head even of a poet will not want scope ; and, if I am not mistaken, this kind of employ

is more worthy of you than the jargon of chicanery or politics."

"In the situation from which you have taken me, said Montalde, any employment by which I could honestly procure a maintenance would have been acceptable; but nothing in the world can better suit me than to be attached for my life to the man who has restored it to me."

Montalde, when he arrived at Nantz, found new objects of esteem and veneration. Plemmer's house was the model of good order. His wife presided over the domestic affairs with native dignity, and with becoming vigilance. She had her eye upon every thing. Plemmer gave himself no concern. His daughter, under the gentle controul of this virtuous mother, was charged with the more active part of the domestic œconomy.

Gabrielle, for that was the name of this only child, seemed never to have had leisure enough to perceive that she was handsome, neither her glass nor her heart had yet told her so, although she was eighteen years of age; and although her fine black eyes, her soft features, her long eye-lashes, her fresh complexion, her slender and graceful form, were all designed by the hand of love, Montalde was aware of it before herself, and this was the last and most severe trial his misfortune put him to.

He, who, in the midst of the most alluring vice had been proof against every seduction, now found himself robbed of his liberty by the looks of innocence; nor was his heart alone wounded by the inevitable dart which was in reserve for him.

Plemmer, impatient to relate his adventure to his wife, gave way, indiscreetly, to the pleasure of praising, before his daughter, the disposition of Montalde; the goodness, the candour, the elevation of his mind, the modest courage with which he had preferred misfortune to humiliation, and his delicacy and unalterable gentleness in the distress to which he was reduced between misery and death.

During this recital the worthy Plemmer was happy to observe the tears fall from his daughter's eyes, without thinking of the risk the heart of the young girl ran in listening to him.

It was this imprudent eulogium, more than the presence of Montalde, which made that first impression upon the mind of Gabrielle which never is effaced. She received it without alarm. She was far from suspecting in so sweet an emotion the dangerous sentiment that was blended with it unknown to her,

Montalde was scarcely more alarmed at the delight he experienced at the sight of the innocent Gabrielle; neither the sweetness of her looks, nor the charms of her voice, nor the amiable simplicity of her manners, nor the negligent and captivating grace which accompanied all her actions, nothing in short, in the daughter of his friend, appeared to him in a formidable point of view. He thought himself sure of always being able to look at her with the mere pleasure which one feels in examining whatever is perfect in the works of nature. But when he began to perceive that the sound of her voice touched him to the heart, that he could not see her appear without a secret emotion, that he felt a thrilling in his veins whenever she deigned to smile on him, that his words died away, as it were, upon his lips when he spoke to her, that his eyes were fixed upon hers, and that her image followed him incessantly, that he had no other thoughts while he was awake, or dreams during his sleep. "What (said he to himself) can be the matter with me? In what manner do I, on my arrival here, repay the bounties of a man, who has snatched me from the grave? I in love! I, unhappy wretch, with a girl destined to possess an immense fortune, and to choose amongst the highest ranks the most happy of husbands. It is doubtless impossible to see her without emotion and astonishment, surely nature in all her simplicity was never yet so charming! But let the admiration which she creates in me be as innocent as her charms; far from me be hope, and with hope, far from me be the desire, the thought of troubling for a moment the repose, the serenity of that pure and placid mind. Let me love her, but as a sister; and is not her father mine?"

This resolution being once taken, Montalde perceived that he was reconciled with himself. He was calm, but he was dejected; and the employ in which he was engaged

ed served as an excuse for his dejection. He is naturally serious, Plemer used to say.

The confidence which this good man placed in him was unreserved. In initiating him into the most refined speculations of commerce, he perceived him with astonishment, catch them at a look, comprehend, and sometimes extend them, and run over in his mind all the branches of this vast science into its minutest ramifications.

"My friend," said he, at the end of a few months, "it is not the spirit, but the true genius of commerce that you possess; and if one day or other you do not go beyond me, it will be your own fault. I will insure you the greatest fortune, if you will employ your means to acquire it. In the mean while it is incumbent upon me to put you in the way. I shall do it in a moderate manner. Don't vex me by contradicting me. You shall conduct my business for six years. Your labour cannot be estimated at less than six thousand livres—no, not less, if you please. Let me go on to the end. You are a prudent man, and one thousand livres will be sufficient for your expences. Here then, at the end of six years, is a saving of thirty thousand livres. They are your own. Well, from the present moment, let us employ your savings, and place them as a venture on one of my ships. If it makes two successful voyages, your capital will be doubled." "And if it fails?" said the young man. "If it fails, said Plemer, we will begin over again, and you will owe me six years more." "My whole life," said Montalde. "With all my heart, said Plemer, my bargain will be the better for it; and you see I risk nothing in giving you money in advance."

"I see, Sir, replied Montalde, that you will act as a father. Well, do for your child whatever seems good to you. Far from blushing at it, he will be proud to owe every thing to your bounty.

Montalde's situation, after this conversation, became still more painful, for new favours were new ties for him; nor could he avail himself of absence, the resource of weak minds. Held in the chains of gratitude, he saw himself destined to live with her he adored, without daring even to aspire to please her. In a short time she will enter into engagements, and her heart should be at liberty to fol-

low her hand; to endeavour to violate that liberty would be, in his eyes, the vilest and most detestable of crimes.—Friendship, confidence, the laws of hospitality, would be betrayed by a word, by a look, by a sigh, which might disclose his love. Ah! rather die a thousand deaths than to exist a moment under the weight of such ingratitude.

“ This house is sacred, said he, and I have it in my power to be either a monster or a hero. An hero! yes, I shall be one, if I have fortitude enough to command myself. Heaven, of whom I will implore it, will have justice enough to grant it me.

From this time he collected all the force of his mind to command his looks, his words, and his heart, to conceal the secret of his passion, which every day was increasing, and which the innocent ingenuousness of Gabrielle tended still to inflame.

At Paris, as the pretensions of forming to their will the disposition of a young woman is the chimera of all husbands, the attention of all mothers is to bring up their daughters in such habits of dissimulation and reserve as leave nothing decided in their characters. An unmarried woman is a kind of chrysalis in the world, until the moment when spreading out its wings, it changes into a butterfly. In the provinces, the disposition of young people is not laid under the like restraint, nor is it a rule of decency with them to conceal the secrets of their hearts.— Gabrielle, from her infancy, had been permitted to disclose her thoughts without reserve; but whether through the influence of good example, or an exquisite degree of sentiment, the instinct of well-disposed minds, nothing reprehensible ever resulted from this happy liberty.

Gabrielle was not at all constrained by the admission of Montalde to the intimacy of the family. Madame Plemmer shewed him those delicate attentions which she could have wished him even not to perceive, but which were the more flattering, as they seemed involuntary. Gabrielle imitated them. It was a mixture of esteem and habitual good-will, which, without having any thing familiar in it, had nothing but what was perfectly natural; and this politeness of sentiment, which gave a charm to
friendship,

friendship, would not have shewn any difference between Gabrielle and her mother.

But these were signs imperceptible to all but Montalde. At one time the soft languor of a look cast on him; at another, the broken accents of a timid voice; sometimes a faint blush, which animated her countenance when she spoke to him, or a slight trembling of her fair hand, as she poured out his tea; and oftener, the emotion she would feel whenever he expressed the excess of his gratitude to her mother. In all these he thought he perceived that she had more than mere friendship for him; and it was then that he experienced the most cruel of all the torments of love, in comparison of which the situation of Tantalus was but a slight infliction.

"Either I am deceived, said he, or these are the symptoms of a love, as yet feeble, and in its infant state, and which, happily, she is not aware of, but which, unknown to her, may make a dangerous progress. What will become of me? It is at this moment that I stand in need of all my resolution!" And the more the sensibility of Gabrielle disclosed itself, by a thousand ingenuous *traits*, which he perceived but too clearly, the more did he conceal his in the bottom of his heart, under the disguise of a serious and modest air of deportment.

His heart was inflamed, but with an hidden fire, a spark of which he never suffered to escape from his eyes; happy for him if he had nothing farther than these first conflicts to encounter!

Plemer, in repeating to his wife and daughter the adventures of Montalde, had joked with him upon his want of dexterity, in not having composed a fine copy of verses on the Countess's birth-day. Gabrielle laid hold of this pleasantry, and when her mother's birth-day came, she asked him if he intended to let that occasion escape him without writing a few stanzas. "And who will sing them?" "I," replied she. Judge with what ardour his fancy was animated. Wit had nothing to do in the composition; but the purest, sentiment, the most affecting piety, and filial love, which itself had found its way into the soul of the poet, dictated the eulogium of this excellent mother which the daughter was to sing.

Every *trait* of her disposition was depicted without flattery, and with a colouring so soft, and with such delicate touches, that the most modest woman might listen to it without a blush; it was the mirror of her soul.

Plemer, with all his bluntness, was a man of great sensibility. The voice of his daughter, the most natural and just praise of a woman he adored, the presence of his friends, the charming spectacle of this domestic festival, all united together, affected him to such a degree as to make him shed tears. Madame Plemer too wept with delight; the young and tender heart of Gabrielle at every instant interrupted her voice with sobbings; and, at the last couplet, which she had hardly force enough to sing, she sunk into the arms of her mother. Plemer advanced, and embraced her also, and all their friends were eager to pay her the tribute of emotion, with which they were affected. Montalde alone kept at a distance.

"Come, Sir, (said Madame Plemer to him) and let me thank you for those delightful sensations you have just made me experience." He leant forwards to kiss her hand, but she embraced him; and, as he rose up, he felt his hand pressed between the two hands of Gabrielle, who, still weeping, exclaimed, in a voice that would have softened marble—"Ah! Sir, my father was right to love you." From this moment he gave himself up for lost.

At night the illumination of one of Plemer's ships announced in the port the entertainment and supper which he gave in honour of his wife. She was escorted thither in triumph, accompanied by music, leading her daughter in her hand; and although none but friends were invited, yet the company was very numerous. The repast was splendid, and during the entertainment the two banks of the Loire never ceased re-echoing the sounds of a delightful concert. Never did more sincere joy prevail on such an occasion; but this joy soon was changed into the most dreadful alarms.

When the company retired, the moon shone with the purest lustre; she served as a light-house to the rowers; and Plemer, having taken ever precaution that his guests should be safely conducted from the vessel to the shore, was quitting it, the most happy of men, when putting his
foot

foot into the boat, he slipped down, and fell into the river. Montalde plunged in after him, and, though no swimmer, and without any assistance but the end of a rope that hung out of the vessel, he caught hold of Plemmer by one hand, and prevented the waves from carrying him under the bottom of the ship. At this instant the sailors came to their assistance, and took them both up into the boat.

When Plemmer began to recover the use of his senses, "Well, said he, now which of us is insolvent?" The young man, still seized with fear on his account, embraced him, and wept for joy. They got to shore, where Madam Plemmer and her daughter were waiting for them, terrified at the cries which they had heard.

"Chear yourselves," said Plemmer, when he landed, "thank God, here I am. I fell overboard. I was on the point of being drowned, and Montalde has saved my life.

At these words Madame Plemmer embraced her husband; and Gabrielle, in a transport of gratitude and joy, seized, and pressed in her arms the man who saved her father.— "Ah! I owe you more than my life," said she, still pressing him against her bosom.

"Oh, Heaven," cried he, tearing himself from the arms of her he adored, "Oh, Heaven, do not abandon me."

Madame Plemmer, in her turn, embraced the young man; and with her at least he could give himself up to the emotion of a mutual friendship. Every thing at this moment was mixed with the remains of fear, and the excess of joy; and neither the heart of Gabrielle, nor that of Montalde, had time for recollection. But when, being restored to themselves, each of them was able to reflect on what had just passed—"What then have I done," said she, weeping, "that he should thus reject me? I forgot for a moment, I own, the conduct suitable to my age; but in what moment, and on what account? I embraced Montalde as I would have embraced the altar of the Deity who should have saved my father. Ah! Montalde, if this impulse, involuntary as it has been, appears to you unworthy of a virtuous mind, you must certainly have been an orphan from your cradle, neither has a mother smiled upon you, nor a father caressed you; you neither are acquainted with
force

force of blood, nor with the affections of nature. Cruel man! how could you treat me so severely? What was then your opinion of me?"

Gabrielle could not sleep; her bed was bathed with her tears, and from these long watchings, her head was disordered; her blood became heated in her veins, and her parched breath exhaled itself in sighs. At length, recollecting what she had heard about the torments of love—"Ah, 'tis all over with me, said she, I felt that generous heart palpitate against my bosom; a violent flame has spread itself over my frame, and that is the fire that consumes me. O, my dear father, forgive the intoxication and the delirium of my gratitude. Can I do otherwise than love, can I sufficiently love the man who, at the peril of his own life, has saved your's. Yes, after you, my dear mother, I hold nothing else so dear in the world. I know he is without fortune; but what would the most brilliant fortune be in comparison with your life, that I owe him. Ah! let that be his riches; and may the daughter of Plemer have never any other husband but the man who has saved her father."

Montalde's situation was still more affecting. Innocent as yet, he could no longer answer for preserving his innocence, which an unguarded moment might make him lose for ever. The vile means of seduction were far from his mind; and he so far possessed his own esteem, as not to apprehend any thing base or shameful in his affection.

But in spite of him, this amiable young woman was perhaps already seduced; and if her heart was already infected with love, if she exhaled when near him the same fires that consumed his own bosom, if, in fine, neither the one nor the other should be any longer able to conceal an hopeless passion, what would be the issue of this abyss of evils into which he should leave her to fall, or should fall himself.

"An involuntary crime of which one has foreseen the danger without avoiding it, is it not still a crime? Have I not had, and have I not still the resource of flight and the refuge of absence?"

"Far

“Far from me be every weak excuse for an unsurmountable passion! Far from me be that probity which displays itself in fine words, and which considers itself as absolved by vain excuses from the shame of a defeat. No, faith and honour ought never to be exposed to any risk: Since the success of trial is doubtful, it ought to be avoided; and I am still master of this resolution. It is dreadful for me to be separated from the only friend I have in the world; it is dreadful to again encounter want and misery. It is still more dreadful to tear myself away from Gabrielle; but the more painful this effort proves, the more it is necessary.”

After this manner spake Montalde; and impatient to make sure of himself by putting these measures into execution, he waited the day-light to go and see Plemmer.—“Go to see him! and what shall I say? Loaded with his favours, honoured with his confidence, penetrated with the sense of his goodness, which, with so much open-heartedness he lavishes daily upon me, now can I summon up courage to tell him I am going to leave him? And what excuse shall I make for this precipitate departure! It must be, however; I must appear unjust, ungrateful, wicked, without being so. O, dear self-esteem! kind testimonies of the purity of my intentions! you will accompany me in my exile, in my misery, in that vagrant and unhappy life, which I shall drag on far from Nantz, far from this loved and respectable family, where every good seemed to await me. You will accompany me, and, if possible, you will console me.”

At these words he felt his heart more at ease; he gave vent to his sighs, and a torrent of tears streamed down his cheeks. Thus had passed the night, when he went down to Plemmer, determined to take his leave of him, but as pale and trembling as a criminal led to execution.

In coming down stairs, he met the worthy Dupré, who had been invited to Nantz, and whom Madame Plemmer had placed at the head of her domestic affairs. “O, good God! said she, what a condition you are in? your eyes sunk into your head; your face pale and wan; are you going to fall sick again?”—“I hope not, said he, but it is true that I am not well.” “I apprehend I know your complaint,

complaint, replied she, and I fear it will not be easily cured." "My complaint!" replied Montalde with surprise, "What is it? what do you mean?"—"Ah, Montalde, it is not with me you must dissimulate. I love you, and ever since I have been in this house I have observed and pitied you." "Indeed, replied he, I do not understand you, but whatever you may think about me, I conjure you to be silent." "O, no, said she, on going away, don't be alarmed. I shall not be the first to speak: But you and the young lady! Ah! take care of your eyes."

"Well, (said he to himself) this good woman has found out the secret of my heart. No. Love cannot be a long time concealed, and if I would prevent mine from betraying itself, I must hasten away. Let me no longer defer it.

"Do you know, my friend, said Plemer, that Gabrielle still feels the impression she received yesterday on account of her father's accident? She has had a burning fever all night, and has still a violent head-ach. Her mother is with her. I am going to see her. Come and see her too. It will calm her spirits to see the man who has saved my life." Montalde accompanied him to Gabrielle's bedside.

"Ah! how is this, my child? said Plemer, you are not yet recovered from your fright. Here we both are, and the danger is all over. You have nothing to do but rejoice. Montalde has been alarmed as well as you; and he still looks pale upon it; but as for me, I feel no more of it, and life has never been more agreeable to me than since I owed it to him. Gabrielle's eyes, fixed upon her father while he was speaking, sparkled with the brightest lustre. "Has not she a little fever remaining upon her?" said he to Madame Plemer. "Let us see: I am no judge of the matter. Montalde, you that ought to know something about it, feel her pulse."—"Well?"—"Yes, 'tis I, 'tis her father who desires you to feel her pulse.—Are you afraid her hand should burn you, or that her headache be catching?"

Montalde drew near with trembling steps, and Gabrielle in letting fall her arm upon Montalde's hand, kept her eyes fixed upon her mother, as if she would draw that assistance

assistance from her of which her feeble heart stood so much in need. But when she felt her lover's hand press softly against the artery, she was seized with a sudden emotion, which she endeavoured to conceal from him, by withdrawing her hand. O, by how many imperceptible signs does love discover itself to love !

Montalde, making an effort to conceal his agitation, observed, " that the pulse was not yet tranquil, but that in a little time it would." " I hope so," said Gabrielle, lifting up her eyes to Heaven. " My situation would be pitiable indeed, if what I suffered last night was to be of long duration. It really turned my head." " Ah, my dear child, said the mother, it is a difficult matter, and what happens very rarely, to be happy with such hearts as ours." " So, said Plemer, and if Heaven had made us less sensible and less affectionate than we are, should we be equally capable of enjoying our domestic happiness ? Do you think that a man who lives for himself only, is any the better off ! He escapes a little suffering sometimes ; but of what heartfelt gratifications is not he, at the same time, deprived ? He does not love, is not beloved ; and what pleasure can such a man find in life ? I know what my sensibility costs me ; but whatsoever pain it causes me, I would not part with a grain of it for heaps of gold.— Are not you of my way of thinking, Montalde ?"— " Alas ! said the young man, we cannot have too much sensibility ; while we love only those we ought to love, one can hardly in such cases feel enough." These words, accompanied by a look all round him, diffused a little calm through the veins of the fair Gabrielle. But this calm, which her parents took for that of the mind, was only a calm of the senses, and Montalde perceived that it was only the languor of a deep melancholy. He knew the cause of it ; he saw that it was high time to apply the most speedy remedy, and went to look for Plemer.

" Sir," said he, in coming up to him, " you will no doubt be astonished ; but however extraordinary the resolution that I have taken may appear, do not ask me the cause, and have the goodness to pardon me. I cherish and revere you as a most virtuous and true friend. A father could not have done more for me than you have ; I

am sensible of it, nor shall I ever forget it as long as I live, and yet, I conjure you to give me your permission to leave you." Plemmer started up from his seat with surprise and astonishment: "Leave me! you, Montalde! and for what reason, if you please? Has any of my family displeased you? I should hardly believe it."—"Alas! Sir, I have received nothing here, but marks of esteem, of benevolence, and of goodness."—"What is it then that drives you away? The establishment I have made you is very moderate; but speak out, I can ——"—"Do not load me with such unjust suspicions: You are not a stranger to the sentiments of my heart. It was, you know, with regret that I suffered your goodness so far to exceed my hopes. I have but too great reason to speak of the nobleness of your mind; you are but too generous."—"And without any cause of complaint, you are going to leave me?"—"I am distracted at it, but a duty the most sacred compels me to go."—"I understand you; your mother is afflicted at your absence? she desires you to return to her? Let her come here, the house shall be her own, my wife shall be her friend, and we shall all be the happier for it."

Distressed at so much goodness, Montalde answered, that his mother was not unhappy on account of his being from her; that he knew her to be contented and quiet with his sisters, and that she wanted for nothing.

"Tell me, then, insisted Plemmer, what forces you to leave me?"—"My destiny," said the young man.—"O, now indeed I no longer understand you, said Plemmer, with violence. "Your destiny! Ah! Montalde, destiny is a vain apology for faults which are without excuse; nor is it with this word, so void of sense, that a man like you should justify himself."

"What I call my destiny, said Montalde, is an unquiet and inconstant disposition, which I have received from nature, and which never lets me be quiet in any situation.—You have seen it—."

"I have seen you quit an impertinent Countess, an arrogant Marquis, I know not what sort of a judge, and his knave of a Secretary; there is nothing surprising in all that. But I, who am a plain man, a good man, I who love
you

you, I who expected to have passed my life with you!—No, Sir, this caprice is not to be believed. There is somewhat in it quite incomprehensible to me; and, if you do not explain it, I shall consider you either a bad man, or out of your senses. You have only to make your choice.

“Yes, a madman, I agree to it,” said Montalde, falling upon his knees to Plemer; “but as for a bad man, don’t think so, I conjure you. I love you. I revere you. I am not ungrateful. I would shed the last drop of blood in your defence——”

“And you leave me! Rise up, Montalde, look me in the face. In a mind like your’s, this levity, this caprice, this inconstancy, is not natural.”

“For God’s sake,” said the young man, interrupting him, “do not any longer torture me, but give me up to my misery.”

“What! No: ’sdeath! I will not give you up. I am determined to know, if I must lose my friend, how and for what reason I lose him. If he had gone away before he had done any thing for me, I should have let him go; and, much as he would have distressed me, I would have forgiven him; but after having saved my life, after having attached me to him by the strongest ties, to break them, and to leave me. No, (said he, weeping) no, I will not suffer it, or I will know the reason why.” “I am grieved to tell you that you will never know it.”

“No! Well now I know it; your silence explains it: You are in love with my wife or my daughter. Yes, Sir, that is the secret I cannot draw from you.” “I, Sir, in love with your wife!” “And why not?” replied Plemer, bluntly. She is yet handsome enough to make a conquest; but, if it is not she that turns your head, ’tis my daughter then.” “Alas, Sir, it is.” “Ah! Montalde, and why did you not speak? I have intended her for you more than six months since.”

If people died with joy, Montalde would have died.—He fell down like a man struck with lightning, and remained motionless at Plemer’s feet.

“Plague take it,” said Plemer, seeing him in this posture, “you were truly very much in love! Poor young man! and you were determined to go away without say-

ing a word about it, for fear of offending me. How little do you know of me! However, you have acted like what I call an honourable man. Get up, and let me take you to your mother-in-law. Ah, when I relate this scene to her, how she will laugh and cry! And my daughter, it is she that will feel the value of a heart so truly estimable. She will love you tenderly. I am sure of it."

"Yes, I hope so, for she is kind enough to believe that her father owes his life to me; and of all my claims to her heart this shall be always the most sacred."

"Madam," said Plemer to his wife, leading Montalde to her, "here is a man whom I have asked what reward his having saved my life merits, and he leaves it to your decision." (Gabrielle was present.) "And for my part, said Madame Plemer, I will make my daughter judge of it."

Gabrielle blushed, and, after a moment of silence,—
"What recompence, said she, can be equal to this obligation? All our fortunes, and even that is not sufficient."

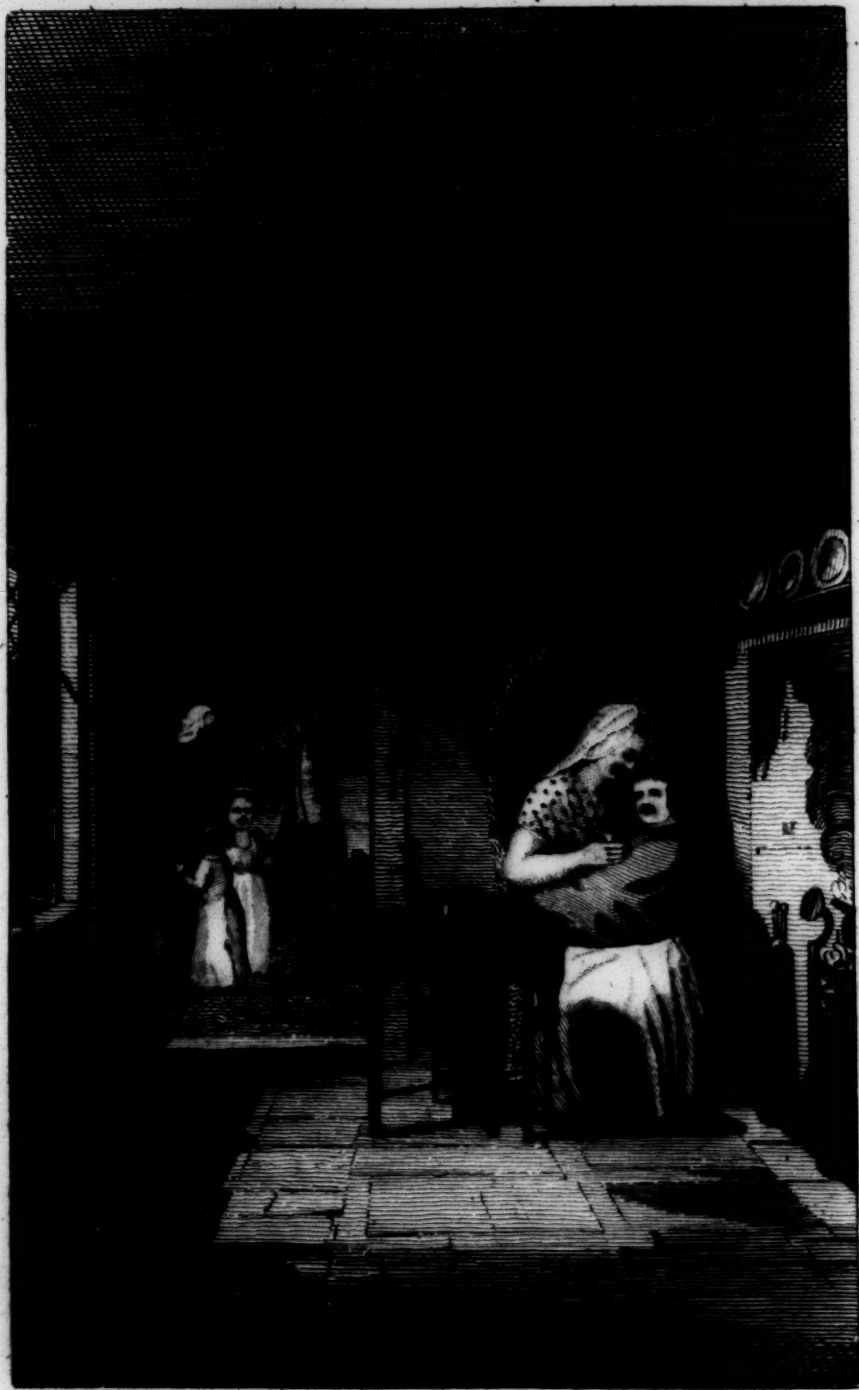
"Money!" says Plemer, disdainfully, "he is not fond of money. But you, my child, do you know nothing better to offer him?" She cast down her eyes. "I have told you, my dear father, that there can be nothing valuable enough to repay him."

"If I was in your place, said Madame Plemer, I should know what to offer him."

"And so should I, my dear mother, if I were in your's." "And I, if I was in his, said Plemer, I should know very well what to ask. But since neither of you will explain yourselves, I will—I give my daughter's hand to Montalde." "And I her heart," said Madame Plemer. "And I my life, said Gabrielle, modestly. It is very right that I should live for him, when it is through him that you are alive."

"Let me tell you, said Plemer, that with his heart brim-full of love, he was going to leave us, rather than disturb the peace of the family; and I esteem him more for that than for what he has done for me; for, among a thousand men capable of a momentary resolution, or an impulse of goodness, you will hardly find one who is invariably virtuous: and this rare man, this friend of my heart, I give you, my dear wife, for a son-in-law, and you, my child, for a husband."

Dellmore's Benevolence.



From a Story in Juvenile Indiscretions

Vide Page 125

A

SIMPLE STORY,

(FROM JUVENILE INDISCRETION.)

ON one of the mornings on which our hero made his escape from love and an old woman, he had strolled through the village, and was going up a lane very little frequented, on account of its leading through a gloomy avenue to an old building, formerly belonging to a bishoprick, which the whole village said was haunted: it was now in ruins, the rooks still continued inhabitants of the deserted spot; but though there were yet many fine fruit-trees about it, not even for those would a being venture nearer than they could possibly help. The old trees that formed the avenue met, their branches unpruned and unattended to, grew in wild disorder, and the arch they made entirely shut out the beams of the sun, and nearly the daylight; there had been a grand portico at the entrance from the village; but time had levelled one part, and the ivy totally covered the other.

Henry was deep in thought; he feared no supernatural spirit; the one raised by Cupid, in the bosom of Miss Franklin, was more terrible to him than any of those said to haunt the old palace.

A favourite spaniel following him, on a sudden barked, and ran to a little break in the wood, where two children
were

were playing. Dellmore called the dog; but though he instantly obeyed the well-known voice of his master, the fright which had seized the children was so strong, that they continued screaming, nor could all Henry's efforts appease them, till taking a hand of each, he offered to lead them home, on which they were advancing up the avenue.

Where are you going, my dears? said he, surprised at their temerity.

Home to papa and mamma.

Dellmore was more surprised;—Home to papa and mamma! Why, where do you live?

Here, said the elder, turning a little out of the avenue.—Dellmore abounded in the milk of human kindness; he followed to an old house, which had stood the depredation of time, and had formerly been a porter's lodge: it was newly thatched, and bore some appearance of inhabitants; on the threshold they were met by a tall thin young man.

He respectfully thanked our hero for his kindness to the children, and standing aside, asked him, if he would be pleased to walk in and rest himself.

This gentleman, who did the entire duty of the parish for Mr. Orthodox, while the 'Squire was in London, and every thing but the Sunday morning service the whole year, for which, out of a living of four hundred pounds per annum, he received thirty, had been but very lately suffered to live in the parish, as the doctor did not chuse to burthen it with poor; the curate being in a weak state of health, he had, with some difficulty, overcome this important objection, as he found it impossible to walk, particularly in winter, three or four miles twice, perhaps three times a day; there was no alternative but quitting the curacy, or having a habitation nearer the church; the first Mr. Orthodox would have found inconvenient; he had in the course of thirty-seven years residence at the Rectory tried the patience of many very humble labourers in the church, but he had not yet met with one so truly bent by affliction, so bowed down with calamity, as the tall thin personage of whom we are speaking; he was therefore loth to part with him on whom he could exercise all the arrogance
and

and tyranny of his nature, without apprehension from the pride or resentment natural to a well educated man, who was besides punctual and regular in the discharge of his duty.

The palace lands Mr. Orthodox rented, and the old lodge, in which his curate now resided, had been put into repair (that is, it barely kept out wind and water) by him, in order to keep his deputy from the notice of Mr. Franklin, which was a thing easily effected, as the poor man had quite enough to employ him at home, when he could be spared from his parochial duty.

Henry found himself much interested for the welfare of a man who appeared in such deplorable circumstances, and yet, whose manners spoke his good-breeding; he accepted the invitation, and entered a room with bare walls, stone-floor, and mean furniture, but perfectly clean.

On an old wicker arm-chair by the fire side, sat a woman about seven-and-twenty, with a boy of eight or nine years old on her lap; her pale and delicate looks would have moved our hero, had he not, in addition to the wretched scene, observed she was very big with child; the boy on her lap was visibly ill, and hardly sensible to the maternal tenderness with which she was endeavouring to get him to swallow some herb-tea. At sight of Dellmore a slight blush overspread her cheek; her husband offered to take the child from her arms to his own, and repeated to her the kindness of Dellmore to the younger children.

She made an effort to rise; it was an effort only; tears dropped from her face on that of the sick boy; sighs rent her bosom; she was obliged to the encircling arms of her husband for support, otherwise her attempt at good-breeding would have brought her to the ground.

From the moment Dellmore had been under the protection of Mr. Franklin he had been a stranger to distress; he abounded in money, which he cheerfully parted with on every application for charity; but warm in the sunshine of prosperity, his youth and vivacity kept him from seeking objects of sorrow, and all such within the knowledge of Mr. Franklin, found a relief so timely, and essential, that he could have no chance of meeting them at Ether.

But

But tho' the generosity and goodness of his nature had remained inactive, the soft emanations of charity, the sweet glow of sympathy, every warm attraction of sensibility, still lived in his mind, and the tears of the curate's wife roused them into action. What his reflections were, when, after looking round the comfortless dwelling, his eyes met those of the grieving husband, bent in anguish on his weeping wife, whose tears continued flowing, would be difficult to tell; his purse was in her lap, and himself out of sight before the distressed pair could recover from the astonishment the suddenness of the act threw them into.

How came this family so long to escape the penetrating goodness of my benefactor? Who, or what can he possibly be? His address was gentleman-like, and polite. Ah! how little does Mr. Franklin think that such beings live, in a manner so deplorable, within two miles of the manor. I will certainly gratify his benevolent heart, by leading him to the poor habitation, where he will have an opportunity of administering to the relief of misery; these were the reflections, and this the resolution of Henry, as he recovered his breath, after escaping with as much haste from the thanks and acknowledgements of the poor curate and his wife, as he could have done, had Dr. Orthodox been advancing to the parlour-window at eleven the preceding night.

Squire Franklin, was a man deservedly beloved and respected; he was the rewarder of merit, the harbinger of peace, the Israelite in whom there was no guile.

So much about with his tenants, so familiarly as he conversed with the meanest individuals, and, if we add the general desire that people who have lived in the great world, in business, have for society, in which they may unbend, and, in some degree, fill up by that means the vacuum inactivity leaves in the mind, it is not to be wondered at that Mr. Franklin heard all the news of the place; indeed, he blended good humour and jocularly so judiciously with condescension, that every heart of the old and young in the neighbourhood was on their lips when they saw him, and
he

he was well enough acquainted with all the love affairs of the village, to be able to greet the lads and lasses with anecdotes of their respective favourites. On an old brown seat, under a spreading oak, opposite the Buck's Head door, the good old banker spent some of the pleasantest hours of his life; and often did he reward the loquacity of his old tenants and neighbours, by repeating to them little stories of his own juvenile days.

The manœuvres of Mr. Orthodox's family, with editions and additions, he was perfectly well acquainted with; the fond folly of the mother, her imprudence, or extravagance, were no more concealed from him than the levity and coquettish turn of her daughters, which, with their blameable encouragement of the gallantry of the militia officers, were, indeed, his reasons for not giving those gentlemen a general invitation to partake of his Sundays and Thursdays dinners, to which hitherto every stranger at Ether had been welcome; they in particular who wore the ensign of honour, would have been entitled to his particular respect. Mr. Franklin loved his sovereign as a prince; he venerated him almost to idolatry as a man. There is, he would say, one sight in the metropolis of this kingdom, no other in the known world can boast of, a royal and virtuous pair, who have the happiness of beholding a numerous offspring, among whom it would be difficult to distinguish either the most lovely or the most amiable! so infinitely do they excel in the mental and personal accomplishments! And the first public court-day after his arrival in London was sure to make a courtier of a man perhaps the least qualified to shine in a circle among all his Majesty's subjects. Sweet creatures, lovely girls, fine young fellows, issued involuntarily from his lips, accompanied with a burst of loyal sensibility that thousands have felt, but cannot be expressed.

The cockade therefore, whether with the red coat or blue, when, in his estimation, worn by those whose blood would freely flow in the service and defence of these, his emblems of perfection, as well as in protection of the liberty and commerce of the British nation, claimed his highest respect. The regiment being disbanded, and their services no longer wanting, would have been no bar to the

reception of Captain Marsh and Lieutenant Downe at the manor, but their characters and their intrigues at the Rectory, were such as did not suit Mr. Franklin to countenance.

But however he disliked those gentlemen on report, and however ready the Squire was to reward virtue, he had a certain indolence about him, and loved his ease too well to take on him the office of detecting vice.

Dr. Orthodox was, in Miss Franklin's opinion, infallible, but in her brother's he had many things to mend; his gluttony, his avarice, his tyranny, and his pride, were all seen, although from a complaisant indulgence to his sister, they were borne with; he knew Mrs. Orthodox, under the absolute dominion of such a husband, had many things to bear; and his presence must, he was sure, be a continual torture to his family; it was therefore likewise in compassion to her that he forbore mentioning, either in his own family, or out of it, his sentiments of what he heard, or concerned himself how the Miss Orthodoxes disposed of themselves. With respect to Henry, as his nocturnal excursions were hitherto known only to those who were interested in concealing them, namely, himself and Lavinia, they were not, while that was the case, so liable to discovery as are many secrets intrusted under strict oaths and obligations to friends.

But it will be asked, among the other transactions of Ether, how it happened that the poor curate and his family were unknown to Mr. Franklin.

The answer is short.

To feed a beloved wife and her infants, Mr. Cadogan would have stooped lower if possible than the haughty Orthodox required; but he was under no such obligation to the parishioners, whose dislike of their Rector was always extended to his substitute. Though very poor, the curate had a natural pride about him. His piety, abilities, and good-nature, were known to his neighbours—his anguish, affliction, and poverty, only to himself. He was, moreover, but lately admitted to reside in the parish, and, as it was not likely, though true, that so much as the Rector was at the manor, he should be entirely silent about a person who took all the care that was taken of the souls of his

his flock, it had so happened, that Mr. Franklin had never heard the name of Cadogan.

Henry, when he reached his apartment, threw himself into a chair, ruminating on his situation, both with respect to Lavinia and Miss Franklin: the latter, whose passion it was plain to see could ill brook his extreme stupidity, he expected every moment would burst in thunder on his head. To favour her wishes was impossible. What! marry a woman old enough to be his mother! Plight his vows at the altar, in opposition to inclination and principle! Sell his faith for riches! His soul disdained the thought.

On the other hand, it was easy to foresee that her pride would be stimulated to resent a refusal from one so dependent on the family; and her influence over her brother was a circumstance universally known; his heart sunk when he conceived it possible that his benefactor might be prejudiced against him, so that his prospects on that account were enough to disturb him; but embarrassed as he was about Miss Franklin, he was still more so when his thoughts reverted to Lavinia; there he was self-condemned; his conscience upbraided him with the ruin of an innocent, who adored him, and his inward reproaches were the more severe, as he was conscious, that while he indulged in the excess of youthful passion, and continued a connection which his heart condemned, he felt no real affection for the object who had sacrificed so much for him. He could not esteem or respect Lavinia Orthodox, but he could from his soul pity her. It was death to him to reflect on the situation to which her love for him had reduced her. He considered himself as the cause of her fall, and trembled at the consequence, more, a thousand times, for her sake than his own. Bewildered in his ideas, and shocked at the dilemma his imprudence had brought him into. Oh! said he, that Heaven had blessed my orphan state with one true friend, to whom I might unbosom my cares, who would compassionate juvenile indiscretions, and on whose disinterested advice I might rely. His prayer was instantly heard.

Matthew Hudson, son to Mrs. Hudson, of the Buck's Head was a domestic in Mr. Franklin's family when Dellmore was at the manor: Mat was his particular attendant,

and had, as his mother said, taken a vast liking to the young 'Squire; he now rapped at the door to let Henry know that Parson Cadogan wanted to speak to his honour.

Guilt is a terrible foe to true courage. The name of a parson gave our hero a shivering fit; he knew but one parson in that part of the world; him he had irreparably injured.

And who, asked he, trembling, is Parson Cadogan? not doubting but the Rector had discovered the new entrance into his house, and that this gentleman of the same profession was come to denounce vengeance, or demand reparation.

Why, Sir, don't you know he, (replied Mat) 'tis our curate.

So, thought Henry; then all must out. He ordered Mat to shew the gentleman up.

To his agreeable surprise, the tall, thin, pale person, whose house he so recently left, entered.

Dellmore's apprehensions vanishing at sight of his visitor, he received him with a respectful politeness; and Matthew having set a chair, withdrew.

Sir, said the curate, (after a few moments silence, taking out the purse our hero had left at his house,) When the noble charity of your heart dictated the use to which you put this money, you was deceived by appearances; the tears, the sorrow of the best of women, that you supposed were excited by want, alas, Sir, they flowed from maternal tenderness; the child you saw on her lap is dying. He paused—Excuse, Sir, a parent's weakness. The tears he dropped wanted no apology—He continued—

Medicine, nor all the world's wealth, can restore our boy; he is her first-born. In the splendour of a court, with the riches of the East, Mrs. Cadogan would have felt the same grief for her child, as in the poor habitation in which you beheld her—

I could not suffer the generosity of so young a donor, pardon me, Sir, to be misapplied.

I should have sunk under the reproaches of my own heart had I kept your money. Permit me, Sir, to return it, While I admire—I revere—the noble principles by which

which you were actuated. It is too heavy; and, (forcing a faint smile)—feels too respectably, to be parted with, at once, to strangers, whose claims are at best—but doubtful.

Dellmore, with a mortified countenance, retreated from the offered purse.

The curate, with a determined, though respectful look, followed. Indeed, Sir, I cannot accept your gift; it is not the smallest of my afflictions that my miserable appearance should have extorted from so benevolent—so young a heart—a gift I must refuse—You do not know me, Sir. The last part of the sentence emphatically delivered, from a man whose whole person, figure, and family, exhibited signs of the most acute distress, affected our hero so much, that he could not immediately speak; but he resolutely declined receiving back the money, and when his feelings would suffer him to articulate—

Yes, cried he, I do know you, and you must forgive my saying, it is my knowledge of you that renders me thus averse to receive from your hands what apparent distress claimed when I did not know you.

Sir, answered the curate, I have explained to you the cause of the tears.

Yes, interrupted Henry, but you have not said that it was your easy circumstances which made that forlorn hut the residence of a divine.

It is not your affluence that obliges your amiable wife, in her situation, to apply herself to the labour of nursing, as well as the grief of watching her dying child; or that exposed the tender delicate feet of those pretty creatures who led me to your habitation, to the wounds of the flints over which they trod.

Go, Sir, go, return to your family; you believe, from my youth, and dependent state, my purse is too respectable to be my own absolute gift. Ah! Sir, how is it, you have been concealed from my generous benefactor? If it adds to your comforts; if it alleviates the distress of your worthy partner; if it enables you to relieve her from the labour that she is ill able to encounter, it will be respectable in my estimation also. It is your misfortunes, Sir, that you do not know Mr. Franklin; if you did—But you shall

shall know him; I will this moment introduce you: and he was hastily rising to go to him.

The curate, by a respectful motion of his hand, detained him; he sat in speechless admiration; the big tear rolled down his pallid cheek; his looks went to the soul of Henry, who, in compassion to the violent agitations visible in his countenance, was rescued.

Not now—not now—I want, Sir—I want powers to say, to tell you—Again he was silent—but another moment restored the placidity of his countenance.

I want power to tell you, said he, in a more composed tone of voice, How, independent, Heaven knows, of my own situation, I rejoice to see so young, and amiable pattern of goodness, in an age when it is so rare, that a despairing mind is led to doubt its existence; but that, God be praised, is not my case.

I cannot take your money, Sir, however generous the source from which you receive it; it is too much to bestow on such an equivocal claim as mine.

I am not destitute of bread. Scanty as my pittance is, it feeds my family, and that is, comparatively, an unspeakable blessing; but, to convince you, my declining to accept your benevolent offer proceeds not from unseasonable pride or unthankfulness of heart, I will take from you five guineas, which will procure a nurse for my wife and child, and enable me to support her with comfort till my half-year's stipend becomes due. No more, Sir, as I am a man. Take your purse or not, said he, laying it down, with a determined voice.

Henry, astonished, charmed, and affected at such an instance of strict probity—in a man so destitute of every comfort of life—counted out the five pieces, with which the Curate, unable to speak, retired; and our hero obeyed the summons of the dinner-bell.

The sight of Dr. Orthodox, his round face, and sleek countenance, his corpulent body, the sound of his hollow, loud, priestly voice, his consequential air, and haughty deportment, compared with the fallow, grief-worn face, the emaciated person, the ill-clad figure, the humble, sensible, resigned look, and gentle voice of the poor curate, furnished Henry's ideas with a contrast. Good God! thought

thought he, how unequal are thy dispensations ! but another moment a single recollection reconciled him to the equal love, the wisdom of that Being, whose partiality he had just arraigned.

The next morning Henry tempted Mr. Franklin to stroll among the spirits ; and, as they were passing the break in the gloomy avenue that led to Cadogan's hut, invited him to a feast.

What ! cried Mr. Franklin, smiling, with the dead priests ?

No, Sir, answered Henry, smiling in his turn, and pointing to the door, With a living one. As soon as the squire entered, Henry left him, and took the path to the village.

What passed at the Curate's, or how Mrs. Cadogan contrived it, for her husband was not at home, never transpired ; but certain it is, from that day forward things wore a different aspect in the family ; it is true, they were not invited guests to Ethor manor, but this they had less reason to regret, as by a bounty, it could not be wrong to accept, they were enabled to take a better house, and hire a maid ; and the whole family of the Cadogans experienced a luxury long denied them—good shoes and stockings.—Kitchen physic did wonders for the sick boy ; and Mrs. Cadogan became a joyful mother of her fourth child in ease and plenty.

Mr. Franklin met our hero on his return from the palace-avenue ; he rested his left-hand most affectionately on his shoulder, while, with his right, he put into Henry's a small pocket-book, containing bank-bills.

Henry, said the good old man, in a broken voice.

Sir, answered Henry.

Place those sums to interest—and, squeezing his hand, passed to the library.

Singular as was this command, Dellmore perfectly understood it ; he saw the feast to which he had invited his patron was highly grateful to him ; and the bills were intended, he thought, for the curate.

The moment he could rise from table he hastened to discharge his commission.

But

But, thanks, prayers, and blessings, were all the language of the now happy family, while they utterly refused to accept a single guinea from him: They were, they said, amply provided for. Dear blessed young man, said Mrs. Cadogan, in a transport of joy, how shall I refrain idolizing thee? Her husband, who rejoiced at the change in his circumstances, more, far more, for his wife, than himself, while he looked alternately on her, his children, and Dellmore, audibly sobbed. The scene was too affecting. Henry Hastened to quit it.

This man, said he, looks a saint on earth; he is much fitter to succeed Mr. Orthodox in this living than me.—After all, I am afraid I shall make but a sorry figure in the pulpit. He was at that instant passing the rectory.

The eye of Lavinia caught him: It was an eye, a perfect Widow Wadman's eye. Toby Shandy had not a more guileless heart than Henry Dellmore. He took off his hat, and pursued his walk.

Poor Lavinia, I have not seen her this week; no, I certainly am not fit to take orders. How could I enter that house as Rector of the parish, with the guilt on my mind of having there seduced an innocent daughter?

He looked back; the melting eye of Lavinia followed his steps.—If I marry her, shall I not—but I cannot marry her.

Cadogan and his meek-looking wife would fill that house much more to the honour of God and man than Henry and Lavinia.

Again he turned to the Rectory; again he saw Lavinia.

Certainly I will go this evening, this one evening, said the repentant sinner. I will see Lavinia

In a few days after, Mr. Franklin sent into Henry's room a sealed packet; the narrative it contained determined him not to take orders; and, as we should be sorry that our readers should suspect our hero of taking a resolution without some sort of reasons, such as they are, we present them with the following:—

JAMES CADOGAN, CURATE OF ETHER,

TO

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, ESQ. OF ETHER MANOR.

SIR,

THE goodness, the charity, and beneficence, that adorn your character, the high and invaluable blessing you receive from the Almighty, in the power he gives you of diffusing happiness to the distressed, of making the sad heart glad, are, I am confident, an endless source of joy to such a mind as yours. Faint is the satisfaction you can feel from the approbation of the multitude, on comparison of that of your own heart. Best of men, I will not intrude on you my thanks, or repeat those of my dear partner's.—Weak and inadequate would be my utmost efforts to paint your generosity or our gratitude.

I saw in your looks, as you passed the house, which is the monument of your virtue, that in the happy countenances of my wife and children, surrounding in peace and health, the table covered by your charity, you felt your reward. I saw, Sir, in the humid lustre of your eye, the triumph of your benevolence, and I prayed—I could only pray—that such ecstacy and such reflections might follow every act of your life.

But I owe you, Sir, another pleasure, in knowing that those favours are not wholly misapplied. The object of your bounty is the sixth son of Sir Thomas Cadogan, of Lee-Hall, Shropshire; my father succeeded to an ancient title, and an involved estate; his very large family (we are thirteen brothers and sisters now living) rendered it necessary that the males should be educated in a way that would enable them to procure a livelihood; my second

No. 8.

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brother

brother was brought up to the church, the advowson of the parish where we were born being my father's, so that it was against his judgment I embraced the same profession. My choice led me to take orders, although I knew I could not, from the above circumstance, expect the interest of my family to gain preferment.

A distant relation of my mother, lady Egerton, who lived on the borders of Somersetshire, loved me for my serious turn; and the jealousy of my brother, who could not persuade himself but that my interest would clash with his, induced me to accept her invitation, to spend the vacations from college at her house; there I saw Miss Marsh, of Beeston Grove, in this parish, who attended Lady Egerton in quality of companion.

Her ladyship unfortunately died without making a will, which she had promised should put me in possession of her personals; and, in a manner estranged from my nearer relatives, I saw myself almost friendless; I returned to college with an aching heart, for, to my other misfortunes was added that of a sincere and ardent attachment to a young woman, whose least attraction was her beauty, and that, in my fond eye, was irresistible.

I was now obliged to apply to my father, who sent me a small remittance, and advised me to look out for a curacy, and endeavour to make my fortune in the way of marriage; it being, he said, from time immemorial, the constant practice of poor clergymen, to kill the fattest sheep in the flock for themselves. I soon procured the former, but my heart rejected the latter part of his advice; my soul was in the possession of my Eliza, who accepted my offered hand, with the dreary prospect before her of a life of care, and a very narrow income. This step furnished my family with an excuse to renounce me; nor have my bitter misfortunes been able to move my father to relieve or pity me.

My wife had been left, by her father, five hundred pounds, which were in the hands of her brother, whose extravagance put it out of his power to pay her little fortune; but he said, he very soon would, as he was on the point of mortgaging part of his estate. We, therefore, took up furniture on credit, began house-keeping, and
contracted

contracted unavoidable debts; our family encreasing, while we were amused by the promises of Mr. Marsh, and the expected mortgage, my curacy enable me to keep up my payments for family necessaries, but the furniture was yet unpaid for; and after three years patience and forbearance, I was given to understand, that the person who trusted me could no longer wait for his money. I came here to Beeston Grove, hoping to receive at least a moiety of my wife's fortune, when I found, to my unspeakable grief and disappointment, that Mr. Marsh had run out his whole property, that he had a commission in the militia, which was all his dependence, and that my wife and her sister would, in all likelihood, lose every shilling of their little fortunes. To threaten was idle; to remonstrate vain; I returned sorrowing home, and revealed to my creditor my situation: He was so good as to take back the furniture, and we were obliged to hire a furnished apartment. The income of my cure now became, with such a deduction as the increase of my rent, too scanty for the subsistence of my family; our distress was hourly increasing; want and misery were our only prospects.

At this period the late war commenced; we lived in a sea-port town; and my distress being made known to the commander in chief, he procured me a chaplain's warrant for a ship, then under orders to the West Indies; my Eliza implored me not to leave her; but could I stay to see her want common necessaries. Hard was the trial; yet the anguish of seeing my wife and children starving, was too great, to suffer me to hesitate. A few trifling presents, from some of my charitable congregation, enabled Mrs. Cadogan to move, with our three children, into a cheap part of Yorkshire, where a lady recommended them to board; and with a heavy heart I embarked. The ship I was appointed to was sent out to be commanded by a young officer, who had distinguished himself by his bravery and conduct; with him I continued six years, distinguished by the friendship and favour of one of the best officers in the whole navy of England.

About that period a young nobleman, whose health was injured by his long residence abroad, had permission to re-

turn to England. I was honoured with his particular friendship, and he applied to my captain to make an exchange of chaplains, which he, considering the offer to be for my advantage, consented to. We set sail, and I had the misfortune to lose my patron, within three weeks after we left the West Indies. He died in my arms, having generously bequeathed me every thing that was his property on board the ship.

You must well remember the calamitous accidents that befel our navy in the last year of the war; our ship was one of those that was lost; my all was unfortunately embarked in her; not only the bequest of my deceased friend, but my hard savings and earnings, in a climate which ruined my constitution, and from which I was doomed to return a beggar. After existing three days in the most tremendous storm that ever was known, every man on board, from the captain to the fore-mast men, being exhausted by the fatigue of constantly keeping all the pumps going, and the natural terror of dissolution, we were providentially preserved, in the instant the ship was sinking, by some merchantmen, who had sailed under our convoy, but who had parted company in the storm.

I will not say, in the moment of our deliverance, when I saw the ship I had so recently left, go to the bottom, I did not feel a thankful joy that I yet existed; but when I considered that I was now on my passage home; that I was returning to my wife and children in a state of wretchedness, and poorer than when I left them; that the little wealth I had fondly hoarded for my Eliza, was all irrevocably lost, (ungrateful to the mercy that preserved me) I wished to have perished with them, rather than return to my dear girl a hapless beggar.

We had not outlived this dreadful storm three days, when, to complete our miseries, we were captured by the Spaniards, and carried into Cales; my watch, buckles, and whatever trifles I could carry about me from the wreck, together with twenty guineas in money, were, contrary to the practice of king's ships, taken from me; and I was sent among my countrymen to a prison there.

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The accumulated hardships of imprisonment, and ill health contracted in the West Indies, and increased by my continual labour, in common with other gentlemen, at the pump of our sinking vessel, brought me to the verge of that eternity I longed most fervently to enter upon. By the favour of some humane gentlemen, I was among the first who were in the exchange of prisoners, and returned to my native, but dreaded shore, with a diseased body, and broken spirit.

Almost the first person I saw, after landing, was the gallant commander, with whom I had so long officiated; his soul was the seat of true bravery, and there compassion ever dwells; he was shocked at the ravage that sickness and misfortune had made in my person and circumstances. He promised to interest himself in my behalf. He said he was appointed to command a fine new ship, then on the stocks; that he had been promised, by the first lord, he should name his own officers; that, as in his long services he had been able to promote most of his followers, he should make a point of naming me, and me only. He was now going to London, whither he advised me to follow him.

Ill able to travel, I nevertheless set out as soon as I could sit upright, and deferred taking my Eliza to my fond, my anxious heart, or apprizing her of my return, in the hope, vain, vain hope, of seeing her with power to make her life easy as well as happy.

My captain kept his word—he made instant application on my behalf; but peace was in view, and brave men decreased in value; a change in the Admiralty had also taken place, and he was now given to understand, that all his people must be named by the Board. Nevertheless, the chaplainship being yet open, I drew up, by his desire, a memorial, setting forth the time I had served, the hardships I had undergone, my ill health, and miserable situation. Ah! Sir, how little do those in power consider the memorials and petitions they daily throw by as waste paper; some of them unperused, are often of more importance to the wretched writers than their existence; that this was the fate of mine, I am willing to hope, for the honour of humanity, since, though my friend continued to press my appointment with the utmost warmth and solicitude,

licitude, I found, after waiting till my last guinea was changed, and my illness, increased by the anxiety of my mind, a man, who was at the time in possession of two church livings, had gotten what I had been anxiously waiting for six months; the Captain was hurt, both on my account and his own. You see, said he, resentfully, I have no interest; but my friendship and good wishes are yours. He then presented me with ten guineas, and left me.

With that sum I now resolved, ill as I found myself, to travel to my Eliza. I shall at least, said I, die in her arms; but lest the sight of me, in my present deplorable condition, should fatally alarm her, I wrote to the place where she and my children boarded, to apprize the dear woman of my arrival and situation. But, alas! I was unable to follow my letter—a fever seized my brain, and I recovered not to a sense of my extreme misery, for twenty-three days. How was it possible, for my weak frame, to resist the violence of the disorder so long, God knows:—Doubtless I was preserved, among many others, to bless his mercy, through the goodness of his favoured servant.

The first object I beheld on recovering my senses was my Eliza. Can my grateful heart ever forget her transports, when my senses returned? Could they have been greater, had wealth and honour been the lot of her poor unhappy husband? Oh! no, no.

Her impatience at my delay beyond the time appointed in my letter, and her anxiety on account of my ill health, which I had slightly hinted, brought her at all risks to preserve my life, to administer comfort to her hapless husband, in the hands of strangers. At a small lodging-house, in the skirts of the town, my faithful wife found me, without sense of my situation, and less of the little property I had about me. The people of the house delivered my account, as well as what money I had when I lost my senses; when those were discharged, the nurse and apothecary, and all other incidental expences paid, the ten guineas, presented by my generous captain, were reduced to one.

To defray the expence of her journey up, my Eliza had parted with some of her best cloaths, and she had, in dread of the worst, brought with her all her few valuables; those
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you may suppose, Sir, from our antecedent distresses, were trifling.

My recovery was slow and doubtful ; if I had been able to get a church cure in London, I was incable of performing the duty ; the sadness of the prospects, the dreadful situation of my family, and the grief of my wife, all contributed to retard the return of my strength ; my poor girl sold her things to support us, and we were reduced to our last shilling, when the landlady, whose heart would have done honour to a higher station, brought up the newspaper, with an advertisement for a person in orders to serve a church, at a great distance from London.

Mrs. Cadogan was in raptures. Now, my dear James, said she, if we are so fortunate as to obtain this, you will regain your health, and I shall be the happiest of women. With hope in her countenance, she left me to enquire into the particulars, and soon returned, rather less elated, but still cheerful. The advertisement was from Doctor Orthodox ; and the idea of returning to her native vale, in such narrow circumstances, a little damped the joy of my Eliza ; but as she had been so many years out of the neighbourhood, Lady Egerton having taken her at the age of fourteen, we flatter'd ourselves she might not be recognized by any of her old acquaintances, more especially as it was expressly conditioned, we should not reside in the parish.

I wrote to the Doctor, informing him of my ill state of health ; to that, blessed be the works of Almighty God, he did not object, provided I could do the duty, which he said was very little. I did not find it exactly so ; but as he was so good as to dispense with my agreement, to live out of the parish, when I found it impossible, particularly in winter, otherways to attend on the various duties of my function, I do not complain.

But I must not omit telling you, Sir, how it pleased God to assist me in my journey hither.

When every point was fixed and agreed to between the Rector's agent and myself, the difficulty then was, how to get my family together, and convey them to Ether :—My children were left in Yorkshire, where twelve pounds
was

was due for their board; the few things my Eliza had left behind were insufficient to discharge this debt; and she vowed no consideration should ever more part us. I had not a shilling in the world: I wrote in that deep distress to my father: By return of post a letter came from Shropshire: Neither Eliza or myself had tasted any thing but bread, and the cheapest tea we could buy, which, as we had boiling water in the house, we drank without sugar or milk. The letter was a double one, and the postage came to eight-pence.

The mistress of the house where we lodged knew we were poor, but had no suspicion we were starving; she repeatedly called for the eight-pence. Alas! we had not a halfpenny. My wife, with the crimson dye over her pale cheeks, hesitatingly confessed we had no money, and begged to borrow what would pay for the letter.

No money, my dear, said the good creature, why, how do you live? She dismissed the postman, and followed my wife into our apartment, where, it being then about three o'clock, stood our dinner, viz. a tea-pot with weak bohea tea, and some dry bits of bread; she looked on each alternately, and taking the hand of my Eliza—Mrs. Cadogan, cried she, you shall board with me, while you stay—you shall—I insist upon it, and you shall begin this very day, this moment.—My wife—but how can I describe the scene? How do justice to the humanity of this poor woman? I had my letter yet unopened in my hand: I fondly flattered myself its contents would prevent the obligations the worthy creature wished to lay on us. With trembling eagerness I broke the seal. Oh, Sir—it was a blank cover, with my own letter returned; God forgive my reflections at that cruel moment. In the poignancy of my feelings, I forgot the stroke came from a father I had disobeyed. Urged by necessity, and invited by kindness, we accepted the offer of our charitable landlady; and though I knew my noble Captain was too generous to be rich, yet having no other alternative, I resolved once more to apply to him.

After a week's enquiry regularly ever morning at his lodgings, which I was obliged to make myself with a letter

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ter ready written in my pocket, without once meeting him at home, and I was returning dejected from his door, I saw him crossing the street. My joy had then nearly deprived me of the opportunity chance favoured me with; I staggered through weakness and confusion, and with the low obeisance of misery, gave him my letter.

So much was I altered from bad to worse, in the little time that was elapsed since I had seen him, that he did not at first know me, and was putting the letter in his pocket; I humbly followed his steps; he turned round. Does the letter require an answer, friend? He opened it. My God! Cadogan, is that—I must lay down my pen.

In that moment an elegant vis-a-vis drew up a lady, beautiful beyond description, bright in the dazzling charms of innocence and honour—It was a woman—Angels do not ride in gilded cars—called to my captain, with a sweet, but modest familiarity, in the gaiety of a youthful heart, unbent by calamity—You dine with us to-day, Captain? You do me great honour, Madam, answered he, but I have an engagement.

I will not be refused, and snatching my letter, which he had open in his hand, Come, I know this is an important matter, by your grave face. I will not restore it till you promise.

Be pleased to read it, said he, with a sudden quickness.

Will you come?

If your Grace will read the letter—Heavenly creature! she complied.

The bloom in her cheeks disappeared; the tear of sympathetic charity filled her eye. Oh! Lord, Captain, cried she, what upon earth shall I do? I have been out shopping this morning, and spent all my money; I have only my card purse. Where is the poor man?

He pointed to where I stood; she looked at me a moment, then beckoning, the tears streaming down her lovely face—You, indeed, look ill, Sir, said she, dropping her purse into my hat.

My generous Captain engaged to follow her, and then congratulated me on my accidental good fortune. I am very poor, said he, myself, and could not have essentially

assisted you; leave your address at my lodgings, and rest assured I will remember you.

The purse contained thirty-nine guineas; it paid our humane landlady, enabled us to fetch our children, and set us down where the angel of peace found us. Pardon, Sir, the prolixity of this letter, and accept of the utmost wishes that gratitude and respect can inspire in the heart of man, from,

SIR,

Your most grateful, obliged, and ever

devoted humble servant,

JAMES CADOGAN.

ALMEDIA ST. ALBANS;

OR,

MAGNANIMITY REWARDED.

BY MRS. ROWSON.

THE lovely Thetis had just received her enamoured lover to her arms, while the modest dusky robed nymph had drawn her golden fringed purple curtains around them, the gentle zephyr wantoned on the bosom of the rose which gathered fresh sweetness from his reviving breath. Nature was clad in all the serene beauties of a mild May evening.

Fitzwilliam had been performing an act of peace and mercy, and his soul was as tranquil as the surrounding elements. As he walked leisurely homeward, wrapt in the most delightful contemplations, the sound of music attracted his ear, and turning to the place from whence it proceeded, he perceived a summer-house nearly covered with Jasmine and honeysuckle, separated from the field in which he was walking by a broad piece of water.

Fitzwilliam was a stranger in Herefordshire; he was on a visit to a friend, and had that evening wandered out purposely alone that he might enjoy the superlative satisfaction of relieving indigence, and chearing modest merit, which accident had brought to his knowledge. He knew not to whom the summer-house belonged, but by the appearance of the mansion which stood at a small distance, and the taste displayed in the surrounding pleasure grounds he imagined the owner to be a person of opulence.

The music that attracted his ear was a harp, and its dulcet notes were accompanied by the most melodious female voice he had ever heard. He stopped, he listened with rapture; but in a few moments all was hushed—He regretted the silence, and was proceeding on his way, when a fash was thrown up on the side of the summer-house facing the canal, and Almedia St. Albans approached the window to enjoy the refreshing breezes of evening.

Almedia was just turned of eighteen, tall, elegantly formed, and possessed a dignity of mien, tempered with sweetness. She was habited in a white robe, clasped at the waste with a pale blue girdle, a gauze scarf of the same delicate hue was slightly passed over her luxuriant auburn tresses, and hung in waving folds down her back; under her left arm was a small white dog, who rested its little head on her hand, and, with her right, she directed the wild shoots of the woodbine in what direction to twine round the window, without obscuring the light.

Fitzwilliam was struck with the uncommon elegance of her person, and the beauty of a face which the advancing shades of night could not entirely obscure from his view; but he had no time for silent admiration. Almedia, endeavouring to reach a branch that was rather above her head, lost her balance, and fell into the stream beneath.

Fitzwilliam did not hesitate, he threw off his coat, and springing in, caught her as she was just sinking, and bore her safe to shore. The moment recollection returned, which had been for some moments suspended, she thanked her preserver in the gratefulest terms:—"But my poor Fidele, said she, I hope he is not lost; it was the last gift of a worthy old woman who nursed me, and I value it highly." At that moment the little creature, who had just crawled out of the water, came whining and crouching to its mistress's feet.

Almedia patted its head, and it was satisfied.

"Let me conduct you home, my dear Lady said Fitzwilliam, you are very wet, and may take cold."

"Alas, Sir, replied Almedia, tenderly, you are in the same danger, and we cannot get to the house without going half a mile round."

Fitzwilliam offered his arm, and they proceeded together to the mansion of Almedia's guardian.

Almedia St. Albans was heiress to a splendid fortune, but it had been left her with this restriction, that if she did not marry her first cousin, Leonard St. Albans, she should forfeit it all to a distant relation, except two hundred a year, which she was to enjoy during her life. For her father had a peculiar wish that the estates should never go out of the family. Leonard was possessed of but a small share of worldly wealth; it was therefore supposed, that a lovely woman, and six thousand pounds a year would not be rejected by him—Indeed, the young man was so embarrassed in his circumstances, that he looked eagerly forward to the time when he should call Almedia his.—For the old man had left the reversion of his estate to a distant branch of the family, to prevent (as he thought) a possibility of the intended union being prevented.

Mr. Harcourt, the guardian of Almedia, was a man of benevolence. He allowed his ward liberally for her casual expences, and bid her never fear to apply for more if humanity, at any time led her to exceed her allowance.

He received the preserver of Miss St. Albans with every mark of gratitude, insisted on his taking a bed there, and sending to his friends to inform them where he was. From that time an intimacy ensued, and Almedia, for the first time,

time, began to consider the shackles imposed on her in her father's will were extremely cruel. Fitzwilliam thought so too.

"I am poor, lovely Almedia, said he, and cannot support you in the manner to which you have been accustomed, my estate, small as it is, is incumbered with the portions of two sisters, who as yet are but young. I will not attempt to excite your compassion; I will not even ask you to remember me, I leave this part of the country to-morrow, may you be happy, happy as human nature can possibly be. For my own part, when I lose the sight of you, when I can no longer gaze on your angelic form, and listen to the music of your voice, I shall have bade adieu to all that can constitute my felicity."

Almedia smiled faintly, she laid her hand on his arm; the rosy hue of modesty overspread her countenance.—

"And can you suppose, said she, that I can so easily forget the man to whom I am indebted for life? Ah, Fitzwilliam, wealth has no charms for me, since I cannot share it with the chosen friend of my heart."

"Am I then the chosen of Almedia's heart?" cried he, eagerly interrupting her.

She raised her timid eyes to his face; they met the impassioned glances of her lover, and the rose on her cheek was heightened to the glow of the carnation.

Their conversation became more interesting, Almedia discovered that she loved, and Fitzwilliam forgot his intended journey.

Almedia knew, that though the estate went from her on her refusal of Leonard, yet the revenue arising from it, which had been accumulating from the death of her father, which was now five years since, amounted to something considerable, and that would be her own. She thought a competence with the man she loved preferable to affluence, with one to whom she was sensible she was indifferent, and whom, in her heart she disliked.

"I would not marry Fitzwilliam, said she, if I knew that poverty must inevitably be our portion, nor, to avoid ideal affliction, rush into real misery, by involving the man I esteem beyond my life in difficulties from whence we might never be relieved, and which would be the only in-

inheritance we should be able to leave our innocent offspring; but as I possess the means of procuring all the real comforts of life, why should I sacrifice my own happiness at the shrine of wealth. I can be perfectly content with a little, let who will then take the superfluities, while I can enjoy all that is truly desirable on this side eternity."

The result of these reflections was, that Almedia would become the wife of Fitzwilliam. The time drew near when she was expected to marry her cousin; she dared not acquaint her guardian with her love for Fitzwilliam, or intentions in his favour—She was sensible he would blame her romantic ideas, and endeavour to counteract her designs. It was late in the summer when she made these reflections, and one evening, as she was walking with her lover by the side of the very canal from which he had saved her, she formed the resolution of taking a journey to Scotland with him. Next evening was fixed on as the time for their elopement, and the place of meeting the garden gate which opened into the fields. The hour 10 o'clock.

Almedia's heart almost failed her as the time drew near. However, she thought the merit of the man she had chosen would sanctify the action, and as the clock struck, she arose, wished her guardian a good night, and hastily repairing to her apartment, threw a cloak round her, and leaning on the arm of her maid, who was to accompany her, went into the garden.

As she approached the gate, she thought she heard a female voice in the field, from which they were separated only by an high hawthorn hedge;—she stopped involuntarily to listen.

"Oh, my beloved Fitzwilliam, said the voice, do not, for Heaven's sake proceed, do not complete this hated marriage—consider me, consider my two defenceless infants—do not desert your poor Jemima, who gave up all for you."

Almedia could hardly respire, but she remained immoveably fixed while she heard the following answer:—

"My

"My dear girl, what can I do, involved as I am, I have not the means of supporting you, and on my marriage with Miss St. Albans depends all my hopes."

"Oh, cried Jemima, do not marry her, and I will work for you, beg for you, starve with you, and not complain, if you will still love me."

"Love you, dearest, best of women, 'tis my love for you drives me to unite myself with a woman who is but at best indifferent to me. You know your father has renounced you, and I am not possessed of sufficient to supply the necessaries of life for even one year."

Almedia would stay no longer. "Let us return," cried she to her woman, "I have changed my mind, and will not go." But just then the voice of the poor supplicating Jemima became more elevated, and she heard her request to see him once more, and directed him where to find her.

She trembled excessively as she returned to her apartment, hastily undressed herself, and dismissed her attendant. "What a fortunate discovery," said she, tears streaming from her eyes, "I should have been wretched, united to Fitzwilliam; but how cruel was it of him to ensnare my unsuspecting heart by professions of love to which he was a stranger. It was base too, good Heavens! that I should live to say, Fitzwilliam had acted basely."

The next morning she arose early, and the moment she heard her guardian leave his chamber, she hastened to the library where they usually breakfasted.

"I have a favour to beg," my dear Sir, said she, taking the old gentleman's hand.

Her palid face and heavy eyes alarmed him. "It is something that greatly interests you, my love, if I may judge by your countenance."

It does indeed; a poor young woman has been seduced from her parents, and has lived some times with her seducer, who loves and would marry her, but he wants the means to support her. This has driven him to the base subterfuge of endeavouring to marry a woman of some fortune, in order to support the children of her whom he had seduced. It was but last night I was informed of the circumstance—two of the parties I know, and the other I cannot

cannot but compassionate. Now, my dear Sir, you have a large sum of mine in your hands, give me liberty to make this poor young woman independent, and by that means save her from infamy, and her seducer from a double act of inhumanity, that of deserting the woman he has betrayed, and marrying one he does not love, for the sake of her fortune.

Mr. St. Albans, in his will, had left no restrictions as to the yearly revenue of his fortune. It was to be applied to Almedia's use during her minority. Mr. Harcourt, therefore did not hesitate to give her a draught on his banker in London for the sum she required which was not a small one. This she immediately inclosed to the fair Jemima, and dressing herself as plain as possible, was determined to be herself the bearer, that she might judge of the beauty of the woman who had thus inflamed the heart of Fitzwilliam.

She entered the cottage where Jemima lodged with hesitating unequal steps: But what were her feelings on entering her apartment, to see Fitzwilliam seated by one of the windows, and a fine boy about three years old on his knee. She turned pale, reeled, and would have fallen had he not flown to support her.

"Miss St. Albans!" said he.

"Miss St. Albans!" re-echoed Jemima, looking at her with a mixture of wonder and fear.

Almedia rallied her hurried spirits.

"You will pardon me this intrusion, Madam, said she, but I heard there were some obstacles to your felicity, which it was in my power to remove. This letter contains all that is necessary to be said on the subject. Adieu, Madam, adieu, Fitzwilliam, may you be happy, though you have forever robbed of peace the credulous Almedia."

By heavens you must not leave me thus, cried Fitzwilliam, catching her hand—I am certain somebody has injured me in your esteem, else why was I kept in suspense so many hours last night, and at last obliged to submit to the most cruel disappointment, and why am I addressed in this language.

"Your

"Your own heart will surely inform you, Sir. How have you presumed to offer me a hand which, by every tie of honour, belongs to this lady?"

Fitzwilliam looked amazed.

"My dear lady, cried Jemima, you labour under a cruel mistake. This gentleman is a particular friend of Fitzwilliam's, but I have not seen him these four years past till last night, when we met accidentally. I was in distress, he compassionated my sorrows, and visited me this morning to offer me advice and consolation."

At that moment an elderly gentleman rushed into the room. "My father, exclaimed Jemima, Oh, shield me from him." She sunk on her knees, covering her face with her hands, and fainted. Leonard St. Albans flew from an adjoining room, and caught her in his arms.

An explanation now took place—Jemima had left her father's protection to trust to the honour of St. Albans.—Love triumphed over discretion, and Jemima fell a victim to its power. St. Albans was an officer in the army. He had, when first he courted the notice of Jemima, sunk his own family name in that of Fitzwilliam; for, sensible it was not in his power to marry her, he assumed the name of his friend, fearing, should he go by his own, the affair might reach the ears of Almedia, or her guardian.

When Jemima recovered, she found herself folded in the arms of her father, who, though he had at first renounced her, found it was impossible to forget her. He had lately lost his other daughter, and, from that moment, resolved to seek Jemima, and endeavour to persuade her to return with him to the peaceful home she had abandoned.

"Come, my child, said he, let us go, all that is past shall be forgiven. I cannot forsake my children," said Jemima. "They shall go with us," replied her father.

She cast her eyes wishfully on St Albans and seemed irresolute.

"Fitzwilliam," said she, mournfully.

Almedia stepped forward, tore open the note she had brought, put the draught into the hand of Jemima, and crying they shall not be separated, was rushing out of the apartment.

"And who art thou, bright angel of benevolence?" said the old man, catching her hand.

"My name is St. Albans," said she.

"Almedia St. Albans?" cried he, in a tone of amazement.

"The same, but I cannot stay, I am in haste.

"All this appears a dream, said the old man, shall I be indebted, for the preservation of my child's honour, to the very woman whose fortune devolves to me in case of her not marrying according to her father's will."

"You rave surely, Sir, said St. Albans, your name is Seymour."

"I assumed that name, that my poverty might not disgrace my opulent relations. But say, Fitzwilliam, will you marry my Jemima?"

"What can I do, replied the youth, if I say I will; it must be thought interested motives incites me; for know, Sir, I am the destined husband of Almedia."

"What means all this, said Almedia, was not Fitzwilliam the seducer of Jemima."

"Alas! no, my dear cousin, I am that wretch."

The mild eyes of Almedia beamed with exultation; she advanced to Fitzwilliam, and presenting her hand, cried, "I should have known you better. But I am poor now, and perhaps should lament the loss of fortune, but that I know it will make no difference in your affection."

Fitzwilliam kissed her hand in a transport.

"And is it possible, cried the old man, that you were striving to promote the happiness of my child by sacrificing your own?"

"I then thought, said she, that the happiness of Jemima was connected with Fitzwilliam. But, believe me, it is with pleasure I congratulate her on her acquisition of fortune, the heart of Fitzwilliam is to me more valuable than riches."

A few days after, St. Albans and Jemima, Fitzwilliam and Almedia, were united by the most sacred ties. On their return from church, the father of Jemima put a paper into the hands of Almedia, which conveyed to her the half of a fortune, her disinterested magnanimity of conduct had convinced him she deserved to possess, and knew how

how to employ to the noblest of purposes, that of promoting the happiness of every surrounding object.

“ Take it, my lovely cousin, said he, for who can deserve felicity so well as those, who would confer a favour on others at the expence of their own interest and tranquillity.

THE
SOLITARY FAMILY
OF
NORMANDY.

(FROM THE TALES OF THE CASTLE.)

A FEW leagues from Forges, near the rich Abbey of Bobec, and in the province of Normandy, lived a good farmer, whose name was Anselmo, with his wife and children. He was poor, but so happy, that he had never left his house but to go to church. His little habitation stood by itself in the midst of a forest; he had no neighbours, and he wished for none; for he could not imagine, after he had been all day labouring in his field, it was possible to find a pleasure more sweet than that of reposing in the midst of his family.

Three acres of land, two cows, and a little poultry, were the whole of his riches; he had no other society but that of his wife and five children, a servant maid, and a herdsman, with whom it is necessary we should become better acquainted.

The maid's name was Jacqueline. She had been bred in the house of Anselmo, and had acquired the manner, and sedentary habits of the family; she had never been above half a league from the house. Of all the edifices which cover the earth, she knew none but the cottage of Anselmo, and the Abbey of Bobec; and never did St. Peter's at Rome, or the Colonnade of the Louvre, excite greater admiration, than the little church of Bobec gave Jacqueline.

She had heard speak of Forges, but hearing that it was four leagues off, she never could be tempted to undertake so long a journey. Jacqueline, as you may imagine, could not read; she had never seen a book in her life, except at church. Her talents were confined to the milking of cows, the making of cheese, and aiding her mistress in household duties. Her mind was not capable of any extensive knowledge; she had precisely that degree of intelligence, necessary to tolerably fulfil the duties of her condition; and if Heaven had not sent her rulers as patient as they were humane, she would more than once have been liable to lose her place.

She committed no voluntary faults, however; it was want of memory and reflection only; for her intentions were so upright, and her heart so good, that Anselmo and his wife never could resolve to scold her.

The herdsman, Michael, who kept the cows, was still less active and less intelligent than Jacqueline; but, in the eyes of the indulgent Anselmo, the weakness of his constitution excused his indolence and incapacity; besides, Michael was naturally gentle and peaceable, honest, and so patient, that it was not possible to make him angry.

There was so much conformity between Michael and Jacqueline, that it would have been a miracle, being, as they were, always together, had they not formed an attachment to each other. Sympathy declared itself, and the two lovers asked permission to marry, which was easily granted. Michael wedded Jacqueline, and, in three years time, was the father of three children, who were all brought up with the children of Anselmo.

About this time, Jacqueline, patient as she was, underwent great trouble. The wife of Anselmo died, neither did the good man survive her above two years; by which accident,

accident, Michael and Jacquelina lost the best of masters, and the sole support they had upon earth. The relations, who were left guardians of the children, came to occupy the little heritage, and had the cruelty to turn away Michael and Jacquelina.

They were obliged to quit the cherished cottage which they regarded as their paternal mansion, and to tear themselves from the arms of the virtuous Anselmo's children, who, for the last two years, had called Jacquelina by the kind name of mother. The poor woman wept over them, and left them in despair, followed by four of her own children, and the mournful Michael, who carried under his arm a large bundle of coarse cloathing, which contained all the riches of this unfortunate family.

It was happy for them, that in this dreadful situation, they felt none of those distracting inquietudes which forethought and fancy give; their sorrows were only the sorrows of a moment; the future was to them hid by a veil so thick, they even could not form an image of the morrow. They had dined well before they left their old habitation, and were not much disturbed about where they should sup; all their conversation was regret for the death of Anselmo, and tenderness for the children they had been obliged to abandon.

Conversing simply thus, they followed wherever chance pleased to lead, till they had lost themselves in the forest.— Jacquelina was six months gone with child, and being fatigued, rested herself at the foot of a tree. Her husband sat himself down by her side, and the four children rested themselves around.

It was in the month of July, and, as day began to decline, one of the children said he was hungry, and all the rest immediately asked for bread. Michael had some provisions in his wallet, which he partook with his wife and children. After supper, they determined to pass the night in the wood; and at break of day they found a beaten path, which brought them into a kind of wilderness, on the outside of the forest. This wild place was full of bloom, and they found a stream of pure water, which ran from a rock covered with moss, the sight of which gave Jacquelina great joy. Still to increase their happiness, along the
skirts

skirts of the forest, they found plenty of nuts, bilberries, and wild raspberries, with an infinity of strawberries.

Jacqueline was quite enchanted at this garden of nature: Oh, Michael! cried she, let us always live here; for look you, there is water, and here are fruits, and that will be sufficient for us; let us make a hut of the branches of trees, to keep out the rain.

It just then occurred to the mind of Jacqueline, that they must first have leave to lop the trees, and the reflection made her sorrowful. At this moment she perceived a young peasant, at some distance, gathering strawberries; to him she went, and asked him if he knew to whom the place where they were belonged?

Yes, to the Abbey of Bobec, replied the peasant, Are we far from the Abbey?

Three quarters of a league; I am going there presently with the strawberries I have gathered.

Jacqueline then went and advised with her husband; and Michael, having received her instructions, departed with the young Peasant to the Abbey of Bobec, leaving Jacqueline with his children at the entrance of the forest, and promised to return as soon as possible.

Arrived at the Abbey, Michael obtained a moment's audience of the Abbot, to whom he related his situation. He ended by asking work, or at least permission to establish himself in the place where he had left his family.

What can you do? said the Abbot.

Keep cows.

We have no need of herdsmen; besides, you do not belong to our district.

But I have no means of a livelihood, and that is all the same.

Alas! we cannot relieve all the poor.

I am not poor—I ask no alms—our hearts are willing, and we know how to work.

You can do nothing; besides, I tell you, the inhabitants of our own district must have the preference.

But I am very weak and sickly, I assure you, and so you ought to take me into your service.

What, because you are incapable of working.

Yes, to be sure; it was for that reason that my dead master Anselmo took me into his service, and would never

turn

turn me away; but if you do not like sickly people, at least, Mr. Abbot, give us leave to build a little hut, with boughs, upon the heath.

How will you live there?

With wild fruits and roots; there are water-creffes, strawberries, nuts, water. Truly it is a paradise.

What will you do in winter?

Winter!—We never thought of winter; but winter will not be here so soon; this is only July.

Hark'ee, good man, since you are so very desirous of it, I permit you to build your hut; and moreover, I authorize you to come every other day to the Abbey, for a supply of bread and potatoes for you and your family.

I have a wallet.

Go, that is all I can do for you.

Oh! that is more than I asked——Jacquelina will be so happy.

Michael hastily departed, and was already at some distance, when they called him back, by order of the Abbot, to give him brown bread and potatoes roasted in the ashes. Michael, who was truly honest, refused at first to receive them. The Abbot told me, said he, I was only to come every other day, so I will come for them the day after the morrow.

In spite of his resistance, however, they filled his pockets and hands with the provisions destined for two days, and he departed, highly satisfied with the success of his journey. He returned to Jacquelina, came up to her with triumphant air and answered all her questions.

Jacquelina, though quite happy at the recital, scolded him a little, notwithstanding, for not having bought an axe, in the village of Bobec, to cut down the branches; for, said she, here we have nine shillings and ten-pence, (it was the fruit of ten years savings) and what are we to do with all that money?

That is true, replied Michael, but one cannot think of every thing; we had forgot, you know, that winter would come.

Oh, now you mention winter, you must keep the money to buy sheeps skins, that we may lie comfortably.

Ay, so I will; we will have every thing comfortable I warrant, since we are to live here.

Come,

Come, let us go to work, we can cut the small branches with our knives.

Jacquelina went towards the wood, her husband followed, and they worked till night. The husband and the wife were neither of them robust or active, for which reason they were a fortnight in constructing their hut; which was tolerably solid it is true, but which had one inconvenience unperceived by them, till their work was almost finished. They had forgot; for, as Michael said, they could not think of every thing, that they were to live in the hut, and that consequently it was necessary it should be as high as themselves. It is easier to work within your reach, than to clamber and raise your arms above your head, and they did what would give them the least trouble.

Jacquelina and Michael could lean upon their hut as you would lean upon a balcony.

Jacquelina was the first who remarked this defect of construction, and though the building was far advanced, had so much fortitude as to be tempted to begin the work again, had not Michael persuaded her to the contrary; for, said he, people do not want a house, except to rest in, and we can either sit or lie down in ours.

Jacquelina had nothing to answer to this reasoning, and notwithstanding it's erroneous dimensions, the hut was finished.

The day on which they dined in it, for the first time, was a holiday; Michael had been, in the morning to the Abbey, whence he had brought potatoes and fresh bread, and likewise a pint of milk and some eggs, which he had purchased in the village. The joy of the children was excessive at the sight of this delicious feast, and their gaiety excited that of Michael and Jacquelina, so that nothing was wanting to the happiness of the banquet, for the guests had good appetites and good humour; and when night came, sound sleep and tranquillity came also. After having passed above twenty nights exposed to the injuries of the open air, they found an inexpressible satisfaction in lying down beneath a thick foilage, and on fresh straw; in the morning they awaked in the most perfect health.

There is nothing so comfortable, said Michael, as to have every thing at one's ease. They may well say, that
use

use makes all things easy; yet I did not once sleep so well upon the ground, and with the skies for a covering.

Nor I neither, replied Jacquelina; I always thought of the warm stable, where we lay when our good dear master was alive.

Our hut though is quite as good as the stable, Jacquelina.

Oh, certainly, and now we have a house, we ought always to be happy at home, as our good master used to say.

Michael, the evening before, had bought a platter, five wooden spoons, several warm sheep's skins, and some flax for Jacquelina, who had a distaff, and could spin tolerably; and there it was, that he had expended his nine shillings and ten-pence. Michael, on his part, found means of employing himself; he caught birds with birdlime, which he carried to the Abbey; and in a month's time he went to sell his wife's work, which did not come to much; for Jacquelina was neither active nor industrious.

The summer glided away, and in the month of September Jacquelina was happily delivered of a little daughter. Winter at last arrived, and notwithstanding their sheep's skins, their hut did not seem half so agreeable; nor could they find either raspberries, bilberries, or other wild fruits.

Michael and Jacquelina, however, suffered much less from the cold than might be supposed; they had never in their lives slept in a close chamber, or where there was a fire; the stable, which they remembered with so much affection, was open in the roof in several places, and had various fractures in its sides, large enough to put the hand through, so that Jacquelina and her husband found no great difference, even during the rigours of winter, between their hut and the stable they regretted; and in summer their hut, being situated on a heathy soil, and sheltered by a forest, in which grew multitudes of herbs, flowers, and fruits, was much more agreeable than a gloomy damp stable, built in a yard, surrounded by dung, and in which was a great pond of green stagnant water.

Towards the end of winter Michael, who, for the last two months, could hardly walk as far as the Abbey, at last found it impossible to go thither and receive their subsistence,

ence. Jacquelina therefore went in his stead, and poor Michael was obliged to stay in his hut, gloomily extended on dry leaves. He did not suffer any great pain; and his natural piety and tranquillity, preserved him from lassitude and impatience: He prayed to God all the day, and Jacquelina spun and told her beads by his side: His children continually came to carefs him, so that he could not absolutely be called miserable! and a year past away in this manner.

Michael and Jacquelina had lived two years in their hut, when one day (it was in the month of July) Jacquelina, who had been gathering fruits round the forest, came running, quite out of breath.—Oh, Michael, cried she, you cannot think what a fine thing I have just seen!

Ay, what?

Oh, dear, a coach without a top; it is made for all the world like a cart; but then it is all yellow, and shines so—besides it is drawn by six horses all over silver—and there are such fine ladies in the coach, and such fine gentlemen behind, with coats as red as our Billy's cheeks. And—

Jacquelina heard the noise of the landau which she had described; her heart beat with joy, she ran from her hut, and all her little ones followed her. The landau was not thirty paces from her; in it, superior to all the rest, was one angelic lady, who, looking at her and her children with gentle smiles, ordered the coachman to stop.

Jacquelina, surprized and astonished, durst not advance, whilst the young and beauteous stranger, followed by four ladies, who alighted with her from the carriage, approached.—Are these five children all your's? said she.

Yes, my lady.

Poor little creatures! Why, they are almost naked.

Oh, the three youngest have jackets, but we keep them against winter.

And do you live all the day in this hut?

Yes, my lady, and all night too.

What, have you no other dwelling?

No, my lady, we have not had for these two years past. We live very well in the summer; but, to be sure, it is a little cold in the winter; especially since my husband has been ill.

Your

Your husband ill ! and lying in that hut !

Yes, my lady.

Merciful Providence !—How happy am I we have lost our way, and that chance has conducted us hither.

The angelic stranger went towards the hut, and with her attendants endeavoured to enter ; but their high heeled shoes, and their hats and feathers, obliged them to stoop so much, that the stranger, unable to support the pain of such an attitude, kneeled down in the hut.

Good God ! said she, turning her tearful eyes on Michael, and have you had no other asylum than this for two years ? Could you find no relief at Forges ?

Forges is so far off my lady !

It is but three leagues.

My husband has been sickly this year and a half, and I could not leave him to take so long a journey ; besides we have wanted for nothing, they have always given us bread and potatoes at the Abbey.

The stranger took out her purse :—Take these, said she, to Jacquelina. I will send for you this evening ; but since you love this place so much, I promise you, you shall return again. I only desire you to pass some time at Forges, for your husband wants the assistance of a physician.

While the stranger was speaking, Jacquelina was considering the pieces of gold the stranger had given her.—Since you are so very good, my lady, said she, I must make bold to tell you, that these pieces you have given me will do us no good ; they do not know what they are in this country.

What, have you never seen gold ?

Oh, yes, my lady, to be sure I have seen the gilding in the church at Bobec ; but as for golden money I never heard speak of any such thing, and I am sure nobody will take it.

The stranger, struck by an excess of poverty, of which she had never before had an idea, could not retain her tears—She prevailed, however, on Jacquelina to keep the gold she had received ; but, for her better satisfaction, she gave her some crown pieces, which were received with gratitude and joy. After which, she and her attend-

ants left the hut, remounted their carriage, and returned to Forges, leaving Michael and Jacqueline astonished and transported.

They talked of nothing but the beautiful lady; and their conversation was still on the same subject, when the messengers arrived to take them to Forges. Four men carefully placed Michael on a kind of bier, on which he was carried, lying on a mattress. Jacqueline and her children were seated in a covered cart, and our little troop arrived at Forges about nine o'clock in the evening.

They were conducted to a house, where they found clean linen and good beds. As soon as Michael was put to bed, Jacqueline ran to interrogate her hostess, and in less than half an hour returned. Oh, Michael, said she, thou wilt be so surprised! That beautiful lady—Dost thou know what a Princess is?

No, truly.

Well, that fine lady is a Princess!—And moreover she is called a Duchess—and besides all which, she has another name still; but that I have forgot; however, what is most of all, she is—Ay, she is a relation to the King.

How can that be? She has no pride!

No more she has, as thou sayest.

How can a relation of the King's have such mildness in her looks, and such gentleness in her words?

Thou wilt never guess what she is come to Forges for. It is to drink of a certain water here that makes women have children; for my share, I have no opinion about any such water; but I will say my prayers once a day the oftener for her, that God may give this dear good lady as many children as her heart could wish, that so she may be happy.

Their conversation was interrupted by the hostess, who brought them an excellent supper. Michael and his wife had before time drank bad cyder, but never any sort of wine, and, for the first time in their lives, they tasted it to the health of their benefactors. After which Jacqueline went to bed, thanking God, and pouring forth a thousand blessings on her young and virtuous Protectress.

On

On the morrow Jacquelina was awakened by a woman, who came to tell her, the Princess had ordered her to take measure of her and her children, and make shifts and cloaths for all the family. Accordingly, some days after, Jacquelina received all kinds of necessaries—shoes, stockings, caps, nothing was forgotten.

Jacquelina's joy was so much the greater, for that her husband's health was presently re-established. The assiduous cares of the physician, a healthy lodging, and good food, soon produced a surprising alteration, and in three weeks time he was able to rise and walk about his chamber.

At this epocha, Jacquelina had an interview with her benefactress, who presented her with a bunch of keys.—There, said she, are the keys of your house, your closets, and your cupboards; return home, my good Jacquelina, and to-morrow morning I will come and breakfast with you. Jacquelina, astonished at what she heard, fluttered a few words, and received the keys with a stupid air, thinking it impossible that she could have a house with cupboards and closets, or that a relation of the King's could come to breakfast with her.

The same day Michael, his wife, and children were reconducted to the wilderness, where they had been originally found; but what was their amazement when they saw, instead of their former rude hut, a well built little house, situated in the midst of a large garden. The children ran and danced for joy, and Michael and Jacquelina kissed and wept over them.—Oh, my God, said Jacquelina, clasping her hands, what have we done to deserve all this happiness?

They entered their habitation, and found it composed of two good rooms, with a pile of wood at the end, and a little kitchen, well furnished with household utensils; there was a chimney in the bed-chamber, and for furniture they had two good beds with strong curtains, two wooden tables, four rush-bottomed chairs, two armed chairs, and a large press.

Jacquelina took her bunch of keys, opened her press, and there found two complete suits of cloaths for her husband, and the same for herself and children; there were

shifts, stockings, bonnets, and, moreover, sheets and towels, and a large quantity of flax to spin.

As soon as she had taken an inventory of her press, Jacqueline was brought into her garden, already well supplied with vegetables, and afterwards shewn a hen-roost, where were a score of fowls. At last her conductor opened the door of an out-house, in which were two milch cows, and informed her she was the owner of a small meadow, about a quarter of a mile from the house. Jacqueline thought herself in a dream. What, said she to her husband, are we richer than our dear good master Anselmo was? Why, his cottage was but a stable, when compared to this. Our garden two is twice as large. Oh, Michael, we must never forget our hut, especially in the winter, when with our children we shall sit round our fire; for we ought always to thank God as sincerely as we do at present.

While she spoke thus, tears of joy dropt from the eyes of Jacqueline; Michael also wept, and both kissed their children, who received their caresses with a pleasure they had never felt before, though they had been always tenderly beloved.

Jacqueline could not close her eyes all night; she had a lamp upon the chimney-piece, and she passed the hours in contemplating, with admiration, her chamber and her goods, and praying God to bless her illustrious benefactors. At break of day she rose, and so did Michael, and the happy couple again went to visit their kitchen, their garden, their hen-roost, and their cow-house. They afterwards dressed their children, put on their best cloaths, and prepared breakfast; the table was spread with a napkin quite new, and furnished with two large pans of cream, brown bread, fresh butter, and a basket of nuts just gathered, after which they waited for their dear good lady, with equal anxiety and impatience.

At eleven o'clock their eldest son, who stood sentinel at the wood-side, quitted his post, and came running to announce the first sight of the landau. Michael and Jacqueline, with beating hearts, each took a child by the hand, and Michael, who was yet far from being strong, was sorry that he could not run faster. The children soon outstript them, and ran tumultuously towards the carriage, while

while their father and mother in vain called to them to keep back.

Scarce had Jacquelina and Michael got out of their yard-gate, before the young Princess had alighted. They threw themselves at her feet, bathed in tears; and Jacquelina, pointing to her husband, with a faltering voice, said, Look, my dearest lady, look, he is quite well—He can run. Here too are our children, they will not complain of cold, and here is our house, where we shall be as happy in winter as in the summer. This is all your doing, and a righteous God only can reward you. As for us, alas! we do not know how to thank you.

A deluge of tears interrupted her speech, while the charming and virtuous Princess wept in company, raised Jacquelina, took hold of her arm, and entered the house. You may well suppose the breakfast was thought excellent; that they walked afterwards in the garden, and that Michael and Jacquelina pointed out all their acquisitions and all their wealth.

The Princess departed at one o'clock, and soon arrived at Forges; where she learnt with pleasure and emotion, that there is no condition, no class, in which the same generous and sublime sentiments may not be found, as those by which she was so nobly distinguished. The masons, who had built the house in the wilderness, affected by an action which thus made a whole family happy, was desirous, as much as in them lay, of participating—they worked day and night at the building, and as soon as it was finished, unanimously refused to accept the money offered in payment. It was impossible to make them receive the least recompense; and there was no other way of rewarding them, but by immediately employing them, about other jobs, for which they were paid double the sum they asked.



THE
HERMIT
OF THE
WILDERNESS.

(FROM THE RAMBLER.)

“ The chearful sage, when solemn dictates fail,
“ Conceals the moral counsel in a tale.”

OBADIAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey thro’ the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest ; he was animated with hope ; he was incited by desire ; he walked swiftly over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices ; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills ; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring.— All his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength ; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path.

He

saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation—he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not however forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obadiah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground.—This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a

sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills,

Work'd into sudden rage by wintry show'rs,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise,

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission.—The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obadiah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me, said the hermit, by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obadiah then related the occurrences

currences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

“ Son, said the hermit, let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy heart.— Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow and repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sin-

cere endeavours never unassisted, that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors, and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

THE
HISTORY
OF
LADY CHARLOTTE R—.

(FROM VICTORIA.)

LADY CHARLOTTE was the only daughter of the Duke of R—. Her mother died while she was but an infant, and before she reached her fifteenth year, the Duke her father was married again, to a woman of very small fortune. Lady Charlotte inherited a large fortune from her mother, and was in daily expectation of as much more from her grand-father. She was lovely, and amiable, therefore, at a very early period, was surrounded by admirers. The Duchess was young and handsome, and could not look on the growing charms of her step-

step-daughter without some sparks of envy; she also looked upon her as a bar to the advancement of a favourite sister, whom she had introduced into the family, to be company for Charlotte. She therefore wisely thought that the sooner Charlotte was married, the sooner she might be able to provide for Angelina. Among the many admirers who surrounded Lady Charlotte, was Lord Brumton. He was rather agreeable in his person than otherwise, but morose in his disposition, and had a meanness of soul, which was the direct opposite to the noble frankness of the woman he sought for a wife. However, he pleaded his cause so well to the Duchess, and she had so an entire ascendant over the Duke, that he consented Brumton should be the husband of Lady Charlotte. This amiable girl had always made her parents will the law by which she guided all her actions, and as her heart was unbiassed in favour of any other person, she received her father's commands with cheerfulness, and looked upon Lord Brumton as the man with whom she was destined to pass her life. Affairs were in this tranquil situation, when Lord Charles Layton arrived in London from his studies. Lord Charles was the counterpart of Lady Charlotte; he had known her before he went to Leydon, and thought her the loveliest girl he had ever seen. He had often thought on her during his absence, and the blooming charms of her person were not more deeply impressed on his memory, than the sensibility and goodness of her heart. He had often, when a boy, and walking or playing with Charlotte, seen a tear glisten in her eye, at the sight of an insect in distress, and to hear of a bird deprived of its young, would make it drop upon her blooming cheeks, like a dew drop on an opening rose, adding sweetness to beauty: But Charles was the youngest son of a numerous family, his fortune was small, and he was designed for the army. It cannot be wondered at, that if he before admired Lady Charlotte, he now adored her. She had never forgot Charles, but she had only indulged the remembrance of their childish affection, without the least idea of a more tender attachment.

As

As he was a frequent visitor at the Duke's, he had many opportunities to see the expanded beauties of her mind and person, and it was with the deepest concern that he saw the preparations making for her marriage with Lord Brumton. It was not in his power to form a resolution, or if he had, to have kept it, to avoid seeing her. He was always near her, yet he seldom spoke, and when he did, it was on some subject which might give the charming woman an opportunity to expatiate, while he would listen with attentive pleasure to the delightful sentiments that fell from her lips.

One day Lady Charlotte entering the drawing room with the step of a fairy, surprized Lord Charles in a pensive musing posture—How now, Charles, said she, what are you thinking of, that you could not hear me come in?—I was thinking Lady Charlotte, upon a woman whom I adore, who neither knows the effect of her own charms, nor pities the tortures of my heart.—What, I suppose you are the very humble slave of Angelina! Well, man, do not despair; I will speak a word or two in your favour.—Speak it then to your own gentle heart, my angel; it is you I am a slave to, it is you alone have power to ease my tortures.—My Lord, said she, I thought you knew of my approaching union with Lord Brumton, and supposed that might have prevented my hearing such a declaration; but give me leave to tell you, Sir, I think, after a woman has once promised to give her hand to a man, she injures him as highly by listening to a declaration of love from another, as she would do by the same circumstance after the ceremony is past.

She instantly left the room, and retired to her chamber to give vent to her tears, for though she had dismissed Lord Charles so abruptly, in her heart she loved him, and would have preferred a cottage with him to a palace with Brumton. But she knew that nothing could so highly disoblige her father as an avowal of her partiality, and that he seemed to promise himself a deal of happiness to result from her union with the man he had chosen for her.

Her chearful compliance with his desire had increased his affection and indulgence, and as she saw that his second

cond marriage had not brought him any great share of felicity, she very wisely thought that to increase that little by her filial duty, was the surest method to attain felicity herself.

Having therefore given way a few moments to the feelings of her heart, she recalled her wavering resolution, determined to act right, and left it to Him who knew what was best, whether she should be happy or no. In the mean time Lord Charles, thunderstruck by her words, went home, and sat down to write to his angry Charlotte. He wrote, he tore the letter, then wrote again, walked several times hastily across the room, cursed his ill stars that had prompted him to make a declaration which had lost him the friendship of a woman so truly deserving. At length he wrote the following letter :



MADAM,

IF it is a crime to love you, I have been guilty ever since I first knew you, but the fault is involuntary. I cannot behold you with indifference, nor can I see, without unutterable anguish, you whom my soul doats on, on the brink of being united to a man who has not one virtue to render him worthy such a blessing. Pardon me, dear Lady Charlotte, if I say Lord Brumton is a mean, avaricious man, an ungenerous insensible wretch ; nor do I believe he is the man of your own choice ; your father is entirely swayed by his wife—it is she has fixed on Lord Brumton, that you might be out of her way, nor obstruct the ambitious views she has formed for settling her sister Angelina. Why are you to be the sacrifice to her ? Does nature enforce your obedience ? No!—then why, Lady Charlotte, why not exert a little of your own prerogative, and choose for yourself ? Yet perhaps even then that choice would not fall on the unhappy Charles. But if indeed you cannot love me—if I must see you married to the hated Brumton, do not refuse me the satisfaction of sometimes seeing and conversing with you : Do not refuse me your
3
smiles,

smiles, Charlotte. If from your own hand I am informed that your approaching nuptials are thought on with pleasure; if it is voluntary, and in expectation of happiness that you give your hand to Brumton, then will I cease to complain, for so pure is my affection, that if I see you happy, I shall be content, and through life will remain your sincere friend,

CHARLES LAYTON."

Lady Charlotte was greatly moved by this letter, but remained unalterable in her resolution of following the dictates of duty, rather than inclination. She therefore repulsed the softness which she found in her heart, and answered it in the following terms:

MY LORD,

I am indeed greatly offended, both by your behaviour and letter. You know I am not at liberty to hear, much less to be pleased, with your passionate avowal of love. I shall soon make it appear past all doubt that Lord Brumton is the man of my own choice, and in an union with him I hope to pass many, many years of uninterrupted happiness. Give me leave to tell you, my Lord, that the part of your letter relating to my mother and Angelina, must be apologized for before it can be forgiven. Her Grace, Sir, is the wife of my father; as such I revere her, and had she a multitude of faults, I should be the last person to see them, or bear to hear her spoken of with disrespect. But, Sir, my father chose her, loves her, esteems her, and who shall dare to intimate that my father would love and esteem a woman who did not act and think in all things rightly.—Angelina is an amiable girl, and whenever I see a suitable match offer for her, it shall not be want of fortune that prevents her immediate advancement. You ask for my friendship—On one condition I grant it; never mention your passion again; forget, as I shall, that these letters have

have passed between us, and ever behave to, and speak of my Lord Brumton with respect : He has virtues, Layton, so have you : His are encrusted in rusticity ; your's overshadowed with boisterous passions. The crust of rusticity may in time wear off, but the turbulence of passion, if not timely curbed by reason, will corrupt even thy virtues, and bring thee acquainted with nothing but vice. Profit by this hint, Layton, and by so doing make a friend of

CHARLOTTE R——.

In a few weeks after this, Lady Charlotte gave her hand to Lord Brumton, and by her sweetness and good-nature soon planted the virtues that flourished in her own breast, in his.

Layton finding all his hopes now gone, paid his addresses to Angelina, and the generous Charlotte gave her ten thousand pounds on her wedding day. She lived beloved by all, the blessing of her father, and the idol of her husband ; wherever she went peace and smiling plenty followed in her train ; she had a lovely band of blooming children, and whatever she undertook was sure to prosper.

And she has often said, that there was no pleasure on this side eternity to equal what she felt, when kneeling by her father's bed-side a few hours before his death. She heard him pronounce the following prayer :

“ O gracious Father, bless with the choicest of thy blessings my dear Charlotte, in proportion to her love and duty to me ; may her children smooth the down-hill of her life, as she has done mine.”

O ! what happiness, said she, how charming it was that my transported soul could answer to this prayer, Amen.

Lady Charlotte was not a woman who thought the exercising one virtue sufficient ; she was the friend of the distressed, the redresser of the injured ; she assisted the honest industrious, she encouraged the returning penitent :

No. 8.

A a

Indeed,

Indeed, I cannot give you a just idea of the excellencies of her character, except by saying, that Lady Charlotte was, in every respect, what the Duchess of D—— now is.

After a long and happy life, a gentle decline without pain, freed her from the clog of mortality. I was with her a few hours before she died, and heard her address a few words to her daughters, which I could wish were deeply engraven in the hearts of all my fair countrywomen.

“ My dear girls, said she, I believe my span of life is nearly completed. I may be permitted to stay with you a few days longer, but that is the utmost you may expect. I am anxious for your happiness, and believe me, my children, the only way for you to attain that inestimable blessing, is to endeavour as much as possible to promote the happiness of others; never turn a deaf ear to the complaints of the unfortunate, nor ever behave to a fellow-creature in a manner, which upon reflection you think would be disagreeable to yourself in that situation, but above all, love, revere, and obey your father; for tho’ the thought of having relieved indigent merit, or cleared the fame of injured innocence, is pleasing to the mind, it is nothing when compared to the blessing of a parent. It is that, my beloved girls, that is a comforter and cordial to my drooping spirits, and cheers my soul even in the gloomy hour of death.

POETRY.

A

BALLAD.

(FROM THE CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.)

LONG upon the right had roll'd
The thunder of the evening gun,
And the pickets long had form'd,
Guided by the setting sun.

Midnight veil'd the silent plain,
Dimly was the white camp seen;
Whose but Fanny's printless foot
Lightly treads the dusky green?

Near the wakeful quarter guard
Many a hollow step resounds;
Brisk the sentry's challenge flies,
Answer'd by the wary rounds.

Silent as they pass along,
And their footsteps die away;
Lo! a shadowy form is seen,
Faintly through the twilight grey.

A a 2

Henry's

Henry's rattling arms are heard,
 For the watch word as he calls—
 "Sentry! ah, forbear to fire,
 "Or thy comrade's Fanny falls!"

"And is it thou?" fond Henry cries;
 "Friend advance, devoid of fear,
 "And the counterfign disclose,
 "Breathe it gently in my ear."

"'Tis love!" replied the blushing maid,
 As upon his neck she hung;
 "To-morrow when the line is form'd—"
 Swelling sorrow check'd her tongue.

Every tender tear she sheds
 Fills his manly heart with grief,
 When the corporal's voice is heard,
 "Turn out, turn out the relief."

Rising from the rustling straw,
 Up the sturdy soldier springs,
 Joying in his idler fate
 Where the drum boy fits and sings.

"Prithee, corp'ral, at my prayer,
 "Guard my Fanny to the lines;
 "Yonder, at her father's hut,
 "See a watch-light dimly shines."

"What! is this Old Soaker's girl?
 "Come with me, love, never fear,
 "I will place you near his post.
 "He is sergeant of the rear."

She at Henry cast a glance,
 Mingling soft reproach with sorrow;
 "Cruel! thus to force me hence!
 "And the line to move to-morrow."

Scarcely had the morning grey
Deck'd the misty mountain's side,
Hastily along the front,
When we saw the general ride.

Soon the pickets all came in,
Not a drum was heard to sound;
But the columns duly form'd,
March'd in silence from their ground.

By the turning of a wood,
From a bold commanding height,
Soon a strong and steady fire
Open'd fiercely on our right.

Pass the word to form the line,
For the General now discerns
Squadrons wheeling upon our left;
"Forward!"—How the battle burns!

Long and bloody is the fight,
Ere the foe begins to yield;
But the gay meridian sun
Sees us masters of the field.

'Midst her Henry's comrades now
See the trembling Fanny flies;
For her lover's well-known form,
Darting her enquiring eyes.

"Where shall I my Henry find?
"Prithee, gentle soldier, tell
"Where—Ah! fie upon these tears!
"Where he is—or where he fell!"

"I lovely girl, I have not seen
"Henry since a heavy fire,
"By unequal numbers pour'd,
"Made our gallant corps retire."

"There

" There our Captain too was lost."
Tears bedew'd the soldier's eyes ;
Fanny, heaving one sad sigh,
Breathless now before him lies.

One who mark'd her fading form,
Sink beneath her fond alarms ;
Rush'd impetuous to her aid,
And received her in his arms.

" Henry here !" the soldier cries,
At the magic of that name ;
The vigour which had almost left
Revivified her tender frame.

" Henry," cries a serjeant near,
" Here thy name in orders see."
" From this moment thou, my lad,
" Hast a right to roll with me."

" For thy Captain, who to none
" Doth in worth or valour yield ;
" Vaunts aloud they bold return,
" To bear him from the bloody field.

" And here his bounties but begin,
" So he wills me to declare."
" Oh ! be he for those bounties blest,
" Since this and all must Fanny share."

O D E.

“ I cannot but remember such things were,
“ And were most precious to me.”

SHAKESPEARE.

I.

SCENES of my youth ! ye once were dear,
Tho' sadly I your charms survey ;
I once was wont to linger here,
From early dawn to closing day.

Scenes of my youth ! pale sorrow flings
A shade o'er all your beauties now ;
And robs the moments of their wings,
That scatter'd pleasure as they flew.

While, still, to heighten every care,
Reflection tells me, such things were.

II.

'Twas here a tender mother strove
To keep my happiness in view ;
I smil'd beneath a parent's love,
That compassion ever knew.

In

In whom the virtues all combin'd;
 On whom I could with faith rely;
 To whom my heart and soul were join'd
 By mild Affection's primal tie!

Who smiles in Heav'n, exempt from care,
 Whilst I remember, such things were!

III.

'Twas here (where calm and tranquil rest
 O'er pays the peasant for his toil)
 That, first in blessing, I was blest
 With glowing Friendship's open smile.

My friend, far distant doom'd to roam,
 Now braves the fury of the seas:
 He fled his peaceful, happy home,
 His little fortune to increase.

While bleeds afresh the wound of care,
 When I remember, such things were!

IV.

'Twas here—ev'n in this blooming grove,
 I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
 Who, blushing, own'd a mutual love;
 And melted in my youthful arms.

Tho' hard the soul-conflicting strife,
 Yet Fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
 Ear from my sight, the charm of life,—
 The lovely maid whom I adore.

'Twould ease my soul of all its care,
 Could I forget, that such things were.

V.

Here first I saw the morn appear
 Of guileless Pleasure's shining day;
 I met the Dazzling Brightness here,
 Here mark'd the soft declining ray:

—Beheld

—Beheld the skies, whose streaming light
 Gave splendor to the parting Sun;
 Now lost in Sorrow's sable night!
 And all their mingled glories gone!

Till Death, in pity, end my care,
 I must remember, such things were.

INVOCATION TO THE WINDS.

YE vagrant winds, yon clouds that bear,
 Through the blue desert of the air,
 And wanton in the Summer sky;
 Ah! say—if e'er your breezes meet
 A wretch in misery so complete,
 So lost as I.

And yet, where'er your pinions wave
 From some lamented lover's grave,
 Surviving sorrows ceaseless rise;
 Some weeping maid, of Hope bereiv'n,
 Sends to inexorable Heav'n
 Her fruitless sighs.

Blow where you list on this sad earth,
 Some soul-corroding Care has birth,
 And sounds of grief increase the gale;
 Here languid sick Despondence: there
 The frantic cry of wild Despair
 And Anguish pale.

Yet, were he dead whom I deplore,
 Though never to behold him more
 Must dreadful agonies impart;
 I were comparatively blest,
 For then, in Death I had possess'd
 Hilario's heart.

The mournful task had then been mine,
 With trembling hands to dress the shrine,
 Where Friendship bade his ashes sleep;
 There Love, that wish'd not to forget,
 With pensive, soothing, fond regret,
 Had wak'd, to weep!

But he still lives, though never more
 Shall my assiduous love explore
 What his expressive eyes would tell,
 Ah! never more shall I be press'd
 In ardent transport to his breast,
 For guessing well!

No more my throbbing heart rejoice,
 As when that dear deluding voice
 Bade ev'ry pulse responsive move;
 While each seducing sentence came,
 To prove how poor were Friends and Fame
 Compar'd to Love!

Deserted now, forgotten, lost,
 In vain along the rocky coast
 I watch the broad unbounded Sea;
 In Noon's bright ray, or evening's beams,
 No promis'd signal gaily streams.
 Of joy to me!

But go, inhuman wand'rer, go,
 Nor heed the deep and curless woe

That

That soon shall stop this lab'ring breath;
 Nor heed that thus away is thrown
 A heart, that bleeds for you alone,
 And bleeds to death!

And you! ye winds! if chance ye bear,
 Through the blue desert of the air,
 To him one last reminding sigh;
 Ah! say—that heart, so truly his,
 Disdains to taste of other bliss,
 But learns—since he is lost—to die!



THE

EXILE;

AN

ELEGY.

WHERE, 'midst the ruins of a fallen state,
 The once fam'd Tiber rolls his scanty wave,
 Where half a column now derides the great,
 Where half a statue yet records the brave:

With trembling steps an Exile wander'd near,
 In Scottish weeds his shrivall'd limbs array'd;
 His furrow'd cheek was cross'd with many a tear,
 And frequent sighs his wounded soul betray'd.

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O! wretch! he cried, that, like some troubl'd ghost,
And doom'd to wander round this world of woe,
While memory speaks of joy for ever lost,
Of peace, of comfort, thou hast ceas'd to know!

These are the scenes, with fancied charms endow'd,
Where happier Britons, casting pearls away,
The fools of sound, of empty trifles proud,
Far from the land of bliss and freedom stray,

Would that, for yonder dome, these eyes could see,
The wither'd oak, that crowns my native hill,
These urns let ruin waste, but give to me
The tuft that trembles o'er its lonely rill.

O, sacred haunts! and is the hillock green,
That saw our infant sports beguile the day?
Still are our feats of fairy fashion seen?
Or is my little throne of moss away?

Had but Ambition, in this tortur'd breast,
Ne'er fought to rule beyond the humble plain,
Where mild Dependence holds the vassal blest,
Where Faith and Friendship fix the chieftain's reign.

Thus had I liv'd the life my fathers led,
Their name, their family, had not ceas'd to be,
And thou, Monimia! on thy earthy bed?
My name, my family, what were these to thee.

Three little moons had seen our growing love,
Since first Monimia join'd her hand to mine,
Three little moons had seen us blest above,
All that enthusiast hope could e'er divine.

Urg'd by the brave, by fancy'd glory warm'd,
In treason honest, if 'twas treason here,
For rights suppos'd, my native band I arm'd,
And joined the standard Charles had dar'd to rear.

Fated

Fated we fought, my gallant vassals fell,
But saved their master in the bloody strife;
Their coward master, who could live to tell,
He saw them fall, yet tamely suffer'd life.

Let me not think—but, ah! the thought will rise,
Still in my whirling brain its horrors dwell,
When pale and trembling, with uplifted eyes,
Monimia faintly breath'd—a last farewell.

- “ They come, she said, fly, fly these ruthless foes,
“ And save a life in which Monimia lives;
“ Believe me, Henry, light are all her woes,
“ Except what Henry's dreaded purpose gives.
“ And wouldst thou die, and leave me thus forlorn,
“ And blast a life the most inhuman spare?
“ Oh! live in pity to the babe unborn,
“ That stirs within me to assist my prayer!”

What could I do? contending passions strove,
And press'd my bosom with alternate weight,
Unyielding honour, soft persuasive love—
I fled and left her—left her to her fate!

Fast came the ruffian band; no melting charm,
That e'er to suffering beauty nature gave,
The ruthless rage of party can disarm;
Thy tears Monimia, wanted power to save.

She, and the remnant of her weeping train,
Whose faithful love still link'd them to her side,
Torn from their dwelling, trod the desert plain,
No hut to shelter, and no hand to guide.

Thick drove its snow before the wintry wind,
And midnight darkness wrapp'd the heath they past,
Save one sad gleam, that, blazing far behind,
The ancient mansion of my father's cast.

Calmly

190 THE POLITE REPOSITORY; OR,

Calmly she saw the mould'ring ruins glare ;

“ 'Tis past, all-righteous God ! 'tis past, she cry'd !

“ But for my Henry hear my latest prayer !”

Big was her bursting heart—she groan'd, and died !

Still, in my dreams, I see her form confess'd,

Sailing, in robes of light, the troubled sky !

And soon, she whispers, shall my Henry rest—

And dimly smiling, points my place to die !

I hear that voice—I see that pale hand wave ;

I come once more to view my native shore ;

Stretch'd on Monimia's long-neglected grave,

To clasp the sod, and feel my woes no more.

S O N G.

WHEN Mary's eyes look soft and sweet,
My bosom feels both joy and pain,

Our eyes we turn when e'er they meet,

And strait, in spite, they meet again.

But when she steals a look askance,

I see her eye with kindness glow ;

You'd give the world for such a glance,

But which you'll never, never know.

When in her eyes gay thoughts appear,

Mine share with her's in all their joys ;

And when bedew'd with Pity's tear,

My looks in kindness ask the cause.

But when their langour speaks too much,

And looks desponding, weak, and low,

The pangs, Lorenzo, then is such,

I hope you'll never, never known.

But

Within my eye her image dwells,
 And softly whispers to my heart,
 What modesty in silence tells,
 The love her tongue dares not impart.
 For looks so kind for such discourse,
 Believe I'd all your wealth forego,
 E'en you'd, Lorenzo, feel their force,
 And pant for bliss you'll never know.

H A P P I N E S S.

O THOU our first and chiefest care,
 The object of each wish and prayer,
 The end we all pursue;
 How shall I trace thy secret road?
 Where find thy ever blest abode?
 Reveal'd, alas! to few.
 Art thou (O tell me) to be found
 Amidst gay Pleasure's giddy round,
 That mirth and joy entwine?
 Or dost thou place the blissful seat
 In Solitude's belov'd retreat?
 Thou plant of seed Divine:
 Shall giddy Youth, or silver Age,
 Thy envy'd *Protheus Form* engage;
 Or subtle Science please?
 Or dost thou shun the learned stores
 Enraptur'd Knowledge still explores,
 For Indolence and Ease?
 Or dost thou rather fill thy throne
 In the contented mind alone?
 Which Truth and Humour guide.
 I see thee in thy beauties drest,
 In Virtue's lovely form confest,
 Associate by thy side.
 Then let me rest and here reveal
 Th' unerring dictate which I feel,
 And each alike may find;
 That Happiness to all is known,
 Who seek with humble heart the boon,
 To no one spot confin'd.

REVIEW OF NOVELS.

TRIUMPH OF CONSTANCY, 2 vols. *Walter.*

A VERY poor, insipid, trifling production, without design or moral. The language incorrect, and in many places inelegant.

TALES OF IMAGINATION, 2 vols. *Walter.*

THESE six tales are well conceived, and as well executed. They are equally instructive and amusing. We were particularly pleased with the story of the Swiss miser.

DELINEATIONS OF THE HEART, 3 vols.

IT is the delineations of a very vile heart, and for the honour of human nature, should not have been exposed to the eye of the public. The author promised that he would attempt to follow the steps of the facetious Fielding; but in our opinion he seems rather to have had the Zeluco of Dr. Moore in his eye—though we cannot discover that he has the smallest tract of the spirit and genius which inspired the pens of either of those agreeable writers.

THE
HISTORY
OF
GEORGE AND CHARLOTTE.

(FROM FITZROY.)

GEORGE FITZROY was, at an early age, deprived of the friend and guardian of his youth, and left to the care of an uncle, who, though possessed of property sufficient to shine in life with credit and respect, possessed those avaricious principles which add enormity to their crime—For, instead of exerting himself in protecting his brother's widow and children, he no sooner obtained possession of the effects, than he declared their circumstances embarrassed, and the property so involved, that the small annual income he allowed for the support of the widow and children was the result of his bounty, not the discharge of his trust.

At fourteen years George was entered in Trinity College. The volatility of his mind found little pleasure in the abstruse sciences, but the classics he cultivated with all the attention which their beauty demanded, and his proficiency was as his application.

He had made repeated applications to his uncle for some statement of his affairs. At first he was answered by promises, then rather more peevishly by complaints of

No. 9.

C c

want

want of time, or health, till at last the old gentleman told him he was very troublesome—that in his own time he would settle with him, and, in the intrim, that he had no business at his house.

Irritated at such conduct, as much as wearied with excuses, he one morning crossed the fields to Fitzroy castle, and abruptly entering the parlour where his uncle sat, in terms rather less submissive than ordinary, he desired to know explicitly when he was to expect an account. Mr. Fitzroy's reply was not more conciliating than the question, and in the course of an altercation, that gentleman declared that his brother might very well have expected the future distress of his family, as the certain consequence of his marrying a woman without a groat. George replied, "Sir, if my father had never had any connections but those of his own making, whatever might have been the case with respect to poverty, his children would have had much less reason to complain of dishonesty. As for my own part, I regret less my having a mother without a fortune, than an uncle without a character."

Rage for a moment deprived the uncle of the power of speech—his temper, never the most passive, kindled at the word, and, with a cane which lay near him, he darted a furious blow at his nephew's head. George received it partly on his arm, and no less irritated than his uncle, he darted the other hand to his face; where, seizing the most prominent feature in it, he conducted him by it to an arm chair, in which he pushed him down, bidding him sit there till he became a little cooler.

Mrs. Fitzroy, when she received this information, was much less chagrined than might have been expected. She judged this measure of her brother-in-law, to be intended (as it really was) only to force George Fitzroy from the country, that his importunity might no longer plague, nor his presence excite disagreeable ideas in the breast of his uncle.

It aided a favourite scheme of her's, which was to send George to England, to the Temple, in order to qualify him for admission to the Irish Bar; in which profession she promised herself every thing from the brilliancy of his talents. It was a study he did not seem much to approve of, and had
therefore

therefore (tho' he had assented to his mother's wish) never been very active in his preparation for going. Mrs. Fitzroy thought this incident would co-operate with her wishes, and hasten him on his journey: She therefore recommended it to him to step into the stage the next morning, giving him five guineas, which was all the money she had, and promising to remit more by the very first opportunity. She added her blessing—exhorted him to frugality, and diligence in his studies, and placed him in the stage in which he was safely carried to Dublin.

But a charm, more powerful than either friends or fellowship, gave a relish to his present situation. He had, when he left Dublin before, left there a young lady, who though he had only met with her casually at two or three different routs, where scarcely any one of the company know who another is, had left an indelible impression on his mind. Her beauty had caught his eye, her voice fascinated his ear, and the few words he had heard her utter, impressed his already smitten heart with an idea of accomplishments, which to witness in their full extent he must have been intimately acquainted with her. From that hour she had never been absent from his mind. The warmth of youth caught with avidity the hope of again seeing her—and his present visit to Dublin gave every moment fresh energy to the delusion. Day after day passed on; and from the changes that three years had made in the situation and residence of his acquaintance, he was unsuccessful in his endeavours to meet her. But every night, however distant his way might be, he passed the house in which she had lived, as a pilgrim would have visited the shrine of a saint, with a secret aspiration to the jewel it had once contained.

At last he heard that this lady, whose name was Charlotte Beauclerk, and whose father was a man of immense fortune had been privately married to an officer of the name of Winslow. That this marriage had been kept secret from her father till Major Winslow sailed for the East Indies, when he wrote to Mr Beauclerk, informing him of the match, and desiring that his daughter might take the name of Winslow; that the old gentleman was very much displeased with her—had quitted the kingdom with her,

and gone to Spa, which place he had left some time since, and was then on a tour that would be concluded in England, where it was supposed he intended finally to settle.

Miss Beauclerk was of that captivating order of females that wound the heart, before the understanding is aware of the blow, and subdue the understanding while the heart submits patiently to the chain. Her fine blue eyes conveyed that sweetness of sensibility—the soft, yet clear tone of her voice, announced that harmony of temper—the artless disposition of her hair that shaded one of the finest foreheads in the world, gave an emblem of that internal innocence—when she spoke, the retiring modesty of her manners proved that excellence of understanding, that the man who did not admire her must have been senseless.

Admirers she accordingly had in plenty. But one seemed, from the peculiar circumstances in his favour, to stand the best chance for success. This was a Baronet, Sir Edward Forest. His estate joined the principal estate of Mr. Beauclerk; and from its being very extensive, tho' of no very great value, as the lands were mostly let on long leases and very low rents; and the Baronet's being of a very old and noted family in the county, his friendship was deemed of the first consequence to any man that hoped to represent that county in Parliament. Sir Edward himself, attached to country diversions, and conscious of the imprudence which he must have been guilty of in offering himself a candidate, had never solicited that honourable expence. But Mr. Beauclerk, whose avarice yielded to nothing but his ambition, had twice sought it in vain. He caught with avidity at the proposed friendship of Sir Edward, and entertained the strongest hopes, that by a junction of interest, and his intended son-in-law's being enabled by his daughter's fortune to offer himself, one, if not both, might be elected; the two members for the county having been a little shaken in their popularity. Mr. Beauclerk's fancy grew more and more heated at every interview with the Baronet. His fancy ran on nothing but mobs, open houses, being carried in a chair, divisions, solicitations from great men, panegyric in newspapers, of one side of the question, and abuse from those of the other—addresses from grand juries and county meeting-

ings, &c. So strong a hold had this idea taken of him, that it began to display its effects in a manner very unusual to him. His house grew every day more and more accessible: His butler found his way more frequently to the cellar: His tenants were sometimes honoured with visits; their grievances enquired into; and sometimes relieved; and his preparations in general carried on with a vigour which he had never before possessed; because with a prospect of success which had never before been his.

Sir Edward became of course a constant and very welcome guest at his house. His opportunities of sitting with Miss Beauclerk were numerous; but he could never avail himself of them to make the impression he wished on the heart of the lady. He was very little calculated to impress the heart of any lady. He was the plain country gentleman, whose ideas were occupied only by the objects that surrounded him. He discoursed rationally enough on husbandry, on horses; and, over an additional bottle, could give a genealogical history of every family that lived within twenty miles of him.

His person bore not more recommendations than his conversation. He was near six feet high—uncommonly corpulent, red faced, and the whitening hue of his hair, which was combed down at the front and sides, and tied in a thin queue behind, indicated him to have passed fifty. He was that kind of man who, as a country gentleman, was respectable—as a lover by no means eligible. He liked Charlotte very much—he liked her father's estate more; nor could he conceive how any young woman could have a well-founded objection to a man of good family and easy temper, with a very pleasantly situated country seat, and who could give her the handsomest set of horses in the kingdom. He was therefore incessant in his importunities to the daughter, and gave constant hints to the father how far it was in his power to insure his election.

The enlarging the sphere of Mr. Beauclerk's hospitality had drawn once or twice to his house, in a very accidental manner, the Major Winslow we have before-mentioned, who, in a manner altogether as accidental, was

rambling in that part of the country. The Major was a handsome young man, elegantly accomplished, and most romantically disposed. He had procured the rank of majority in a new raised regiment, with an enthusiastic hope of advancement, which was very much disappointed on the reduction of the corps. He had then collected the shattered remains of his fortune, and by the interest of his friends got an appointment to India in a civil department. Previous to the sailing of the Company's ships, he amused himself in viewing the natural curiosities of Ireland, and in pursuit of his project was then in that country.

But having once come thither, and casually stumbled on Mr. Beauclerk's acquaintance, he felt himself too much caught with the beauty of Charlotte to hurry his departure. He availed himself of every opportunity of seeing her: He haunted her rides—He sauntered about the village where charitable visits very often engaged her. In short he took all those methods of seeing her that present themselves to a respectful, yet an ardent lover, who earnestly seeks the society of his mistress, yet cannot court it in a manner that could be deemed indelicate or intrusive.

His attentions did not wholly lose their weight with Charlotte—she was awake to his merit. She perceived his sensibility, and drew comparisons between him and Sir Edward, by no means to the advantage of the latter. Not that she could be said to love him—she esteemed him perfectly—while he on his part felt for her that pure glow of affection, that energy of friendship and elevation of sentiment, that he would not have dared to solicit her hand, as conscious his circumstances gave him no title to it: yet could not have borne to see it given to another, as sanguine in his hope that he might one day be wealthy enough to obtain it.

Things were in this situation when Mr. Beauclerk and Sir Edward sitting one morning at breakfast, and Charlotte not yet come down, the newspaper arrived. The first paragraph that caught the Baronet's attention was the following:—Died suddenly on Wednesday last at his house in town, George Courtly, Esq; one of the representatives in parliament for the county of ——. Mr. Beauclerk was electrified

electrified at the sound—an unexpected vacancy, an anticipated harvest for his labours—He caught Sir Edward hastily by the hand, “Now is our time, my dear fellow.”

“By the Lord, Harry, so it is.”

“I am sorry it has fallen out quite so suddenly. I wish I could have finished my canvals; but we must only be the more alert. Damn it, Sir Edward, if you had but gone about with me before that fit of the gout, I should have gone thro’ the whole country; but I hope now you’ll make up for all. Lord Squander came down yesterday.—You must go to him immediately.”

“He’ll never support you—he looks for a place.”

“Why, there’s the living—it’s worth a clear eight hundred—his son shall have it—it may pave the way to a bishopric—something to resign, you know. Or if he don’t like giving it to his son, what the devil is to hinder his cutting off his hair and taking it to himself. Zounds! if I were as poor as he, I’d cut off my ears for half the money—do go and offer it to him.”

“Why, looke ye, Beauclerk, this is a sort of business I don’t like. Every man knows my connections in this country; but I hate running about, teasing people for their interest. If it was for myself, why very well; but when a man says, Why the devil, Forest, should you be so anxious about it? How can I answer him? There’s that iced froth, my Lord Squander, he’d as lieve see Old Nick as me, because I don’t play at Faro; I can’t understand him; his conversation runs on nothing but club-houses and foreign grandees; and then he treats ’em so familiarly, calling them only by their titles, swearing that Jacky Jacket rides nine ounces lighter than Leaden-head. I forget that one is the son of a Duke, and the other a Peer of the realm.”

“Zounds, man, you must humour their absurdities.—Don’t I make the interest your own? Let me once get in, and it is impossible but you must be the other member—then with two voices, and both knights of the shire, I’ll be bound to have a peerage for myself, with reversion to you and my daughter’s children—Aye, that I will before the seven years are out.”

“Ecod,

"Ecod, if things go on as they do, I see no chance of having either daughter or peerage."

"Leave that to me, give me your support, and I this very day will talk in such a manner to Charlotte, that I will put the matter out of doubt."

"Give me your hand, I'm satisfied. I'll set off directly."

"You need not say any thing about the mortgage—Yes, tell him at any rate I have too much respect for him to foreclose, whether he assists me or no. Yes, yes, that will look more liberal; but by all that's revengeful, I'll file my bill next term if he does not."

They parted, and Mr. Beauclerk immediately flew to his daughter's dressing-room—He found her there, and repeated his injunctions for her early compliance with his friend's wishes. He told her he expected from her a definitive answer, which was either to declare she would be Sir Edward's wife, or would cease to be his daughter.

She requested time to consider of the proposal, which, with some difficulty, Mr. Beauclerk acceded to; and then set out on his canvass. As for Charlotte, she sat in that distraction of mind, which can only be conceived by those that have rightly considered the important duties of the marriage state, and seen themselves on the verge of being bound to the execution of them, to a person who has ever rather been the object of disgust than desire.

In this state she continued till she was roused from her reverie by a servant announcing Major Winslow; and before she could well determine whether to see him or not, he was in the room. He started at the change in her looks, and after telling her he was come to take leave, as he was obliged to sail immediately, added with a look of ineffable tender anxiety—"Yes, Miss Beauclerk, I am to leave you, perhaps, for ever—I own my wishes—my hopes flattered me, that I should leave you happy; but if I can read your countenance, I fear, however different the cause, your mind is at this moment little less agitated than my own.

"Indeed, Sir, my mind is far from being tranquil."

"Oh! that I could divest myself of my sex, only to aspire to your friendship, and ask a fellowship in your concern :

cern : But, good God, what am I saying ! And yet, believe me, and let the separation that must take place, be the sanction of disinterestedness, that you could lodge a secret in a bosom that feels more sensibly for you, or beats with so much earnestness to do you service."

The softness of Charlotte's temper was overpowered, and she burst into a flood of tears.

What could she do ? she had no female friend—the reiterated expressions of regard, the tender sympathy and visible concern of Winslow, searched her affliction to its source : they drew from her in disjointed words, broken expressions, and sentences half-suppressed, what the eagle-eyed passion of Winslow, soon interpreted into her real situation.

We have before observed, that his disposition was romantic to an extreme, and never had the spirit of chivalry so fair a field—it blazed forth in full lustre. He threw himself at her feet, declared his passion, told her the obstacles that had prevented his hitherto disclosing it ; and offered a scheme truly worthy of his own heated imagination. Which was, that she should pretend having been privately married to him—that his leaving the kingdom would forward the deception ; that should he return, in circumstances worthy to be laid at her feet, he would offer them to her acceptance ; and if her persecution should cease in the interim, he would set her perfectly at liberty to dispose of her hand, wherever her heart might have been engaged, still hoping, that that liberty might never be called into action. If it should, he would readily confess the stratagem, and yield her to her inclinations ; however his might suffer by his doing so. But let me not speak in this manner, said he. Let me rather anticipate the greatest possible happiness, springing from the most ardent love, the most perfect constancy, and liveliest friendship.

Did she love Winslow ? No—she esteemed him : she now respected him more than ever. She saw his worth ; she hoped one day to be able to reward it. Sir Edward rushed across her mind with redoubled horrors ; and she made Winslow blest, by assenting to her part in the innocent deception.

Transported at his good fortune, Winflow took leave in the most passionate manner. He mounted his horse, and wholly occupied with thoughts of his beloved Charlotte, he sometimes rather flew than rode; sometimes drew in the reins, to meditate more intensely on her charms.—At his return home, he wrote a letter, in which he availed himself with ecstasy of those endearing terms, which wedded love consecrates. He alluded to their former marriage, and had a certificate of it in his possession; but charged her to keep it secret till his departure for India, and then with an heart divided between ecstasy and agony, set out for the capital on his route. He remained there but a few hours and sailed for England; when posting directly for London, he found he had no time to lose. He accordingly embarked, and in three months arrived at that land from whence his fate decreed he never should return.

To return to our heroine. At her father's return, which was not till two days after Winflow's departure, she, on being pressed for her determination, made the preconcerted discovery of her marriage. Nothing could exceed the rage and indignation of Mr. Beauclerk. He would have dismissed her from his house, had it not been for the interference of Sir Edward, who, though not a little vexed himself, was rather of a more moderate temper. He even gave his friend room to suppose, his assiduity should not be diminished; and Mr. Beauclerk, in the heat of pursuing his favourite object, bestowed less attention than he would have done on his domestic misfortune.—When so, in the same newspaper, appeared the following paragraph:—"We are happy to contradict the assertion in our paper of last Saturday, that contained the death of George Courtly, Esq.—that gentleman having been only seized with an apoplectic fit, which yielded immediately to the proper applications; and he is now so perfectly recovered, that his physicians have no doubt of his being able to attend his duty in the ensuing parliament."

This checked the plan of operation of the two gentlemen for a few years longer, and threw rather an air of ridicule on their conduct. Mr. Beauclerk had now leisure to reflect on his daughter's imprudence; and soured by the
additional

additional circumstance of his disappointment, his temper grew intolerable. The agitation of his mind brought on fresh fits of the gout, and Charlotte, with the attributes of an angel, seemed destined to the miseries of the fiends.

In this state had she passed two years, commencing shortly after George Fitzroy had first seen her. She received different letters from Winslow, all filled with the warmest terms of regard, and expressing the strongest hopes of amassing a fortune in India; when, after a longer interval than usual, a gentleman called at her father's town-house where the family happened then to reside, and left his name, with the addition of "from India." At his next visit he was shewn up to Charlotte. He brought her the melancholy tidings of Winslow's death; of which he had been a witness. He brought her also an attested copy of his will; in which this gentleman himself, a Mr. Finchley, was named sole executor; and the whole property bequeathed to his dearly beloved wife, Charlotte Winslow, otherwise Beauclerk. He delivered to her a letter which Winslow had begun to write in his last illness, but which he had not strength to finish. He took an affectionate leave, lamented that he could not leave her independent of her father, and requested her acceptance of the trifle which it was in his power to bequeath. Adding his advice, that should the irksomeness of her situation still continue, she should, if possible, conceal his death from her father.

She wept most heartily over this last token of his regard. She now felt herself without a friend; for to her father she dared not look up. Mr. Finchley strongly pressed her to follow Winslow's advice in concealing his death. Indeed she had a very good opportunity of doing so. Mr. Beauclerk's eyes being dim, she always read his newspapers to him, and could easily suppress the account of Mr. Winslow's death, should it find its way into them. So strong was his detestation of his supposed son-in-law, that he never mentioned his name even to Charlotte; and never could endure to hear it mentioned to him. His acquaintance, all informed of his sentiments, never let it escape their lips in his presence. And the only man to be imposed on was Sir Edward.

Charlotte, after the first emotion of her grief had subsided, determined to accord to what had been the wish of her departed friend; and Finchley joining in her opinion, (for which indeed he had very strong private reasons) he promised to assist her to the utmost of his power. Winslow was but little known in Ireland. Finchley promised to deny his death, if questioned, and having given her eight hundred pounds, as the amount of his friend's effects; he took her receipt in full, advising her to represent that sum as a present from her husband, which would completely contradict the report of his death, should such report become public. She agreed, and he took his leave.

In a few days, when she could a little compose herself, she ventured to mention to her father the receipt of a letter and present from Mr. Winslow. Perhaps the latter a little relaxed the severity of his temper, and he condescended to ask how he was.

"He is well."

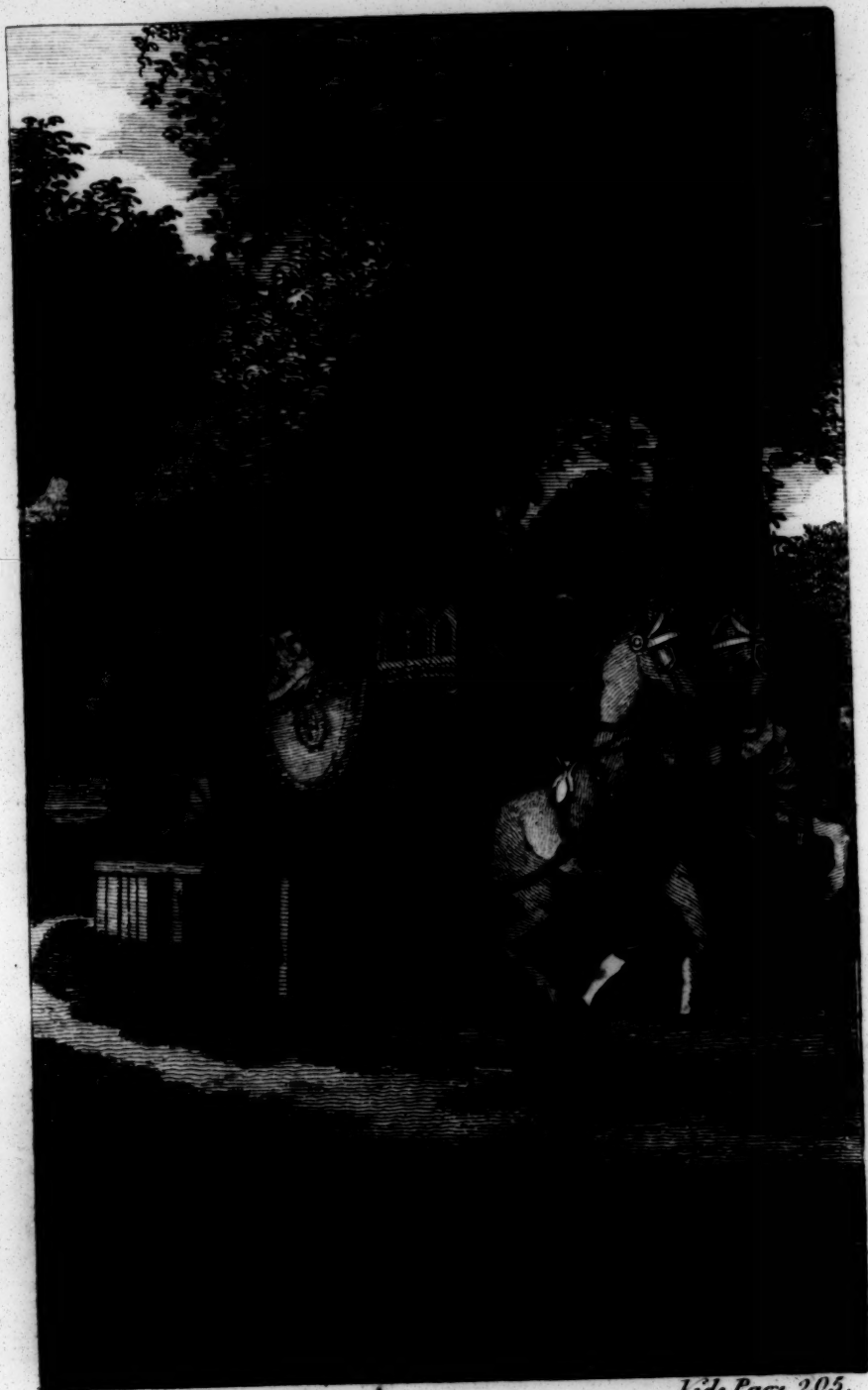
Beauclerk's curiosity led him no farther.

His complaints every day gaining ground, he was advised by his physicians to go to Spa. He accordingly took his daughter with him. He found considerable benefit, and returned to England, when, thinking the air agreed better with him than that of Ireland, he determined to reside, at least for some time.

Mr. Beauclerk's illness increasing, one night his bell was heard to ring violently. As soon as a servant could get to his room, he was so ill, that it was with difficulty a few spoonfuls of warm wine only could be forced down his throat. The gout had got possession of his head and stomach; and before morning he was numbered with his fathers.

He had, on hearing the news of Mr. Winslow's death, burnt the will he had made when he first heard of his daughter's marriage; but he wanted resolution to make a second; and by his dying intestate, his whole estate, real and personal, (his real being entail general) devolved on his daughter, who had for some months been of age.

The usual allowance of time for domestic mourning being elapsed, and tranquillity in some degree restored, she felt herself deeply implicated in a regard for a man, whom prudence, and a fear of the world's censure, warned her to avoid.



vide Page 205.

Fitzroy rescuing Charlotte.

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avoid. She regretted her father's death—she felt herself forced to look only to her own mind for the rule of her conduct; and she dreaded lest even that guide might deceive her. Her spirits forsook her—her sleep was disturbed; and her physician ordered her early exercise in her carriage.

Fitzroy had rose early, dressed himself, and the morning being extremely fine, took a solitary walk, to debate the question in his mind. The face of Nature was trimmed up into one of her most bewitching smiles; and the enlivening appearance of the early summer threw a corresponding gaiety over the gloom of his reflections. He perceived not how he wandered, and was returning from having advanced a good way in Hyde-Park; when he heard the firing of some troops, and presently saw a carriage, the horses under which appeared so unruly, as to threaten instant danger to the passengers. He ran forward to assist them. The fire was in divisions from flanks to the center; so that scarcely a minute intervened between the shots; and the fright of the horses was augmented in proportion.

On his nearer approach, he saw Charlotte screaming from the window. The footman had descended from behind; but not having been used to horses, stood a few yards off in a consternation, that deprived him of motion. Fitzroy instantly ran to their heads, and by his assistance the coachman was enabled to reduce them to obedience. The footman now advanced, and Fitzroy going up to the carriage to pay his compliments, discovered that the object of them had fainted. He ran for some water, which he brought in his hat. No assistance was near; for every one in the park was looking at the troops that had a field day. He was so fortunate as to recover her. The firing began again. He was again summoned to the horses, and in this double employment, sometimes running to the carriage, at others leading the horses, they arrived at Piccadilly gate. The danger was now over, when he would have taken leave, but Mrs. Winslow observed the intense heat into which his exertions had thrown him, insisted on his accompanying her home. Mrs. Winslow was warm in her expressions of gratitude. George warmer in his terms of felicitation.

felicitation. She declared that he must have risked his life.

My life, Madam, said he! Had I done so, I had done nothing. My life is of no value to me, but as it is devoted to you. Life and soul are all I have to offer—they are your's. Without expectation, without hope, I lay them at your feet, where I would freely empty my heart to its last drop, to protect you; could that drop but be sensible that you approved the sacrifice.

“For Heaven’s sake, Mr. Fitzroy, no more of this!”

“Yes, I must continue. This is the critical moment of my life. Such another may never arrive. I have gone too far to recede; for I fear you will banish me for ever. Then let me use this moment in avowing that I feel for you, all that the most powerful attractions can create in the warmest heart. I have disturbed you—If I have, tell me so; but do not, do not, as you hope for pity, tell me that I may not hope for pardon.”

“I confess I am very much agitated. ’Tis a subject not proper to be urged. I could wish I were alone.”

“I obey you, Madam. But tell me, I pray you do, do we meet again as friends?”

“Certainly, no one has a juster sense of your merit.—But though I own I am honoured by your good opinion, I wish this conversation never to be revived.

“May I dare to be explicit? Will you?—

“You shall judge of my respect for you, when I tell you I will. I will not wrong my own penetration, nor your honesty so much, as not to believe you feel what you express; nay more, as not to believe you are such a person as should give weight to a declaration of this kind; but I am peculiarly circumstanced; my mind is divided; my esteem for you, be assured, nothing can effect; my gratitude is as immutable; farther, I request, I may not be pressed.”

“Then you give me hopes.”

“On a subject of such importance, I have much to combat: I am candid; the world will exclaim; friends will arraign me: What may be the strength, or weakness, of my resolution I know not.”

The impression made on Mrs. Winslow in favour of Fitzroy was productive of much jealousy on the part of a Mrs. Lawrance, who, in conjunction with some incendiaries of her's, to prevent a union she had hoped to enjoy, contrived to have Fitzroy arrested for a debt of L. 500, and thrown into the King's Bench, where he lay some time. When reduced to the greatest distress, accidentally a person, who had been clerk to his father, and had left him just before his death, heard of a person being there of the name of Fitzroy, and, on enquiry, found him to be the son of his late much respected master.

No time was lost in seeing Fitzroy, when he conveyed not only a release from confinement, but the intelligence of his father's affairs at the time he left him, with a promise to gain him more information. Fortune having smiled much on the endeavours of this unexpected friend, whom we call Weldon, he wrote to a merchant with whom he had great dealings, and obtaining a confirmation of his suspicions, advised Fitzroy to compel his uncle to give an account of his trust, who, on writing to his mother, received for answer, that her uncle was dangerously ill of the dropsy, and had made no will, consequently he was heir at law. A few days confirmed the opinion, and the cause of his absence being explained to Mrs. Winslow by Mr. Weldon, he was admitted to her company, and, in a short time enjoyed the prize so long wished, when, returning to Ireland, he obtained a seat in Parliament through the intercession and friendship of his late rival Sir Edward, and long enjoyed the blessing he had so eagerly sought.

 PALÆMON,

A

PASTORAL TALE.

(FROM MARMONTEL.)

AFTER having surveyed with silence and religious attention the tomb upon which these words were inscribed, ‘And I too dwelt in Arcadia,’ the pensive group of shepherds and shepherdesses that had been thus mournfully engaged, retired from the melancholy spot; the lover walked by the side of his mistress; some cast their eyes upon the ground, and some expressed to each other by piteous looks what they felt in their hearts. Some taking one another by the hand seemed to say, since that is the lot of humanity, let us at least love till then.

When they were leaving the grove in which this tomb was embosomed, with minds still deeply impressed with melancholy ideas, they came to a solitary sheep-fold in a corner of a valley. An old man was sitting at the door of the cottage absorbed in the deepest affliction. His body was bowed with age, and his head, that was bald and thinly scattered over with white hairs was reclined upon a knotty staff which he held in his hand. He did not perceive their approach, and it was not till he heard their voices he lifted up his head, and raised his heavy eyes.

They were all struck at his venerable aspect. A monarch under misfortune would not have had a more majestic appearance.

The disposition impressed upon Palæmon's countenance was still more so upon his mind. It arose from a sentiment of importance which he attached to his condition, and which dignified even the meanest offices he exercised in the care of his flocks. Every thing relative to the pastoral life was magnified in his eyes. Alpheus was the king of rivers; the vallies which were watered by his stream, were the universe to him, and Pan and Pales were reckoned among the greatest divinities.

Impressed with sentiments of respect at the sight of the old man, they stopped short at a little distance from the cottage before which he was sitting; but one of them advancing up to him, requested him to inform them, what tomb it was that they had seen in the grove. "In that tomb," replied the old man, lie all the charms of youth, and all the blessings of life; it is there that beauty, fame, love, and happy love are buried, and there are buried, with my only daughter, all my hopes and all my delight. It is the tomb of Lycoris." On finishing these words, Palæmon slowly turned his eyes expressive of his grief towards the grove, and again reclined his head upon his hands.

Venerable old man, said the shepherd, pardon the imprudent curiosity that has awakened your sorrow. It was far from my intention to renew the source of your tears."

"Shepherd, answered Palæmon, a father's tears are grateful when he weeps for his children. And what other relief would there be for his heart, if he were not to weep? It is that alone which reconciles him to life. Do not then be fearful of calling them forth. They are salutary tears; and, thanks to the gods, their source is inexhaustible; it will never cease to flow, but at my latest breath."

While he was thus speaking, the whole group gently drew near. "Yes, said he, the tomb you have seen raised like an altar in the grove is my daughter's. She was young, like you, but the fatal sisters snatched her away.—The youthful Myrtis, her lover, preceded her to the grave. As he had not espoused her, I could not mingle their ashes, but he rests by her side. Under the same turf rests also

Nelé, the mother of Lycoris. I am finishing the course of my solitary old age near their loved remains, and waiting till my last slumber shall close my eyes."

"Venerable shepherd, replied the youth, since you indulge the bitterness of your grief, as the goat on Mount Menalus browses on the bitter willow and the cytithus, you must take it kindly of those who give you occasion to speak of Lycoris; for the brook delights to murmur over the pebble that breaks its limpid wave."—"Yes, said Palæmon, it is my fondest delight to let my fancy rove about this tomb. I love to talk of my child. I love to recollect the transient hours of so unspotted a life. Not a moment of it is yet effaced from my memory. I see her in her cradle and at her mother's breast. I see her grown up to the height of my sheep and playing with their lambs. I see her springing up like the poplar, of which her shape emulated the flexibility. I see her beautiful in the full spring of her life, fresher than the new-blown rose; and like that opening flower ——" A sigh here stifled his utterance, and tears streamed from his eyes.

"She was the pride, (said he, a few moments after) as well as the happiness of my life. Scarcely had she appeared in the village festivals, when her beauty became so celebrated, that Alcimedon, a statuary, to whom the gods had given the talent of animating clay, entreated me, when he was moulding their divinities, to permit him to give to Diana the features of Lycoris. I was perhaps too vain of this honour, and the gods have punished me. "The marble," said Alcimedon, when he had finished his work, will give immortality to these features." (Alas! the marble is insensible.) "It is to you, added he, I shall owe my fame; accept in return this cedar cup, which has been heretofore my master-piece. Never have I imitated any thing more nicely than the vine leaves, which wind about its brim; and the two goats, which are rearing up to reach its foliage, are the most animated production of my chissel." Alas! you will see, that this divine artist did not confine his pious gratitude to this present alone.

"My daughter had attained her eighteenth year, when we were threatened with a most formidable calamity. A ferocious wolf had ten times stained the meadows with the

the blood of my flocks. Nelé, the worthy mother of Lycoris, was then alive. She was highly distressed, my herdsmen were all in consternation, and I myself was overwhelmed with sorrow. This voracious animal came out of the forests of Lyceus, and had spread terror through every sheep-fold. Amidst the general dismay, Lycoris alone preserved the innocent serenity of her youth. "My dear mother, said she, do not be afflicted. Has not Pan, the god of the sheep-folds, loved and protected us? Has not my father ever made his yearly offering of the firstlings of his flocks? Do you imagine the god will be unmindful of such constant piety? No! he will not permit his favourite Arcadia to be laid waste, and he will soon destroy this monster by the hand of some shepherd." Thus spake my daughter, as if inspired by the god himself. Ah! shepherds, one would have thought that her looks brought down the smiles of fortune upon us. Her voice, at least, her voice imparted consolation to our hearts, more grateful than the sweet perfumes that exhale from flowers.

"Nor were her hopes in vain. One evening, as I had just fallen an oak on the border of the neighbouring forest, to keep away the cold of winter from our rustic abode, this formidable monster fell in my way, bearing off a sheep torn by his fangs, and bleating still. His bristles stood on end, his jaws were all stained with blood, his eyes flashed with fire, and as he passed by me with my sheep, he still looked defiance, and growled out his rage through his foamy teeth. "Divinity of flocks, grant me your aid," said I, and instantly, with a blow of my ponderous hatchet, I stretched the monster at my feet.

"I returned to my sheep-fold, still pale with fear, but quite transported with joy. "Well! said my daughter, I foretold you this victory. Now see whether Fortune, like the bee, cannot change the bitter into sweet. We have lost, it is true, a noble ram, a dozen of our sheep, and the most courageous and faithful of our dogs—but, my dear father, where is the life in which prosperity experiences no reverse of fortune? Shortly will a race of skipping lambs re-people the meadows; our losses will be forgotten, but the destruction of the cruel enemy, of which you have rid our vallies, will ever be remembered. It will ever redound to your

glory; and as long as there shall be flocks and shepherds in Arcadia, the name of Palæmon shall never die." Such, shepherds, were the words of a child, so young, and yet so sensible. Her mother and I listened to her with astonishment, and we fancied we heard the voice of a divinity.

"You may be sure, continued Palæmon, that I did not fail to offer to the deity, which had succoured me, my most boundless thanksgivings. The shepherds, who inhabited the banks of the Ophis, the Erimanthus, and the Alpheus, all came and hailed me their deliverer. It is not I that have delivered you, said I, it is the great divinity that protects us; and if you take my advice, shepherds, we will offer sacrifices to our guardian god upon the very spot where the monster perished." With one voice the festival was resolved upon, and it was announced for one of those fine days in which the sun enters into the constellations of the Sons of Leda.

"A more solemn festival had never been seen in Arcadia. A magnificent temple was composed of young plane-trees, transplanted with their roots, forming, as it were, a double colonade, and projecting their tender branches, ornamented with a new-born foliage. An altar was erected of the freshest turfs the banks of Alpheus could afford, and this turf was enamelled with flowers. Garlands which the shepherdesses, with Lycoris at their head, had wreathed and disposed with inimitable art, and of all the colours that clothe the blooming Spring. An enchanting harmony of flutes and hautboys, and of pipes which Pan himself invented. Never did the reeds of Syrinx breathe forth sweeter sounds; unless, indeed, when filled by the breath of the god himself, who had so fondly loved her; for neither god nor mortal can ever sound those reeds like him. A thousand dulcet voices united their accents to this melody, and made the skies re-echo with the praises of the tutelar deity of our pastures. I hardly dare tell you, that my name was heard in their songs. Too happy mortal! all this prosperity was about to vanish like a dream.

"In a word, three spotless heifers, and twenty sheep, selected from among the flocks of the valley, were brought to the sacrifice. Shepherds, can you conceive a more magni-
sent

cent spectacle? Can you conceive, alas! a mortal more happy than myself?

"I was still more so, when at the games celebrated after the sacrifice, I saw my daughter, to whom every eye and every heart had accorded the palm of beauty, bear away likewise from her companions the prizes of the dance, and of the race, and with their brows bound round with a garland of jessamine, of myrtle, and of roses, come and hide her blushes in her mother's arms. Ah! this is nothing to the new emotions which made my heart beat high with joy.

"The prizes of wrestling and of singing were reserved for the shepherds. Myrtis obtained them both. I will not tell you who Myrtis was; the remembrance of this beautiful youth will be as durable in Arcadia as the course of the Alpheus. All the nymphs of Menalus and Lyceus mourned his death.

"It was above all in song that he surpassed his rivals; and when at the foot of the altar of the god Pan, he celebrated the favours which that deity showered down upon the pastures, not one of us would have changed our situation for the fortune of kings.

"In his lays he seemed at first inclined to make us envy the enjoyments of avarice. He represented a vessel laden with the treasures of Corinth, proud of her burden, ploughing the waves with swelling sails, and confiding in the faithless winds; but presently he shewed her to us assailed and beaten by the storm, dashed against a rock, and swallowed up by the waves. He shewed us the avaricious master of this wealth, standing pale with terror on the shore, gazing upon the wreck, the pride of his countenance giving place to dismay and to the agony of despair.

"Afterwards he extolled the exploits and the triumph of a hero crowned by victory. He shewed him mounted on a car, surrounded by the crowd, intoxicated with his glory; and the instant after, accused, condemned by the same people, and destined to grow old and die, either in exile or in fetters.

"In like manner he let us see a Monarch in his palace, invested with authority, and clothed, like the gods, in splendour and majesty; but lifting up the purple curtains of his couch,

couch, where it was imagined he was enjoying the blessings of repose, he shewed him to us agitated by restless fears, and a prey to corroding cares.

"Far happier, (said he, at length) is the husbandman, whose obedient oxen turn up his fertile furrows; for the most stubborn glebe is not so ungrateful as man. But still more happy is the unambitious and prudent shepherd, who, in the peaceful plains of Arcadia, confines his wishes, his hopes, and his delires, to the possession of a thriving flock, a faithful and vigilant dog, and an amiable shepherdess, who consents to be loved, and, fain would I say, who love returns. But this, said he, would be ascribing to a mere mortal a felicity which the gods perhaps have reserved for themselves."

"Thus sang Myrtis; and the god of the shepherds received his praise of a pastoral life as the most worthy homage that could be paid him.

"The victor was crowned with ivy; a wreath dearer in the eyes of the Muses, the daughters of Harmony, than crowns of gold; and I added to the wreath, in reward of his vocal triumph, the precious cup which I had received at the hands of Alcideumon the sculptor.

"How great was my surprize, when, on receiving it, he said, "Palæmon, I accept this inestimable cup, this cup worthy of the nectar that the youthful Hebe administers to the gods. But keep it for me; it should be reserved for sacred uses, nor shall it touch my lips till it hold the nuptial beverage, and the beauteous Lycoris shall deign to drink with me." Then turning to Nelé: "Worthy mother of Lycoris, said he, suffer me to place at her feet what I value above all things in the world;" and taking the ivy wreath from his head, he laid it at the feet of Lycoris. In an instant the skies were rent with applause, and a thousand voices proclaimed the shepherd Myrtis my daughter's husband.

"Palæmon, said he, that would be my dearest triumph, could I but obtain her. Every heart expresses the wishes of mine: May the gods inspire you with it too! and may Lycoris without regret be obedient to her father's will!"

"I embraced the youth: Nelé took him by the hand, and my

my daughter, all abashed, ran to hide herself among her companions.

"You may needs imagine, from this moment Myrtis was almost as dear to me as a son could be to his father. The next day I saw him make his appearance in the valley, preceded by a flock which Apollo himself might have deigned to tend. Twenty heifers and two bulls in all the vigour of youth; two hundred ewes bending beneath a weighty fleece, spotless as mountain snow; and in the midst of the flock, the stately rams, thick cloathed with wool of equal whiteness. Fifty goats, scarcely able to drag along the burden of the sweet beverage that nourished the infancy of immortal Jove; and at their head, their shaggy paramours, whose fronts were armed for the combat, which their ardent jealousy would not fail to excite.—About the flock six faithful dogs went their rounds, under the guidance of vigilant conductors. Alas! Myrtis, it was needless thus to display thy wealth to obtain the preference over all the shepherds in Arcadia! My heart, and my daughter's heart, had already promised you her hand.

"Palæmon, said he, before I saw Lycoris, I thought myself happy, but I can be no longer so without her. Nor all the wealth that all the gods have bestowed upon me, nor all the glory the Arcadians have conferred on my song, have any value in my estimation, unless Lycoris partake of them." "Come hither, my daughter, said I, come and see what riches are offered you, if you accept the youth whom a thousand voices have destined for you, and who is approved by your father."

"Riches! ah, my dear father, said she, there is only one kind of wealth that has any charms for me. It is a shepherd beloved by the gods, chosen by you, and approved by my mother. Myrtis, with these advantages, were he possessed but of a simple crook, would in my mind be the first of mortals."

"Then whilst the flocks reposed in my sheep-fold, and Lycoris and her mother poured streams of delicious milk into earthen vessels, Myrtis and I fixed upon the day for the celebration of the nuptials. Fatal day! day of horror! that seemed to be marked with the hatred of some vengeful diety. It has been said that our misfortunes arose from

from the jealous resentment of the nymphs of Menalus, who, enamoured of Myrtis, and envious of my daughter's happiness, could not bear the thoughts of their union. I will not, however, accuse the nymphs. As they wept at the funeral of Myrtis, they could not surely have been the cause of his death.

"The day was come, our friends were assembled, the altar, the sacrifice, the feast, the nuptial-bed; every thing was prepared. The brightest summer sun was rising over our heads; and while the sacred priests selected the victims from our flocks, to purify and crown them with flowers, all our young lovers were sporting in the meadows; and we, their fathers and mothers, divided into bands, the one on the border of the peaceful and unruffled lake in which I was accustomed to wash my flocks, and the other at some little distance from its banks, remembering the delights of our own youth, gave full liberty to our children to indulge in all the pleasures of that happy age.

"Myrtis alone had retired from the dance, to offer up his prayers to the nymphs of the neighbouring springs.—"Youthful deities, said he, who pour fourth your urns upon the bosom of this rich valley, be propitious to a shepherd who is come to dwell among you. His rural pipe shall accompany the sound of your crystal fountains, the murmur of your brooks, and the whisperings of the poplars that overhang them. His song shall proclaim your favours, and celebrate the coolness of your limpid waves."

"Then taking off his nuptial garment, he plunged into the waters of the lake consecrated to those divinities.—But when he came out, as pure and as brilliant as the lily, or Narcissus, when glittering with the morning dew, an enormous snake that lay hid in the grass, and which felt itself trodden under foot by Myrtis, reared up, darted on him, and curled round his body.

"A dreadful cry suddenly arose. My company and myself heard it from afar; and, seized with terror, we began to listen. The cries redoubled, and we perceived a crowd of shepherds nearer the borders of the lake, lifting up their hands to Heaven, and, by their gestures, expressing horror and affright. It was Myrtis, whom they beheld encircled in the long folds of the serpent that was strangling

strangling him. Alas ! my daughter and her companions had not yet heard his cries ; and while the wretched shepherd was spending his strength in vain efforts to extricate himself from the windings in which he was involved, my daughter gave a loose to happiness and joy, and with her brows bound with flowers, was dancing at the bottom of the meadow, and animating by her example a circle of youthful lovers. O, treacherous prosperity, who can rely on thy caresses ? Who can lull himself to repose upon thy faithless lap ?

“ I flew to the spot, and with the iron of my crook soon crushed the head of the snake, as he stretched himself out to make his escape. Tardy and superfluous aid ! The unfortunate youth was breathing his last ; he recognized my voice, and lifting up his dying eyes, he gave me his hand. He endeavoured to speak, but the name of Lycoris died away upon his lips. I took him to my arms. Alas ! he expired.

“ The deepest affliction succeeded to the most unbounded joy. Nelé sorrowfully advanced towards the dance. “ Shepherds, said she, and you, my daughter, give over your sports, it is now no longer time to rejoice.—The gods would not permit our happiness to be of long duration. No, Lycoris, it is no longer your nuptials, nor the marriage of Myrtis ; it is upon his obsequies that inauspicious day must shine. Myrtis is no more.

“ Myrtis is no more ! ”—This cry of astonishment resounded through the valley. On hearing the fatal story, my daughter fell, as if struck with the stroke of death, and remained pale and speechless in her mother’s arms. We bore her in a state of insensibility to my cottage. “ Is it true,” said she, with a faltering and heart-rending voice, “ is it true, father, that he is no more ? ” “ Alas, my child, it is.” She then desired us to relate the particular circumstance ; she determined to attend her lover’s funeral ; and far from concealing her tears, she gloried in shedding them. “ I am weeping, said she, for the husband my father had allotted me. I was his, I am so still, nor will I ever be otherwise ; and till the grave shall re-unite us, all I wish is to weep.”

“ Alas ! both young and old, we all wept with my daughter for the loss of Myrtis. His death was a general calamity throughout all Arcadia. Your fathers may have told it to you. The nymphs of the groves where Myrtis was born ; the nymphs of the borders of Ladon, exclaimed the long-live night, “ Myrtis is dead ! ” and from the caves of Pholæ to the summits of Alesus, the echo of the mountains long repeated the words, “ Myrtis is dead ! ” and nothing could be more just than his country’s regret. He was a pattern of excellence ; he was the glory of the Arcadians, and well deserved their love.

“ But I, wretched father ! what was the anguish of my heart, when I perceived my drooping child, faded like a flower, that the wind or scythe has separated from its stalk, rapidly decaying in our arms ! She tenderly loved her mother and myself. She was desirous of living for our sakes. “ Ah,” she would say, as she gave herself up to our caresses, “ administer consolation to me, and if it be possible, on your account, prolong my days. It is a debt I owe you. I would wish to support and comfort your declining years, nor would I go and rejoin my Myrtis until you shall be no more.” But the bitterness of her affliction mingled itself upon her lips with the sweetness of these words, and her youth and beauty melted away like wax drawn from the sweets of flowers before the flame it feeds.

“ Her mother fell a victim to her sorrow at seeing her decay, and her death hastened that of Lycoris. The day of her death was at hand, when Alcimedon the sculptor came to me. “ Palæmon, said he, ’tis no longer for a Diana, ’tis for the goddess beloved by Zephyrus, for the deity of the spring and flowers, that I am come to borrow the features of Lycoris.” “ Cruel man ! cried I, do you speak thus to me for the purpose of rending my heart ?—Flora ! immortal gods ! my daughter ! Come and behold her ready to breathe her last. Come, and see the langours, the paleness of death in her eyes, upon the lips, and over all the features of my child. Alas ! perhaps, this is the last sun that will rise upon her ; and we are about to take our eternal farewell.

“ And

“ And indeed, on that very day she expired. Alcimedon, the friend of beauty, wept its most perfect pattern, and he it was that deigned to erect this tomb in honour to the memory of Lycoris.

“ He intended to have adorned it with her bust, and to have recorded the praise of her charms. “ O ! no, said I, let there be nothing ostentatious inscribed on the tomb of her, who was so simple and so modest. Let a white marble represent the purity of her mind, and warn the young and happy not to be dazzled by their felicity, and let it recall to their minds the remembrance of her, who was deluded by the fairest hopes at the very moment in which fortune, love, hymen, glory, and every propitious god seemed to conspire to exalt her to the highest pitch of happiness.— Let it then suffice, divine artist, to engrave these words up n the marble, “ And I, too, dwelt in Arcadia.”— Fame will tell the rest, and Lycoris will never be forgotten.”

“ Such was the recital of Palæmon. It was followed by a long silence. At length Delia, one of the shepherdesses, after having consulted the eyes of Menalcas, said to Palæmon, “ Good old man, such excessive affliction would at least have found some relief in a surviving offspring whose love would prove the comfort of your old age ” “ I have nothing left to comfort me, replied Palæmon, the fates have left me nothing ! ” “ If you please, rejoined Delia, there are two young orphans here, a shepherd and a shepherdess, who would be very happy, very proud, if Palæmon would deign to stand them in the stead of a parent, and adopt them for his children.” “ Is not this shepherdess yourself ? said the old man. Your looks seem to speak it.”— “ My looks too, answered she, should tell you who is the shepherd.” “ This young man ? ”—“ Yes, Menalcas, my lover, shortly to be my husband. He is not beautiful like Myrtis. His Delia is still farther from resembling the object of your tears ; but they will both of them be so tenderly attached to you, that you will conceive them to be animated by the pious manes that inhabit this grove.” “ Well, Delia and Menalcas, said Palæmon, come with me to my daughter’s tomb, and make your vows to her shade, that you will pay the same attentions to her father, if it be possible, that she herself would have done ; and, for

my part, I will promise to love you, not indeed as I loved my child, but as well as I can love any thing that is not Lycoris.

“ This adoption was consecrated at the tomb. — The shepherds and shepherdesses were witnesses. They left Menalcas and Delia with the old man, and on the following day, attended to celebrate their nuptials. An insulting joy had no place there. Love and happiness wore the veil of silence. Palæmon led the youthful pair to the altar, and, in uniting them, bathed their hands with his tears. But these tears insensibly lost their bitterness. A gentle and tender family peopled, and sometimes enlivened his solitary abode; and after having long been the happiest, and long the most miserable shepherd in Arcadia, he spent the remainder of his years satisfied with the last consolation, which remains to the virtuous man in remediless misfortunes, the pleasure of doing good, and leaving behind a grateful memory.”

THE HIGHLANDERS.

(FROM THE TALES OF IMAGINATION.)

IN a pleasant glen, surrounded by stupendous hills, the young Serena bloomed beneath the watchful eye of a tender mother. Their dwelling was, it is true, composed of the coarsest materials—

“ Mosaic here, and fret-work there was none,

“ Nor Venice glass to sparkle in the sun :”

But,

But, as the casket acquires value from the jewel within, so did the worth of the inhabitants dignify this humble retreat.

A solitary cow, and two goats, which amicably grazed together on an adjacent mountain, and a small spot of corn-land, was their only possessions; and their society one female domestic, bending under the weight of fourscore years, and the honest Highlanders who occupied the few neighbouring huts that were scattered throughout the glen; yet Serena was a stranger to care, or discontent. She arose cheerful, on a summer's morn, to hear the laverock sing through the forests of fir-trees; to view the dashing cataract, precipitated from the summit of the hill; and, at the side of her mother, to range among the mountains, whose echoes repeated her sweetest songs.

At a small distance from the cot was a winding path, leading, by a gradual ascent, to the summit of a hill, from whence was presented to the eye the view of an ancient Gothic building, called Rothwell Castle. The spacious hall had once been thronged by numerous vassals, and the roof had shook with bursts of convivial mirth; but silence only now reigned throughout the apartments, unless when echo replied to the melancholy owl, which had taken shelter in the deserted chambers; or to the flapping of the raven's wing against the shattered casements. Serena had often seen the departing beams of the sun gild its turrets, and had as often kissed away a tear which would hang on the cheek of her mother, as she turned her eye towards the spot where it stood. Serena had ventured to ask the cause, but the wary Isabel, by an apparent displeasure, ever put an end to her inquiries.

"How happy, my child," said the fond mother, as they were one summer's evening sitting on a spot that commanded a view of the building, "is a life of calm retirement: It is true, my Serena, we are strangers to the pleasures of greatness, but, then, we are equally unacquainted with its cares."

"Do cares, then, said the artless Serena, always attend on greatness?"

"Too

“ Too frequently, my child, said Isabel, our wants are apt to increase with our wealth; our desires grow unwieldy, and too often outstrip the means we have of gratifying them; but we, my Serena, are content with our humble lot. When the bleak whirlwind rages, and torrents of melted snow, descending from the hills, deluge the nether plains, our rude dwelling is to us a retreat, welcome and secure as the most stately edifice. Though delicacies make not a part of our repast, we have this advantage, that the simplicity of our fare contributes toward the preservation of health; that blessing, which is necessary to the enjoyment of every other; and though the conversation of our honest neighbours may be somewhat less refined than our own, the defect is amply compensated by the honesty of their hearts. They, my Serena, are only acquainted with the language of nature, and know not the art of concealing a base and treacherous heart, beneath the smile of honest sincerity.”

In uttering these last words, Isabel bent her eye, with an emotion greater than usual, on the Gothic pile. Serena observed it, and tenderly throwing her fair arms around her neck, and bursting into tears, “ Ah! my mother, said she, if indeed I am unworthy to share your confidence, at least suffer me to intermingle my tears with your’s.”

Serena spoke this with so moving an accent, that Isabel, overcome by her tenderness, in spite of her efforts, was unable to restrain the tears which stood ready in her eyes; they flowed apace; and a silence of some minutes ensued.

“ Alas! my child,” said Isabel, somewhat recovered, “ why will you distress me by your tender enquiries? Be happy; and if remembrance will sometimes force an involuntary sigh from my bosom, consider it no more than as a passing cloud, which will, at times, over-shade the brightest day.”

“ Ah! my mother, said Serena, you think me unworthy of your confidence, unworthy to sympathize in your sorrows.”

“ My child, said Isabel, embracing her, thou art worthy of my best affection—my confidence—but spare thy mother the pain of relating that which must dye her cheek with shame.

“ My

“ My mother,” said the tender Serena, perceiving her agitation increase, “ forgive me; I have been wrong—impertinent: I will, in future, forbear to inquire into a secret which must be improper for me to know, since it would give my mother pain to reveal it; yet (she added) do not deny your Serena the sad pleasure of intermingling her tears with your’s; it is sufficient cause that she sees you unhappy.”

“ My child, said Isabel, embracing her daughter, thou art worthy to share the secrets of thy mother’s heart. The task is hard, said she, sighing, but it is just I should be humbled. Yes, my Serena, thy mother will disclose all her frailty, and all her wrongs, that thou mayst learn to beware of the insidious tales of men, and to set a just value on an humble station, and a spotless fame.

“ Though eighteen years of sorrow and remorse have left me little to boast, I was once fair; and, with pride numbered among my ancestors, heroes of the first renown. Thy grandfather, my Serena, was Lord Douglas of Dunmarnock Castle. Myself and an only son were his sole offspring. I believe he loved us equally, though the high sense he entertained of what was due to the honour of his ancestors, made him resolve, rather than diminish the fortune of my brother, who was to support the dignity of his family, that my beauty, with the accomplishments he bestowed on me, should be my only portion. I was instructed in all the arts of pleasing; I was taught to accord my voice with the lute, to dance with the best grace, and the chief business of my maids was to attire me in the most becoming manner.

“ I may, my Serena, without vanity, say, that my beauty, and other accomplishments, drew to Dunmarnock Castle the flower of our Highland youths; but, though their attentions pleased and flattered me, my heart was untouched by any softer passion. I entertained all with civility; but, though repeatedly pressed to it by my father, would never declare in favour of one.

“ My brother, who was finishing his studies at the University of Edinburgh, was at length recalled home by my father; the day on which he became of age being appointed for his return. The gates flew open to receive him;

him ; and as he walked up the hall to meet the embrace of an honoured fire, and a beloved sister, the lofty roof resounded with the honest congratulations of innumerable dependants, who waited to hail the return of their future Lord.

“ My brother was accompanied by a stranger, whom he introduced to us as a fellow student, under the name of Randolph. He was tall, and in his deportment majestic, while all the winning graces which youth can bestow on a faultless form, appeared to be centered in his person. All was joy and congratulations ; the goblet went briskly round to the health and long life of my brother ; the minstrels attuned their harps, and rehearsed the deeds of our renowned ancestors, anticipating those of their young Lord. Randolph alone seemed uninterested in the general festivity ; his attention was solely mine : whether I touched the lute, or mingled in the dance, his eye was bent on me, with a mixture of tenderness and admiration, that convinced me I had made an impression on his heart.

“ I know not how it was, but, in the presence of the charming stranger, I was agitated with emotions I had never before experienced ; my heart involuntarily beat whenever he approached me ; and, if my eyes chanced to meet his, my cheek was immediately suffused with blushes.

“ The succeeding week was enlivened with the same round of festivity ; and a month, the time that Randolph was to sojourn with us, afforded him but too many opportunities to ingratiate himself into my affections. He succeeded too well : unused to dissemble, I frankly confessed that I loved, and gave him entire possession of a heart, which he alone had power to warm.

“ Randolph no sooner thought himself secure of my heart, than he solicited my father to be propitious to our union ; but Randolph being a younger son, he would not listen to his suit.

“ This was a cruel disappointment to me, for I had encouraged the flattering hope, that, through the interference of my brother, whose friendship for Randolph was unbounded, my father might be prevailed upon to lay aside his objections. I was the more sanguine in these expectations,

tions, as Randolph was of illustrious descent, and I was not then acquainted with my father's resolution to give me no dower; but though he disapproved of Randolph for a son-in-law, he was pleased with the sprightliness of his conversation; and not suspecting that my heart was much more interested in his behalf than in that of other pretenders to my hand, he requested him to prolong his visit at the Castle, which he accordingly did for several months.— Ah! had my parent been more watchful! had he been more suspicious; but let me not rashly reflect on his honoured memory, nor gloss over my own frailty, by an impeachment of his generous, his indulgent confidence. My brother was the only confidant of our passion, and the generous youth would often say, that, were he lord of Dunmarnock Castle, he would give his sister, with a handsome portion, to her beloved Randolph. For my part, I became every day more and more devoted to my passion, till, in an unguarded hour, yielding to the solicitations of a base betrayer, I cast an eternal blot on my fame, and forever bid adieu to repose.

“ My Serena, I already see the conscious blush mantle on thy cheek; but assure yourself, my child, that the sufferings of thy mother have nearly equalled her crime.

“ Often, my Serena, while I have endeavoured to instil into thy youthful mind truths, which by my own conduct I have denied, shame and remorse have caused the period to drop unfinished from my tongue.”

Here Isabel covered her face, and remained for some minutes lost in painful reflections; at length, recollecting herself—“ It was not long, said she, before an express arrived to summon Randolph to attend his father, who was dangerously ill. Our regret at parting was apparently mutual; but the thought of a speedy meeting moderated the excess of my grief. Yet, when I saw him depart, I thought my heart would have broken; a thousand tormenting doubts and fears crowded on my mind, and I then seemed to feel in idea those agonizing pangs I have since experienced in reality. By degrees I grew more calm, and endeavoured to treat my fears as vain and groundless; and when I remembered my lover's promises of unchangeable affection, I began really to wonder I could be so absurd,

as for a moment to doubt his truth. As guilt, to which, till of late, I had been a stranger, rendered solitude insupportable; and as reflection was, of all things, that which I the most dreaded, to evade both, I flew to company and dissipation; but my efforts were in vain; for guilt, like an injured ghost, pursued my steps; and remorse, like a canker, preyed upon my heart.

“ My lover had left Dunmarnock Castle nearly two months, and I had almost wearied my imagination with framing excuses for his silence, (for I had since his departure received no letter from him) when I learnt, by a gentleman who came from the part where Randolph’s family lived, that his father expired a few weeks after his arrival, and that his other son, (Randolph’s elder brother) having caught the disease, was since dead also.

“ This intelligence once more revived hope in my bosom; fool that I was! I fondly thought that Randolph, now master of his actions, and of an ample fortune, would fly to me on the wings of love; and that (all obstacles being removed) my father would resign me to the man, in whose arms I could now alone hope to save my fame, and regain my repose.

This pleasing dream soon vanished; hours, days, and weeks passed by, only to witness my tears, and increase my torments. The smiles of peace and innocence, it is true, played on my cheek, but corroding grief consumed my vitals. I had yet even more to endure: A month after, I understood that the faithless Randolph was married. Matilda, the fair, the wealthy Matilda, was his wife! My honour, my fame, my repose, were now irretrievably gone; yet was I still condemned to support the cruel farce of indifference and unconcern; for I well knew that a duel between my brother and Randolph would immediately follow the discovery of my wrongs. I found, however, it would not long be in my power to conceal my weakness: A retreat became absolutely necessary; and how often have I not wished to find it in the grave, and been prompt by an act (dark as my former crime) to have sought it; but religion checked the impious thought, and withheld me from plunging myself deeper in misery.

“ One

“ One desperate step alone presented me with the view of concealing my shame; it was to fly my father’s house for ever, and eternally to banish myself from all I held dear. How many tender struggles did it not cost me, before I could resolve on taking the desperate step; but it was my last, my only resource; and fortune seemed, at that time, to have furnished me with the means of accomplishing it.

“ Poor old Jane, my Serena, who has grown old in our service, opportunely came to sojourn a short time at the Castle: you know she was formerly my nurse; but, having afterwards married, she had for some years been settled further to the north. Well knowing her affection for me, I ventured to disclose my critical situation to her, and the resolution I had taken to leave the castle for ever.

“ The honest creature wept at the story of my wrongs, and earnestly persuaded me to abandon the desperate resolution I had formed; but finding I was not to be moved, and fearing, if she refused me her assistance, I should be driven to an expedient equally desperate, she consented to favour my project.

“ To avoid suspicion, we agreed that she should immediately frame an excuse to leave the Castle, and that, on that day fortnight, her husband should meet me at a place we named, and conduct me over the hills to their humble dwelling. This scheme was executed accordingly: Jane left the Castle, and I prepared to follow at the time appointed.

“ Dunmarnock Castle, on the day of my departure, happened to be full of company; which afforded me a plausible excuse for ordering my maids to attire me in my best jewels, which I knew must be the means of contributing to my future support.

“ To take off all suspicion of my intention, I made an effort for the last time to appear composed and cheerful, while my heart was bursting with anguish.

“ That dreadful day will never be effaced from my remembrance. May you, my Serena, never, from sad experience, learn to judge of what I felt. I could for ever have hung on the accents of my father, of my brother, of my friends! It is the last time, thought I, that I shall ever

hear them: I shall never again be blest in their society; and then my heart would labour with stifled sighs, and my eyes overflow with tears, which I was constrained to hide, by an abrupt absence; and as often as my father or my brother's eye met mine, I fancied that they already penetrated into my secret, and read my desperate intention.

"The hour fixed for my departure at length arrived; I stole, unobserved, from the company, and, with a bursting heart, and watery eyes, bid a final adieu to the mansion which contained all I held dear upon earth.

"I fled precipitately from the castle, by a back path, and found honest Mackenzie, my nurse's husband, waiting for me at the place of appointment.

"I lost no time in changing my cloaths for the dress of a Highland peasant, which my guide had purposely brought with him, that my appearance might not excite curiosity on our journey; and, being seated behind him on the mare he rode, we set off with all speed.

"I must not omit one circumstance—In passing a rapid stream, which ran through my father's grounds, I threw my plaid among the rushes, that, when found, it might delude my family with the idea, that I had by chance fallen in.—This, as I have since learned, is the general opinion.

"I blush, my Serena, to relate this artifice; but let it teach you to beware of committing one fault; for, be assured, it will ever lead you into others: But to proceed——

"Having travelled three days, on the morning of the fourth, we arrived at honest Mackenzie's dwelling.

"You remember, my Serena, it was a low hut, at the foot of a towering hill, which, shelving over, formed a recess to shelter it from the sharp northern blast.

"Think, my Serena, what a change from the stately castle I had lately called my home! but, here, I hoped to taste a luxury long unknown to me, that of giving free vent to my griefs. I have often, at sun-rise, sought the foot of a mountain, which, obscuring the light of the sun, cast on the surrounding objects a gloom congenial to my mind, and ruminated on my misfortunes, till the chilling dews of night have descended on my head.

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" I pursued this course so long, that apathy seemed to have taken possession of my soul. I seemed no longer capable of pleasure or of pain; but the birth of my Serena recalled me to a sense of both: I pressed her to my bosom with a rapture which none but a mother can feel; and tears, which I had long thought exhausted, once more gave ease to my furcharged heart.

" You grew, my child, all that your fond mother could wish; time calmed the violence of a grief, which, had it continued, must have put an early period to my days; I became more composed, and flattered myself, that Heaven, appeased by the sincerity of my repentance, and the anguish I had endured, had blest me with my Serena, to soften the severity of my fate; yet my joys were frequently interrupted by the cruel thought, that, should it please Heaven to snatch me from the world, I left my treasure without a friend. My faithful Jane, whose husband died a twelvemonth after I became an inmate in their family, I knew regarded her with the tenderness of a mother; but age might render her incapable of fulfilling the duties of one.

These thoughts made me sometimes meditate a return to my brother, who was now Lord Duncan, my father having, as I understood, expired two years after I left the castle, but pride prevented me.

" You were in your thirteenth year, my child, when I took the resolution to sacrifice my resentments to your interest; and after many struggle, on my side, we set out, as you well remember, for these parts; my design was to have introduced you to your unworthy father, and to have claimed for you that protection and countenance which he refused to me; but it was the will of Heaven to frustrate my design.

" After travelling many weary miles, we took up a night's lodging with our neighbour Colin, designing, the next morning, to obtain a final interview with your father; but from Colin I learned with surprize, that some time past, Randolph had left the Highlands for debt; and that Rothwell Castle, of which, on the decease of his brother, he became the laird, was almost a pile of ruins.

" I

"I considered my disappointment as a mark of the displeasure of Heaven; I had distrusted its mercy; I had sought for my child the protection of a base ingrate, rather than that of an all-merciful God, whose arm is ever stretched forth in defence of innocence. I humbled myself in the dust for my presumption, and resolved, from henceforth, to depend on God alone for the protection of my beloved.

"I observed the country here to wear an aspect far more inviting than the northern hills we had left; here forests of fir trees, verdant glens, and fields of waving corn, agreeably variegate the scene, and divert the wandering eye from the barren heath and the gloomy morafs.

"In short, my Serena, amid the charming hills of Athol I resolve to fix my future abode. The cottage we now occupy was opportunely vacant? I became its tenant, and since that time have continued so."

The conversation was here abruptly broken off by the approach of Donald, a youth, who tended his flock on the neighbouring mountains. He was distinguished above the other Highlanders by the gracefulness of his carriage, and the gentleness of his address; he was expert in pursuing the roebuck and the fox, as they bounded from hill to hill. All admired his strength and agility at the goff; and in darting the cumbrous stone on the polished surface of the ice, few excelled him. He breathed the pipe with a sweetness peculiar to himself, and the sonnets he composed were all in praise of Serena. He compared her skin to the fleece of his fairest lamb, or to the snow on the mountain's top; the blush of her cheek to the rosy dawn of day; and her unbraided tresses to the golden grain, when gently waved by the summer breeze.

On his approach, a rising blush overspread the cheek of Serena, and a smile of satisfaction half dissipated the gloom which shaded the countenance of her mother. The conversation became general; they extended their walk to the other side of the hill, talked over the occurrences of the day, and, by a gentle descent, reached the glen, and arrived at Isabel's cottage, where Jane impatiently waited their return, having spread the table with different kinds of esculent

culent vegetables, crowdie, and oak cakes, the whole being crowned by a choice regale of milk and bilberies.

Though the society of Donald was grateful to the fair Serena, yet the misfortunes of her mother had so strongly impressed her mind, that nothing could divert her from the contemplation of them; and, to the great concern of Donald, whose attention was ever directed to Serena, her bosom often heaved with a sigh, and a tear, more than once, stole from her downcast eye.

The hour of rest at length approached; Donald reluctantly departed, and Serena was left to indulge her reflections, unobserved but by the maternal eye of her mother.

The sweet girl had, till now, listened to the declaration of her lover's passion with a delight unalloyed by a painful sensation: She had never once thought it possible, that the tongue could utter what the heart did not feel; and tho' her mother had sometimes cautioned her against lending an ear to the flattering tales of the young Highlanders, yet, as Serena loved Donald, she did not think of applying her mother's caution to him, and the less, as Isabel herself countenanced his visits; but now Serena's mind was filled with doubts and fears.

"If, said she, the beauty, the accomplishments, and the noble birth of my mother could not bind the affections of my cruel father, how can the simple Serena hope for greater influence! No, said she, Donald, like Randolph, may be inconstant and ungrateful, and when secure of my too easy heart, he may leave me to lament at leisure my foolish credulity. I will be more reserved, thought Serena; I will try to disguise the sentiments of my heart; I will not let Donald discover that he is dear to me, till I have first proved the sincerity of his affection."

Thus would Serena reason with herself in the absence of Donald; but the moment he appeared, she forgot her former resolves, and flew to meet him with a pleasure in her eyes that evidently contradicted every effort she made to appear cold and indifferent.

"Though Donald, she would then say, may deceive me in his words, he cannot by his countenance; his eyes

say that he loves me, and the sincerity of his looks, that he is incapable of deceiving me,

Three weeks elapsed from this period, when one day, as Serena was taking a solitary walk at a small distance from her mother's cottage, she was accosted by a man, who, in a faint voice, requested her to direct him to the hut of some charitable Highlander, who would give him shelter till the next morning; adding, that he was faint with loss of blood, having been wounded and stripped of his property by robbers, and that if assistance was denied him, he must certainly perish.

Serena, who was all tenderness and compassion, with hasty steps conducted the Highlander (for such, by his dress and accent, he appeared to be) to her mother's cottage; but what were the emotions of Isabel, when, in the stranger, she beheld the perfidious Randolph! With a faltering voice, she enquired from whence he came; to which Serena readily answered, and endeavoured to interest her mother in his behalf, by relating his misfortune. Isabel made a sign to Serena to lead the stranger into the hut, she having met them at the entrance, and remained herself for some minutes in the air, that she might collect spirits to suppress her emotions. "Righteous Heaven, said she, is it true that Randolph is reduced to apply for relief to the woman he has injured! But she had not time to make long reflections; having summoned what fortitude she could to support the trying interview, she entered the cottage, and approaching Randolph, with an unsteady hand and beating heart, assisted Jane in applying to his wounds herbs of the most healing quality. Jane then conducted him into an adjoining room, where, having first administered to him such refreshment as he required, she left him to repose, which he appeared to stand greatly in need of.

When Isabel was alone with her daughter, "Whom, my child," said she, looking upon her with eyes expressive at once of joy, grief, and tenderness, "whom, my Serena, do you think the stranger is we this night entertain as our guest? My child, it is thy father!"—"My father!" exclaimed Serena, with astonishment. "Yes," resumed the agitated Isabel, "it is Randolph, thy father." "Gracious

ous Heaven, said Serena, have I then conducted the betrayer of my mother to our peaceful abode !”

“ Remember, my child, said Isabel, that Randolph is thy father ; do not, therefore, let my frailty and sufferings prompt you to forget the respect due to him in that sacred character. I know not, she added, whether to rejoice at, or to lament, the singular turn of fortune which has brought about this unexpected interview. My wounds, which time had nearly healed, bleed afresh in the presence of the author of them, and yet I feel a gleam of joy, that before I go hence I shall claim for my Serena the affection, the protection of a second parent.”

Much conversation on this subject passed between the amiable mother and her beloved daughter, which kept them from tasting the salutary balm of sleep till towards morning, when, after a short repose, they arose, and went to enquire after the health of their guest, whom, contrary to their expectations, they found infinitely worse than when they left him the over night, the pain of his wounds having occasioned a high fever, which greatly alarmed them. No tender attention was omitted by the generous Isabel, that might tend to his ease or recovery. She watched over him night and day with such unremitting care and anxiety, that by the time he was re-established in his health, her own was greatly impaired. Randolph reflected with astonishment on her singular humanity ; he knew not in what language to express his gratitude ; yet, while he confessed the kindness of his hostess, his haughty soul severely felt the weight of an obligation he had not the power to return. “ I was once wealthy, said Randolph, and could by actions have added grace to my words ; but Heaven sees it just to punish my crimes, by entailing on me the bitter curse of poverty and remorse. I was the son, said he, of a Highland laird, whose name I will not dishonour by an open avowal of the kindred I might claim ; my first entrance into life was marked by cruelty and seduction ; I fought and won a noble maid ; I seduced and left her a prey to cold neglect and disappointment ; suicide, as it is whispered by some, though the cause was unknown, immediately followed the news of my marriage, and terminated her woes ; for to increase the moderate fortune I

inherited by the death of my elder brother, I married a wife with a handsome portion and great expectations. She indeed wanted neither beauty nor prudence to have fixed my heart, but, like a wayward child, I cast away the blessing thrown into my lap; neither the beauty nor prudence of my wife had influence on the inconstancy of my disposition. Encouraged by the addition of fortune she brought me, I gave the rein to my passions, and suffered them to hurry me into the greatest excesses and most unbounded extravagance. I turned a deaf ear to the gentle remonstrances of Matilda, and repaid all her tenderness with neglect and unkindness. She, however, confined her griefs within her own breast, and was never heard to breathe an accent derogatory to my honour; but, notwithstanding her unexampled tenderness on this point, she could not blind the eyes of her father, who saw my conduct in its true colours.

“ Matilda was his only child, and consequently I had every reason to believe would be the sole heir to his possessions. This thought increased my extravagance, to which I set no bounds; so that, in the small space of four years, I had entirely run through my wife’s portion, and mortgaged a considerable part of my estate; but my spirits were always kept up, by the hopes that a short time would see me master of an ample fortune, by the death of my wife’s father, who was pretty far advanced in years, and of an indifferent constitution. He indeed paid the final debt to nature, but disappointed my expectations, by making a will, in which he left all his fortune to the children of Matilda, should she have any; and if none, the whole was to be sunk in an annuity for her, in case she survived me.

“ Highly incensed at this villainous conduct, for so it appeared to me, I vented all my rage on the defenceless Matilda, treating her as the sole author of my disappointment; but it pleased an all-wise Providence to punish my unworthy treatment of the best of women, to take her from me, at a time when I could most have desired her life.— She became pregnant, and I once more flattered myself with seeing the fortune of my wife revolve into my family; but Matilda’s health gradually declined, and a dangerous miscarriage at once destroyed my hopes, and closed the period of her existence.

"I now considered my circumstances desperate, as I had not the most distant view of retrieving them. My only hope rested on the gaming-table; but here ill success attended me—instead of preventing, I completed my ruin; for, at the end of a few months, I found myself so much involved in debts, that I was constrained to fly my native land.

"Six years have I wandered, a wretched fugitive, from place to place; in vain attempting, by various means, to retrieve my circumstances: An offended Providence, wherever I turn, seems to pursue me, and to set a barrier between me and success. Even here, led by a natural fondness for my native land, I have been stripped of the little I had gathered together by labour, and am reduced to the wretched estate of a beggar."

Isabel, observed Randolph to have ceased speaking, laid her hand upon his, and looking him steadfastly in the face, "Randolph, said she, has eighteen years erased from your heart features I once thought to be engraven there in unfading characters? or is it, that time and grief has wrought in them so great a change, that in me you can no longer recognize Isabel?"

"Isabel!" said Randolph, starting with amazement and chagrin at this unexpected address—

"The same, returned she, though no longer the blooming and the young."

Here Randolph, in his turn, fixed his eyes steadfastly on his hostess; but he could no longer discover the blooming complexion he had once gazed on with rapture; it had given place to a palid hue; the sprightly lustre of her eyes were dimmed with incessant tears, and her auburn tresses, which had once flowed in loose and shining ringlets over her bosom, were gathered under a simple bonnet; and tho' she was no more than thirty-six, grief had intermingled with them some silver hairs—such was the change which time, but more affliction, had wrought in one of the most captivating of women. Yet remembrance assisted him, upon minute observation, to trace beneath all, the elegant features of the once blooming Isabel.

"Gracious God! exclaimed he, with emotion, is it really to the woman, who, above all others I have injured, and who has reason, above all others, to curse and execrate me, that I am indebted for my preservation? Rather than so, would to Heaven I had perished."

"Be not grieved, said Isabel, that it has pleased a righteous God to humble you, by forcing you to seek shelter from the woman you have injured. The pity and forgiveness, Randolph, which Isabel could in thy prosperity have refused, she can freely offer in thy misfortune."

"In pity, said the haughty Randolph, oppress me not with the weight of obligations I have little deserved at your hands, and which now, alas! I can never return.—Remember, Isabel, said he, that I betrayed—abandoned"—

"Randolph, said Isabel, interrupting him, revert not to past times; my heart still hardens at the remembrance, and I could almost withdraw the forgiveness which religion teaches me to pronounce.

"In this fair fruit," continued she, presenting Serena to Randolph, "of a passion too tender for the repose and honour of her it influenced, let our animosities be forgotten.

"Randolph, said she, behold the child, which Heaven has ordained to be at once the pride and reproach of her parents.

"Mysterious Heaven! said Randolph, do I then, in this lovely child of nature, behold a daughter!"

Serena knelt to receive the blessing of her father; tears flowed from her soft eyes, and rendered her beauty of that touching sort, that must have melted the most obdurate heart.

Randolph, in beholding her, felt his heart beat with the tender affections of nature; they flowed in torrents from his eyes. He called to mind his former extravagance, and lamented, with heart-felt sorrow, that from him Serena could only inherit guilt and poverty.

A short rap at the door interrupted this interesting scene.

It was Donald, come to pay his accustomed homage to his lovely mistress. He brought with him a milk-white kid, which he had tamed for Serena, by whom it was received with an air of so much satisfaction, that an uninterested spectator might easily discern the giver had no small interest in her heart.

When Donald, after a time, had departed, Randolph, upon enquiry, was informed by Isabel, that he was a youth of excellent morals, and, as was conjectured by the neighbouring Highlanders, of no very inconsiderable property, which made her with pleasure view the mutual affection which existed between him and her beloved Serena.

This discourse was by no means pleasing to Randolph, who, though reduced in fortune, had the same haughty soul as when in his prosperity. He thought a youth of obscure parentage unfit to match even with the illegitimate and undowered daughter of the man who was once laird of Rothwell Castle, and could trace, in his pedigree, a race of unquestionable heroes.

He communicated these sentiments to Isabel, and endeavoured to inspire her with the same. He entreated her to call to mind the greatness of her own descent, and the obscurity of the youth she had fixed upon as a fit husband for her daughter; and, after many arguments, prevailed so far upon Isabel, that she reluctantly consented to use her interest with Serena, in order to induce her to think no more of Donald.

Isabel took an early opportunity to converse with her daughter on the subject, that she might discover the real state of her heart, flattering herself that it was not so much interested in Donald's behalf, as she at first suspected; but the artless Serena, whose tongue was the index of her heart, soon convinced Isabel that love was too firmly rooted there, to be with ease exterminated.

Isabel finding it so, began to repent having engaged in the business; she returned to Randolph, in order to consult with him, before she proceeded further in it; and vainly hoped to bring him over to her opinion, that birth and titles are not necessary to happiness; but she found it impossible, by any argument, to eradicate principles which he had imbibed from earliest infancy.

Randolph

Randolph maintained his former opinion, that an obscure Highland peasant was not a proper match for the daughter of an illustrious laird.

Isabel, seeing her words did not produce the desired effect, and considering that, how unworthy soever, Randolph inherited a father's right to dispose of Serena, returned to her daughter, and, after impressing her mind with a sense of the duty she owed to Randolph, as a father, she disclosed to her his objections to the pretensions of Donald to her hand, and that he expected her to think no more of him.

Serena was thunderstruck at this cruel intelligence.

"Ah! my mother, said she, and do you enforce that dreadful command? Is it, indeed, your pleasure that I banish Donald from my thoughts?"

Isabel was touched with the grief that appeared in the countenance of her beloved Serena; and for every pang she gave to her heart, inflicted one, doubly severe on her own.

"Is he not, said Serena, generous and virtuous? And does he not excel all the Highland youths in the gracefulness of his person, and the gentleness of his manners?"

"I grant it, my child, said Isabel; but his birth is obscure and mean."

"Ah! my mother, said Serena, how often have you told me that birth and titles were but empty sounds, and incapable of conveying any real value to the possessor."

Isabel was silent; she knew not how to refute a sentiment she had so often approved; and foreseeing that, if the argument continued, she should only be the more embarrassed, she put an end to the discourse, by saying,—

"My Serena, remember you have now a father, who, by the rights of nature is entitled to your obedience: I have, it is true, failed in this essential point of duty; but remorse and anguish have been my portion ever since.

"I, my Serena, suffered a passion, which was not authorized by the consent of my parent, to take possession of my heart, and from that fatal period may date my ruin.

"Spare me, then, the greater pang of reflecting, that the baneful influence of my conduct has extended to that of my child. Let me be gratified, by seeing my Serena
rise

rise above the weakness which has triumphed over, and destroyed the repose of her unhappy mother."

This was touching Serena in the most susceptible part; she loved her mother with that tenderness, that, to give her ease and pleasure, nothing seemed too great a sacrifice!

With faltering accents, she promised to banish Donald from her society, and, if possible, from her thoughts; she only requested permission to see him once more, and to acquaint him with the cause of her seeming inconstancy.

This was readily granted by the fond mother, who laid her daughter under no farther restrictions on that account, than to conceal the name of her family.

Serena having, in some measure, eased her heart by abundance of tears, went out to seek her lover. She related to him all the strange circumstances of her birth, the late discovery of her father, and his absolute command that she should no longer encourage the addresses of an obscure Highland peasant.

Serena, with infinite mortification, observed that Donald attended to the relation with a countenance far more expressive of surprize than grief; nay, when she lamented, that birth and title could alone win the consent of Randolph, she observed, that he heard her with the utmost indifference and unconcern.

Serena, judging of her lover's heart by her own, which was a prey to the most agonizing sensations, unwilling to give it an unnecessary pang, had clothed the intelligence she brought in the softest language; but when, contrary to her expectations, she observed the little effect it produced on him, her pride was alarmed, and she resolved, let the struggle cost her what it would, to confine the torturing pangs she felt within her own breast, nor to let the ungrateful Donald triumph in her misfortune. The conversation was therefore short, and on both sides seemingly constrained.

Serena, glad to elude the penetrating glances of her lover, returned solitarily homeward, reflecting, with the deepest regret, that Donald had added one more, to the many instances of the falsehood and inconstancy of man.

But Serena passed too hasty a judgment on the youth, nor could read the secret purposes of his heart.

Early in the morning he was at the door of Isabel's cottage. He requested to be admitted to Randolph, which being complied with, in the presence of Isabel and Serena, he confessed himself to be the son of Lord Duncan McCloud.

Various were the emotions which pressed upon Isabel's heart, on discovering that Donald was the son of her brother: In the language of Scripture, her heart yearned toward him, and she would gladly have fallen upon his neck, and given free vent to the overflowings of her heart; but the consciousness of her fallen state—of the disgrace she had brought upon her family, withheld her; and every softer thought was absorbed in shame and remorse. Neither were Randolph's feelings of the most pleasing sort; he called to mind, that he had seduced the sister of his friend, at the time he was hospitably entertained beneath his roof; and remembered that he had brought disgrace on a family, which, till then, had never known reproach. All this considered, he, with regret, anticipated the mortification he should feel, at meeting the exulting glance of Isabel's brother, who, he well knew, would undoubtedly rejoice in his fallen state. These thoughts operating on his mind, he was not a little pleased, at observing in Isabel the same reluctance to discover herself to Donald as he found in himself, presuming on this, he resolved to avoid an explanation.

Donald, fully persuaded that when Randolph should be acquainted with the nobility of his family, and the large fortune to which he was heir, he would rejoice at the prospect of an alliance, made no scruple of disclosing the true cause of his appearing in the character of an Highland peasant.

He informed him, that, in passing with his retinue thro' that part of the country, he had accidentally seen Serena, with whom he had fallen so desperately in love, that he found the utmost endeavours ineffectual to surmount his passion, well knowing it would not meet his father's approbation, the object of it being, as he then conjectured, of obscure birth; yet her image was so rooted in his heart, that life,
without

without her, became insupportable. That, finding he could not surmount his passion, he had asked permission of his father to travel, for the benefit of his health, which rapidly declined; but, in reality, with the sole intent of assuming the character of a rural youth, that he might be blest in the society of her who reigned sole mistress of his heart.

“ Ah ! said Donald, what a tide of joy last night broke in upon my heart, when Serena informed me that she was descended from those who would not contaminate the high blood which flowed in their veins, by mixing it with that of a low-born peasant. I could scarcely conceal my transports ; but I was resolved that a short period of grief should make the joy of my lovely mistress the greater, when I discovered my birth. My father is not sordid, nor covetous ; he only requires, that the alliance I make shall not disgrace the noble blood of the McClouds.”

Here Donald ceased, in expectation that Randolph would declare the name of his family, and the heroes who might grace its annals ; but Randolph, who, as we have before observed, had no greater wish than to put an end to all further enquiry concerning Isabel and himself, replied coolly, “ That he would never countenance a youth, who had acted in such open violence to the respects due to a parent : That, as to the possibility of bringing his father over to consent to his making Serena his wife, as she had no portion, it appeared the romantic thought of a young man in love ; and that, although she could number among her ancestors, heroes as illustrious as any laird in the Highlands, there were reasons which obliged him to keep the name and quality of her family concealed.”

He ended, with advising Donald to return immediately to his father, and apply to absence, as a certain cure for his passion.

Donald was astonished at a reception so different to what he had expected, yet, unacquainted with the motive, he, in secret, applauded the disinterested conduct of Randolph and Isabel, believing their scruples to arise from a repugnance to seduce him into a union which might be unpleasant to his father. He nevertheless attempted, by many arguments, to shake their resolution, earnestly wishing to

know the truth of what Randolph asserted, concerning the nobility of his descent; but finding entreaties of no avail, he left the cottage, and, attended by a trusty domestic, who was the confidant of his passion, and the sole companion of his excursion, he set out post for Dunmarnock Castle.

Donald, who had been absent nearly eight months, was joyfully received by his father, who had repeatedly dispatched letters to hasten his return home.

Conceiving this to be a favourable opportunity to introduce the subject nearest his heart, Donald resolved to disclose to his father all the circumstances which gave birth to his passion. He reverted to the day in which he had first beheld, and been captivated by the charms of Serena: He painted, in lively colours, the many severe struggles he had undergone in attempting to surmount his passion; for the truth of which, he applied to the declining state of his health when he left Dunmarnock Castle. He then ventured to confess the deceit he had practised, in pretending to be on his travels, while, in reality, he was paying the most tender vows at the feet of his mistress; and, last of all, he recounted the circumstances Serena had disclosed to him concerning her birth, and his singular interview with her father, the day before he set out for the castle.

Lord Duncan, whose failing was really not the love of money, and who valued his son's happiness above every worldly consideration, excepting that of high birth, was at length so far brought over by his son's persuasions, as to promise, that if Serena's father could make it appear that her origin was not inferior to his own, want of fortune should not be an obstacle to his happiness.

Donald's next object was to prevail with his father to take a journey to Athol, where the mistress of his affections resided, and himself to question her father concerning the truth of what he had asserted.

It happened now to be the most pleasant time of the year for travelling, and Lord Duncan not being in a humour to refuse any request his son should make, which was not derogatory to his honour, complied with this request also, and in due time, attended by Donald, and a numerous retinue, arrived at Isabel's humble dwelling.

The

The reader will suppose that they were guests, who did not contribute to calm the spirits of the inhabitants. Serena on their arrival, was endeavouring to divert the melancholy which, since Donald's departure, had constantly preyed upon her spirits, by cultivating a few flowers and curious shrubs, which her lover had planted in a small inclosure before the cottage. Donald perceived her before any one else, and spring from his horse, in a few seconds, prest her to his heart; then taking her hand, he presented her to his father, who with his attendants was by this time arrived at the little wicket.

Though Lord Duncan did not behold Serena with the enthusiastic eye of love, he could not but agree with his son that she was too fair

“ To blush unseen,

“ And waste her sweetness on the desert air.”

He was above all wonderfully struck with the resemblance she bore to his sister. Her very exact form and features! when in the bloom of seventeen; imprest with this idea, he walked into the cottage, where Isabel, who had seen him from the window, remained overwhelmed with confusion.

Nor was Randolph much better prepared to meet the friend he had injured; but necessity obliged each to assume an aspect of composure, foreign to their hearts.

The laird of Dunmarnock, whose mind was strongly impressed with the image of his sister, recalled by the blooming graces of Serena, started at the sight of Isabel; he ran wildly over every feature, and when she spoke, fell back in an agony of surprise: when he turned his eyes on Randolph, he saw fresh matter for wonder. Ten thousand thoughts rushed impetuously on his mind, he could have persuaded himself that all he saw was enchantment; his eye wandered alternately from Randolph to Isabel, and from Isabel to the fair Serena. Isabel seeing the agitation of her brother, found her own emotions increase so violently, that had she longer attempted to suppress them, she must have sunk motionless on the floor: a copious flood of tears opportunely relieved her, and served to confirm Duncan in the opini-

on, that there was something more in the resemblance he perceived than merely fancy; he doubted not but he really beheld the sister whom he had long thought descended to an untimely grave, and the friend who in his youth had possessed a share of his affections; his thoughts became more composed, and the mystery seemed as it were, in the same moment, unravelled; he called to mind the attachment which had formerly subsisted between Randolph and his sister. Serena's age, her resemblance to each, the story which Donald had related, in which every thing but the name and family were revealed, all conspired to acquaint him with the cause of his sister's exile, and to convince him of the base part which Randolph had acted toward her.

Yet such was his joy at beholding her, after a separation of eighteen years, that his resentment was lost in joy. He embraced her with a tenderness that shewed she was still dear to his heart; and having heard the particulars of her story from her own mouth, he joined the hands of his son and the fair Serena, with a satisfaction he little expected to receive when he left Dunmarnock Castle. Then turning to Randolph, he asked him whether a portion of two thousand pounds would induce him to repair the injury he had done his family?

The reader need not be informed that this proposal was accepted by Randolph, who, touched with Isabel's constancy and long sufferings, would readily have made her that recompence had her brother's offer been less generous.

At the request of the Laird of Dunmarnock Castle, the ceremony was immediately performed, but in the most private manner; Serena and Donald were also at the same time made happy, though their nuptials were afterwards celebrated with great pomp at the Castle.

The ceremony was no sooner over, than Isabel, in the presence of Randolph and the young pair, addressed herself thus to her brother:—"I have now, said she, as far as I am able, wiped away the disgrace I have brought upon my family: I have consented, and am become the wife of the man who has wronged me. Once to have been Randolph's wife, was my greatest pride and ambition; but that
time

time is past: the hour of love and confidence is no more; I feel that a something is gone from my heart which can never more be restored to it: Time and long sufferings have effectually weaned me from a world, for which I have proved myself unfit; were I to return to it, my heart would not as formerly vibrate to the sound of joy; I should be sad and pensive in the midst of gaiety and pleasure. Since it is thus, my brother, let me have your permission, and your's, Randolph, said she, to whose will I have rendered myself subservient, to retire to a holy sisterhood, where I may have leisure to examine my own heart, to correct its feelings, and to teach my passions due obedience to my reason. My friends, do not marvel at, nor oppose my request; it is not suddenly nor lightly conceived; but is that which I find, upon mature deliberation, can alone restore peace to the residue of my life."

This unexpected address surprised all present; every one opposed Isabel's design, and doubted not but that they should be able to divert her from the resolution she had formed; but they found it no easy task; neither the tears of Serena, the prayers of Randolph, who, in the fear of losing, began to feel her worth, nor the earnest entreaties of the Lord Duncan and Donald, could move her; she persisted in her design of retiring from the world, and, more especially, from Dunmarnock Castle. "Alas, said she, why will you urge me to revisit a spot which must revive in my heart a thousand painful recollections?"

To conclude: finding she was deaf to all their entreaties, they no longer opposed her desire; but reluctantly suffered her to retire to a monastery, from which, till her death, which did not happen until many years after, she had the constancy never to remove. She was sometimes visited by her daughter; but would never listen to any solicitations to leave her retirement.

Randolph, so strange is the propensity of the human mind to behold those things as the most desirable which are beyond its power to attain, on the retirement of Isabel, became melancholy; his spirits entirely forsook him; and she, who had formerly been cast off and neglected, seemed now of the greatest moment to his peace. He would pass whole hours in contemplating her amiable qualities; her
greatness

greatness of soul, and unexampled constancy. He would often lose himself in an ideal scheme of the happiness he might have enjoyed with her, and would start from the pleasing dream, stung with vexation and disappointment; the blessings in his power, as formerly, he put from him, and remembered only that one which, for his punishment, Heaven had placed beyond his reach. In fine, Randolph became his own tormentor; and to sooth his grief, formed the resolution of retiring to the humble cottage which had, for so many years, been the residence of Isabel, and was vacant by the death of old Jane, on whom Donald had settled a comfortable annuity. Here he retired, and having spent some years in painful repentance, died.

Peace and prosperity were the reward of Donald's and Serena's virtues and constancy; they lived many years, happy in the society of the generous Lord Duncan, and, at his death, became the sole possessors of Dunmarnock Castle.

EXTRACT FROM AN ACCOUNT OF THE SUFFERINGS

OF

CAPTAIN FRANCIS DE CIVILLE,

PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR 1698.

FRANCIS DE CIVILLE was a gentleman of Normandy, and commanded on the side of the Protestants, a company of a hundred men in the city of Rouen, when that place was besieged by Charles IX. being then about

twenty-six years old. Count Montgomery, governor of the city, gave orders to defend it to the last extremity.— On the first general assault, which happened the 15th of October 1562, Captain Civile was wounded by a musket ball, which passed through his cheek, right jaw, and came out at the back part of his neck.

On receiving the wound, he fell from the top of the ramparts into the ditch beneath; some pioneers who happened to be working there, thinking him dead, threw him into a hole, and a Mr. Claude Forrester being mortally wounded, and falling soon after, they put him in likewise, covering both with a small quantity of earth. He remained in this state from some time before eleven in the morning till half past six at night, when his servant, Nicholas de la Berre, hearing of the fatal accident, and wishing to bestow a more honourable funeral on his master, obtained permission of the Count Montgomery to take him up, in which office he was accompanied by Lieutenant Clerc of the Count's guards. Instructed of the spot, they drew out the body of Claude Forester, which they did not recognize, and afterwards that of Captain Civile, who was likewise so disfigured with dirt, blood, swelling, and the appearance of death, that his servant could not ascertain his person. They therefore returned the two bodies to the earth, but this time Civile was thrown uppermost, and the grave lightly covered with mould as before.

As they were about to depart, lamenting their unsuccessful attempt, Lieutenant Clerc remarked, that the hand of the body which was uppermost was left entirely uncovered, he therefore dismounted, and tried to force it down with his foot, but finding that impracticable, he stooped to cover it with earth; while thus employed, he discovered by the light of the moon a diamond of great lustre on the finger. This he took off, covered the hand, and rode after his companion, who was gone some little way forward, immediately throwing him the ring, and saying he was well paid for his trouble. The servant instantly recognized the diamond, being of a peculiar triangular form, declaring he would return and bear the body of his master back to be properly interred. Captain Civile was again drawn from the hole, and, by the care of Nicholas, cleared from the earth

earth that disfigured him, during which, he declared to Lieutenant Clerc, he discovered signs of life in his master; he therefore placed him before him on his horse, and hastened to the army surgeons, who were then in St. Claire's monastery. These believing him dead, paid no regard to his servant's supplication, saying they had few dressings left, and could not throw them away on dead men. Nicholas, notwithstanding this affirmation, carried the body of his master to the house where he formerly lodged, and watched him with the most assiduous care. Civile remained five days without speech, motion, or any sign of life, but an ardent fever.

Some distant relations of the Captain's, Mess. Verbois and du Val, hearing of the circumstance, came to see him, bringing two physicians and a surgeon. These, after much examination, and probing the wound, agreed to dress it, and make a seton, though they confessed they had no hope of success; they also unclenched his teeth, and with great difficulty forced some spoonfuls of nourishing broths down his throat.

The next day they opened the dressing, and found the wound had discharged greatly, the swelling of the neck and head was much diminished, the patient's speech likewise returned, as he articulated a complaint of his arm; yet he did not appear to know any person, but seemed like one awakened from a deep sleep. His fever continued very high, but the amazing change which had already taken place, inspired all with the most lively hope. Things were in this state when the city was taken by storm, and every one was obliged to shift for themselves in the best manner they could; the personal safety of Nicholas, who was a protestant, forced him to take the same precaution, and the unfortunate Civile was left to the mercy of the conquerors. Four soldiers, who plundered the house where he lay, treated him with great humanity, and even kindness; but some days after they were ordered elsewhere, and that house fixed on for the quarters of an officer of the royal army, Lieutenant Moulins of the Scotch guards.

The

The servants of this gentleman coming to prepare the lodging, moved the Captain into a small back room, where they laid him on a wretched straw mattress. To complete his misfortune, some enemies of his younger brother, who had lost his arm some time previous, and who had lodged in the same house, came to seek him, determined to seize the opportunity of the present confusion to dispatch him.—Disappointed of their cruel intention by not finding young Civile, who had left Rouen before his brother's misfortune, they vented their prey on the unhappy Captain, whom they threw from the window of his apartment into the back yard—fortunately it was low, and he received but little damage, lighting on a dung-hill that was beneath it. He remained in this wretched situation three days and nights, exposed to the inclemencies of the air, without other covering but his shirt and night cap.

By this time Mr. Croisset, his cousin-german, and a catholic, who knew where he lodged, made interest to enquire after him. An old woman, who was now in the house, replied, he was dead, and that having no one to bury him, he was on a dung-hill in the back yard, where she discovered him the day before, when she first arrived at the house. Mr. Croisset hastened there immediately, and, to his great surprise, found his cousin living and sensible, though so feeble, that he could not speak, but made signs for drink. Beer was brought, which he drank with great eagerness, but on attempting to swallow bread, his throat was so much contracted, from long fasting, that the bit was obliged to be withdrawn from the passage, to prevent strangulation, though he afterwards swallowed some that had been soaked in beer.

Notwithstanding the danger he had undergone, abstinence and cold appeared to have had the happiest effects on him; his fever was gone, and he was able some hours after to be moved by water to the Castle of Croisset, on the banks of the Seine, and about a league from Rouen. The soldiers who had before treated him with so much humanity, helped to convey him to the water side, pretending to do so without the knowledge of Mr. Croisset, who, as he was a Catholic, could not have bestowed in this time of persecution mercy on any Protestant, however near a relation,

without being suspected of favouring their cause. Civile thus situated, was very ill received by the house-keeper at the Castle of Croisset, making him wait a long time on the bridge, where he was so struck with cold, that his death must inevitably have been the consequence, had not the valet of Mr. Croisset fortunately arrived with orders, which released him from his disagreeable situation. Notwithstanding this, he had much to suffer, having no dressing for his wounds, but crumbs of bread and yolk of egg.

The news of his unhappy state reached Mr. Croisset, who was yet at Rouen, he immediately sent a physician, and the same surgeon who attended him at the taking of the city; they remained with him for two days, and at their departure left dressing, promising to visit him as often as they possibly could with safety to themselves. His faithful valet Nicholas, with infinite pains, having found out his retreat, hastened there, and attended him with the utmost care.

When he had gained a little strength, he determined to go to Caux, and put himself under the care of two brothers, who had done remarkable cures. Civile arrived there in the month of July, during the siege of Hausse de Grace. These surgeons had long been acquainted with his family, and employed their skill with so much success, that, in about six weeks, he was much better, but remained rather deaf, and had lost the use of his little finger.

He again entered the service, but the wound in his jaw was frequently troublesome, opening from time to time, and throwing off exfoliations of bone.

At length, Henry III. having driven all protestants from France, in 1585, Civile took refuge in England, where the wound still remaining painful, he put himself under the care of two famous physicians he met there, namely, Lavinus of Prague, and Maillard of Orleans, from whom he obtained a complete cure. He wrote this account in 1605, then aged near seventy, and forty-three years after receiving the wound; the manuscript was left at his death in the hands of a Mr. Sicqueville.

Among other circumstances, one should not be omitted, as it confers honour on the Captain. Queen Elizabeth hearing speak of him, wished to see and learn his story from himself

himself, he obeyed, and received from her own hand a diamond ring, and her picture. Civile was in the National Assembly, deputed from Normandy, forty two years after he received his wound, and when he signed the determination, wrote,—“ Francis de Civile, thrice dead, thrice buried, and, by the grace of God, thrice risen again,”—which was his common method of signing his name. Civile was twice married, both times after his wound; he had no children by his first wife, but several by his second, and in 1698, when this account was printed, had two grand-children living, one of whom was married to a son of Mr. de Sicqueville before-mentioned, and the other to an Englishman, called Brown Sandham, Esq.

THE
HISTORY
OF

MRS. LACELLS.

[FROM LAURENTIA.]

I AM under the cruel necessity of acknowledging, that my misfortunes have been almost wholly of my own seeking; for I was, indeed, blessed with most tender and affectionate parents: During my childhood they scarcely

left me a wish ungratified, and, as I advanced in years, invention was racked to supply me with new pleasures. Altho' it was their constant study to render me happy, yet I was ever uneasy at home. I neither seemed to feel that love and respect for my father and mother, which is natural to a young and amiable disposition; nor did I ever scruple to disobey their commands whenever they stood in competition with my own inclinations; for, unused to reproof, what had I to fear?

Perhaps you will say, gratitude ought, at least, to have attached me to those who sacrificed so much for me; but, alas! if you look through the world in general, you will find that gratitude is a flame that burns but faintly in the bosom of an immoderately indulged child.

I considered all their kindness as no more than my due; and, if I suffered myself to be pleased, I thought they were sufficiently rewarded.

I had masters of all sorts to instruct me in whatever is supposed to constitute an accomplished woman. Music and dancing were all I chose to attend to, and the progress I made in them delighted my fond parents, and in their partial eyes fully compensated for my other deficiencies.

At the age of seventeen, I became acquainted with a Lieutenant in a marching regiment that was quartered in the neighbourhood. He was handsome in his person, and conceiving, perhaps, that I should have a large fortune, he took some pains to introduce himself to my notice. A complete master of the art of flattery, he soon became very agreeable in my eyes; and as he not only submitted to, but even commended all the extravagances I was guilty of, I concluded he must be very much in love, and insisted on his being invited in every party of my mother's. I danced with him at our assemblies, and, in short, considered every day as miserable in which I could not spend some hours in his company.

My father became very uneasy, and represented the impropriety of thus encouraging a man, of whose family we were entirely ignorant.

Lacells was a stranger in the country; his character had been enquired into, and stood not in a very fair point of view. Vanity induced me to suppose, from his present de-

meanor, that I had wrought a change in his heart, and that whatever his faults might have been, charms like mine must infallibly reclaim him.

Full of these false ideas, I never ceased importuning my mother to stand my friend, and at last declared, I would neither eat or drink till she had procured the consent of my father. This menace had the desired effect. She flew to my father, and acquainted him with my determination. Her intreaties overcame his judgment, and he promised to receive my lover on a more friendly footing than he had ever done before.

Lacells was accordingly invited that very evening, but the struggles in my father's mind were very apparent. He asked a few questions respecting the connexions of Mr. Lacells; but seemed fearful of receiving answers that would prove satisfactory: Indeed, the lieutenant owned that he owed his birth to chance—his father being a man of quality.

He could remember nothing of his mother, being taken from her during his infancy, and afterwards educated at Eaton, with a view of being sent to Oxford, and brought up to the church. That profession not suiting the vivacity of his disposition, he had prevailed on the Earl of S——, his father, to place him in the army; and having, about two years since, been so unfortunate as to offend that nobleman, was the reason he had never exerted his interest to get his son promoted.

My father would have enquired into the nature of that offence, but Lacells prevented him, by saying, "that he had been drawn in by some young fellows of his acquaintance to run into expences beyond his allowance; and, presuming too much on the generosity of the Earl, he had drawn on his banker for L. 100, which had irritated the old nobleman so much, he had declared, in a fit of passion, that he would never see his son again." Lacells then added, he was not without hopes of a reconciliation, and it should, for the future, be his study to deserve the good opinion of his father."

My father proposed writing to the Earl of S——, and stating the remorse his son felt from having given cause of disapprobation; and likewise to request that nobleman to do
some-

something for Mr. Lacells, who my father wished to take the name of Paulin, provided he married me. To this Lacells could not reasonably object, though he made some frivolous excuses to prevent an application of that kind from being made immediately. My father, however, silenced the young gentleman with a frown.

The next morning I was sent for into my father's study, where I found him quite alone. He addressed me in the mildest terms that paternal affection could dictate. "My dear Aubery, said he, must be conscious that my solicitude for her happiness can proceed from no other motive than the sincerest love that ever warmed the breast of a father. Indeed, there is no sacrifice that I would not make to insure her felicity. Alas! my dear girl, I tremble when I reflect on this unfortunate attachment of your's; for, indeed, I fear, if you persist in it, it will prove unfortunate. Do not mistake my meaning: I am not so very desirous of your marrying a man of large fortune as many fathers are; but an amiable disposition, and a good character, are requisites that cannot be dispensed with, without running great risk of being very miserable. You, as an only child, have been the darling of your mother and myself; to you we have fondly looked for comfort in our declining years! What will become of us should you be unhappy? And, oh! my child, reflect, I conjure you, on the difference you will experience when you leave a house where your will has been law.

There is a something in the countenance and manners of Mr. Lacells that makes me fear your fortune, and a genteel establishment, are more the objects of his pursuit than I could wish; but, however, I will suspend my opinion of him for the present. I shall write to the Earl of S—— in behalf of the young man, and, if I find him worthy, he shall possess my treasure, my darling."

My dear father stopped—He pressed my hand between his, then strained it to his bosom; it was some moments before he could articulate. I was affected, and the tears stole down my cheeks. At length he proceeded:—

"I wished to see you, my dear girl, to intreat that you will so far oblige me as to be on your guard—to make no promises, nor to give any farther encouragement to Mr. Lacells,

Lacells, till we have an answer from the Earl of S——. If the lieutenant has been guilty of a falsehood, my Aubery cannot love him : She cannot think that the man, who is capable of deceit as a lover, can make the husband she deserves. A few days will decide, and surely I may hope that you will not refuse the request of a father, who is so anxious for your welfare."

I ventured to answer for the honour of Lacells : He was incapable of a base action : He had been perfectly open and ingenuous in his confession ; He pretended not to fortune, and, if he had been led into irregularities by his companions, he had seen his error—and reformed rakes always made the best husbands.

My poor father shook his head, and said, " he would not contest that point with me now, though he could by no means subscribe to the truth of it ; he only wanted my promise, to wait one more week, before I engaged myself any farther."

To that I consented, on condition that Mr. Lacells was invited as usual, saying, " that I could not bear the idea of appearing to suspect the honour or veracity of a gentleman—it would be inflicting a wound not easily healed." My father replied, " he had no objection to entertain Lacells as a friend, provided he might depend on my not seeing him alone, as in the company of my father and mother, he would not presume to draw me in to make any imprudent promises."

I believe I complied with a very ill grace, for I was naturally obstinate, and had been too much flattered by all my dependants not to have a very good opinion of my own discernment. I secretly laughed at the precaution of my father, which I foolishly thought was both troublesome and unnecessary.

Lacells dined with us that day, and as there was other company, I easily avoided speaking to him alone. Two more days passed much in the same manner ; but on the fourth, it being his turn to be on duty, I did not expect to see him ; and having a slight head-ach, I excused myself from attending my father and mother, who were engaged to dine at Sir Thomas Murray's.

To-

Towards evening, Saunders (my own maid) delivered a letter to me, which was given to her by Lacells's servant; in which letter Lacells complains (in the common place strain) of the tediousness and insipidity of a day, in which he could not be blest with a sight of the only being that was dear to him; that he could not but feel extremely alarmed, lest the Earl of S—— should disapprove of his marrying so young, and of course say something to prejudice Mr. Paulin against one who adored his daughter. He was afraid the match might be put off or delayed much longer than the ardency of his passion could suffer him to wait: He therefore conjured me, if I had the smallest regard for, or confidence, in him, to meet him the next morning in my father's park, before the family were stirring, when he would communicate much more than he could do by letter.

Unmindful of the duty I owed my father, and unmindful of the promise I had made, I returned an answer to Lacells, that I would be faithful to the appointment. The morning came—I arose between four and five, stole out unperceived, and was soon at the place of rendezvous.—Lacells was there before me: He apologized for breaking my rest; but declared he should never know another happy moment without I would consent to give him my hand in spite of all the opposition that might be made to it; 'for, added he, I am assured by a friend, that the Earl, my father, carried his resentment against me so far, as even to charge me with ingratitude and deceit, both of which, with all my faults, I am indeed a stranger to. Your father will believe his tale before my single voice: You will be kept from my sight, and I shall become the most wretched man beneath the sun.'

I endeavoured to inspire him with hope: He might be misinformed, and, after all, I thought I might depend on my father's affection; he could not long resist the importunities of his child, when he saw her happiness was bound up in his consent.

"Far, far better, exclaimed the artful wretch, to make me happy without his consent, and trust to his affection for a reconciliation; for, oh! my lovely girl, who, that has once known your loss, could refuse to take you to their
arms

arms again ! Believe me, their anger would not last long ; a few weeks absence would render you doubly dear to them, and they will receive you with joy. Come, my Aubery, you must, you will consent ; meet me here this evening before twelve, if possible ; I will have every thing in readiness."

I would have persuaded him to defer it a few days longer, as it would be time enough to take measures like those he proposed when no others remained, and I could not but scruple to act so directly contrary to the injunctions of my father : But, alas ! it seemed as if Lacells possessed an influence over me, like that I had too often exerted over my parents.

He urged, that it was better to marry without, than against their consent, with many other arguments too weak to have worked on any but an inexperienced, yet self-opiniated mind.

I at last agreed to meet him there at the time proposed, and should any letter arrive that day (as was expected) inform him of the contents. We parted, and I hastened back to my own chamber.

When I met my father at dinner, I quickly perceived that his countenance was clouded. He tried to conceal it in vain, yet there was a tenderness in his manner that ought to have convinced me, paternal regard overcame every other passion.

He courted me to eat, by offering the best of every thing on table ; and was unusually pressing for me to take one more glass of wine than my stated quantity when the cloth was removed.

My mother was totally silent : She eat but little, and a tear not unfrequently rose in her eye. My heart foreboded that the letter was indeed arrived, and the contents unfavorable to my wishes ; but I could not believe that my lover was unworthy.

Twice did my father essay to speak, preceded by a hem each time, and twice his lips closed before he could prevail on himself to begin a subject that he knew would give pain to his only child. At last he began : " Cannot my Aubery see the struggles in her father's bosom ? Will the not believe that the answer I have received from the Earl of

S—— gives me the greatest concern? It contains a representation of Mr. Lacells's conduct, that forbids me to think of him as a son-in-law." I started, and bit my lips with chagrine. A mutual silence prevailed for a few moments. I then replied, "Mr. Lacells had been unfortunate in offending his father, but his repentance was very sincere."

"I am willing to shew lenity to every one, and slow to believe any thing to the disadvantage of another, returned my father. Let the young man come here to-morrow—I will read part of the letter to him: If he can disprove it, I am still his friend—if not, my daughter shall never be his."

The latter part of the sentence was pronounced in a firmer tone of voice than I had been accustomed to hear from my father: And, to my eternal disgrace be it spoken, my wicked heart was then capable of entertaining resentment against him, whose breast was torn with disquietude on my account. I made no reply, but preserved a sullen silence. A neighbouring clergyman happening to drop in soon afterwards, prevented any more being said on the subject, and I took care to leave the room before he wished my father a good-night.

The family were in their respective apartments soon after eleven, and as the air was rather chilly, I threw a great coat over my other dress, and when I thought all were quiet, stole softly down stairs.

On opening the outward door, I perceived a smart shower was falling, my conscience gave me a twinge; I was half resolved to go back again, and stood a few moments to deliberate; Lacells expects me, thought I, he is unmindful of the weather; and 'tis the only opportunity I can have to beg that he will come prepared to-morrow to vindicate himself: He must love me better for so much anxiety on his account; I need not stay long, and it would be cruel to keep the poor lieutenant in fruitless expectation.

I was determined, reached an umbrella, and sallied forth. The rain still continuing, we betook ourselves under a shed that was built for the deer, and on my communicating as much as I knew of the contents of the Earl of S——'s letter

letter, Lacells counterfeited the most poignant grief, and said, nothing now remained for him but to bid me a last adieu, to tear himself from my presence, and end his miserable existence far distant from the charms that had enslaved his heart. I again urged the forgiving temper of my father, who I knew could not be inflexible to my entreaties. Lacells again availed himself of that plea, and conjured me to put it out of their power to withhold that forgiveness, by going off that instant; adding, he had a chaise and four waiting without the pales of the park. I was at first shocked at the proposal, though I might have expected it, from the conversation in the morning, and totally unprepared for it, but he scarcely gave me time to consider; for partly by persuasions, and partly by force, he led me to the boundaries of the park, and lifting me over into the road, where we were joined by his servant, they conducted me to the carriage, which was soon in the high road for London, where we arrived early the next evening.

We stopped at an hotel in Oxford-street, and I was taken out of the chaise half dead with fatigue and remorse, but it was then too late to recede; I was obliged to submit to the directions of my lover, who did not suffer me to remain long at the hotel. He discharged all those who accompanied us, except his own man, and came into the room where I had thrown myself on two chairs, begged ten thousand pardons for hurrying me about, but said it was absolutely necessary I should go from thence immediately, as he doubted not but a pursuit would be made after us, and I could not wonder that he was solicitous to preserve the treasure he had seized.

A hack-coach was called, into which I got, and was drove through two or three streets, that coach discharged, and another called, which was repeated several times, 'till I own my patience was quite exhausted. At last we were set down in some private street, May-fair. I was handed out and conducted up stairs into very comfortable apartments. Lacells proposed my occupying them a couple of days, pleading his anxiety for my health, and supposing that my father would proceed directly to Gretna Green, without he could gain information of the rout we had taken, imagining we were gone thither. He likewise promised to

lodge in another house himself; but if I had no objection, he should rather take a trip to France than to Scotland, and he thought we should not meet with so many disagreeable circumstances attending the former as the latter.

It was a matter of indifference to me; indeed, if any thing, I preferred going to France, because it was more out the common way. After two days, we accordingly set out for Dover, got on board the packet, arrived safe at Calais, were married, and proceeded to Paris, from whence I wrote to my parents, telling them what I had done, and imploring their blessing and forgiveness.

I had an answer from my father as soon as possible, intreating my speedy return, if I wished ever to see my mother again; for that my imprudent and ungrateful behaviour, together with not hearing what was become of me for so long a time, had brought on a fever, which was attended with very alarming symptoms—that perhaps a sight of me might be of greater service than medicines, which had hitherto proved of no effect; on her account, therefore, he conjured me to make no delay. For himself, he would say nothing—his hopes rested in heaven, for it was there alone he could now know peace.

I was greatly affected at this intelligence, and with my husband set out immediately, making all imaginable expedition. The wind was unfavourable on our return, and detained us a day and night at Calais. I had there time for self-reproach; the thorns I had planted in the bosoms of my indulgent parent began to rankle in my own. I expected consolation from my husband, but I found it not. Unused to melancholy and complaints, he was endeavouring to dissipate his cares by drowning them in French wines, of which he with much carelessness invited me to partake.

We were summoned to the vessel by five o'clock in the morning, never having been in bed all night, from the expectation of going on board sooner. The water was rough, and I experienced all the inconvenience of it, being dreadfully sick the whole time. At length we landed, and went post to Woodcote, my father's seat, scarce ever stopping even to take proper refreshment.

When

When we arrived, the servants crouded about me, with woe-fraught countenances, and soon carried what they thought joyful news to the sick chamber. My father was there, and communicated it to his beloved wife, she wished to see me as soon as I pleased. I therefore left Mr. Lacells below, and flew to the bed-side; my father had withdrawn to the window, and stood with his back towards me. I dropped on my knees, and seizing the hand of my mother, would have carried it to my lips, but overcome by fatigue, and the conflicting emotions of my own breast, I could only gently press it, and fell lifeless on the floor. When I recovered, I found myself on my own bed, my husband and father both attending, and using every means to restore me.

“ I am quite well, said I, let me go instantly to my mother, and assure her her forgiveness alone is wanting to make me happy.”

“ Not this evening, said my father, to see you thus will only increase the violence of her disorder.” I submitted, and passed a wretched night. In the morning my father met us in the breakfast parlour, he had a paper in his hand, which, on our entering, he tore in several pieces. “ This, said he, addressing Mr. Lacells, was the letter I received from the Earl of S——, thus I destroy it, and I will endeavour to erase the contents of it from my memory; if your heart is the seat of any generous sentiments, surely you will not abuse the confidence I mean to place in you; love my child, and behave kindly to her, I will then forget what is past, and be your friend.”

I fell on my knees, and grasped the hand of my excellent father. I would henceforth be every thing he wished.— He raised me up, folded me in his arms, and blessed me with a faltering voice; but said, he had now no longer a right to command me; I had chosen another protector, and, oh! my Aubery, may he but idolize you as I have done. Lacells affected to be moved at this scene, and promised fair to be a good husband, and a submissive son.

I had then an interview with my mother, who was something better; she likewise readily forgave me, imparting a solemn blessing, and from the time of my return, appeared to mend, though but slowly.

For

For a few days the behaviour of my husband was unexceptionable, but he soon gave me to understand, that he could not bear the idea of living in another man's house—he chose to have one of his own, where he might occasionally invite his friends; for although the hospitality of my father might render them welcome, yet it was too mortifying to receive them in such a situation.

I slightly hinted these wishes to my father, who heaved a deep sigh, and said, “He was sorry Mr. Lacells could not be happy at Woodcote, where he might command as he pleased; but, however, if he will consent to live in this neighbourhood, I will endeavour to find a house for him, and engage to pay you quarterly L. 150, I must insist on your regulating your expences accordingly. Out of that income Mr. Lacells may keep a couple of horses, and your mother's carriage will be always at your service.”

Lacells objected to living in W—shire, he would rather my father paid him down L. 10,000 at once, which was no more than my fortune had been estimated at, by every body. He had a few debts that he wished to discharge, and the money might afterwards be placed in the funds.

Notwithstanding the insolence of this request, my dear father, ever accommodating, and desirous of exciting the gratitude of my husband, so far complied with it, as to offer L. 1000 at first setting out, but declared he would do no more, and we were still to expect the L. 500 per annum.

Before my mother was quite well enough to leave her chamber, I was hurried to London, and placed in a ready furnished house in Mortimer-street, which was soon crowded by a set of dissipated rakes. We had company almost every day, and lived in a far higher stile than our allowance warranted.

A few respectable families visited me on my first going to town, but dropt me by degrees, when they saw how we went on.

I ventured to expostulate, but it availed nothing. Lacells became very desirous of getting into the guards. My father was again applied to, and again complied with the demand, raising a sum sufficient to purchase a captain's commission,

mission, though it was accompanied with a declaration, that it was the last money he could spare us, and as our income would now receive a very considerable addition, we ought to think ourselves well off.

I verily believe the extravagance of my husband would have made him run out of the largest fortune in England, could he have commanded it. I saw him but seldom, he was always engaged, and too fashionable to have his wife in the party.

I must not attempt to deny, but that I had likewise my engagements; but the expences incurred by them was trifling in comparison of Lacells's. I ever avoided play, to which my unhappy husband was much addicted, and at which he lost very large sums.

The next summer after I married, I was desirous of visiting my mother, and Lacells agreed to the proposal with pleasure. He informed me, he intended spending a couple of months at Paris, and therefore we might give up the house we then lived in, and take another on his return. He accordingly sent me into W—shire with only a few guineas in my pocket; and borrowing from every creature that would lend him money, he set out for France.

Young and thoughtless as I then was, I became tolerably contented while I remained at Woodcote; every thing was again subservient to my pleasure, nor did I suffer many uneasy reflections concerning the conduct of my husband to disturb my peace. I looked forward to my father's fortune as a resource, and I did not doubt but he would take proper care to secure something handsome for me.

One circumstance only damped the joy I felt from having every command obeyed, every wish gratified, and that was the declining health of my mother. She had never entirely recovered the shock of my marriage—She forgave me, and appeared to be satisfied, but she foresaw I must be miserable, and it preyed on her spirits, bringing on complaints that were likely to cut short the thread of life.

Mr. Lacells wrote to me in very affectionate terms during his summer excursion. Perhaps he supposed his letters would be seen by my father, and hoped they would procure him a supply on his return; nor was he mistaken.

I wanted to find excuses for a conduct, that was in reality inexcusable. I was glad of the opportunity of observing, that whereas Mr. Lacells's behaviour might be, in other respects, he had always preserved a tender respectful conduct towards me.

At the end of three months he came to England, and was soon in my power, affected great delight at seeing me again, and paid some compliments on my improved looks. The first moment we were alone, he assumed a graver countenance, and told me, that unless I could intercede with my father to advance him something considerable, he must be separated from his dear Aubery for ever, and end his days in a prison. He owned that he had been very unlucky at play, and was no longer in possession of his commission, he had been obliged to dispose of that and every thing else of value that belonged to him; nor dared he to shew his face in town, without money in his pocket. He pretended so much contrition, and much violent protestations that he never would be led into any thing of the kind again, that I was silly enough to believe him, and importuned my father to relieve his distresses, saying it should be the last time I ever would ask such a favour for my husband.

My father was not quite so credulous as myself, he entertained but little hopes of a reformation, though he offered to discharge our most pressing debts, and to maintain us both, if we would live at Woodcote.

'Twas an offer I would have embraced with thankfulness, but Mr. Lacells said, he could not submit; the offer, though generous, shewed that my father had no confidence in him; that he would sooner be a slave on our West India plantation than live in servile subjection at home, with a man who was capable of doubting his word. If my father would only redeem his commission, otherwise he must tear himself from me, and bid a lasting adieu to his native country. Happy had it been for me if I had tried him; but, infatuated as I was, the idea was insupportable.

I wept, I prayed, I knelt to my father, who at length consented, tho' he owned it was very inconvenient, nor could we expect that he should continue his allowance afterwards.

Re-

Rejoiced that I had gained my point, I flew to my husband, who received the intelligence but coldly; he bit his lips at the latter part of it, and said, then we can have only lodgings—'twas no matter, he should not regret it, only as it made his wife appear of less consequence. I assured him, it would give me no concern; I could be as happy in lodgings as in a house of my own, and I should have less care.

Lacells did not thank my father with half the fervor I wished, and when we left Woodcote, the parting on their side was very formal. I passed an uncomfortable winter in town, being frequently without a guinea.

My dear mother died in the spring, leaving me a valuable watch and a few diamonds. My father apprised me of it, but as I could not wear them while in deep mourning, he hoped to see me in the country before they would become useful.

Lacells insisted on my asking for them immediately.—My father was displeased at such haste, which he thought no good sign, and persisted in refusing to give them up at present.

Our necessities became every day more conspicuous.—My husband again parted with his commission, by exchanging it for a lieutenancy, and gambled away the money he received for the exchange. Yet he so far governed his temper, as to treat me with civility, and sometimes with fondness, from the hope of working on my father, to whom he again sent me the next summer, but did not chuse to accompany me himself; and I was charged by him not to return without the jewels.

During my visit, my father offered to support me, if I would give up my husband, and promise never to see him again; but that was a proposition to which I could not consent, and after a stay of two months, I returned to town, and was conducted by my husband to lodgings greatly inferior to those I quitted when I set out for the country. The valuables I brought with me were soon disposed of, and procured only a temporary supply, yet we scrambled on for some months, and gained fresh credit from talking of my father's fortune.

In little more than a year from my mother's death, we saw in the papers an account of my father's second marriage, with a person who had been for months together in the family, as a companion to my mother, after I had run away. This woman was not more than thirty, cunning and artful to a degree, with a numerous tribe of needy relations.

I thought Lacells would have gone distracted. He raved and swore, cursing my father, the woman he had married, me, himself, and the whole world. His hopes were now completely blasted. There remained no motive for him to wear a mask any longer; he said, he hated me, nor should he keep up the appearance of respect; I might leave him, and go nurse the little imps I should have the pleasure of calling brothers and sisters. In short, his violence was so extreme, I expected he would have beat me. At length it subsided, and he grew calm, but the affair became public, our creditors had notice of it, and came flocking from all quarters; my husband was arrested, and conducted to the King's Bench.

I wrote to my father in great distress, but I received an answer from his wife, that she had taken the liberty of opening my letter, and concealing the contents from Mr. Paulin, as he, poor man, had suffered too much from my imprudent conduct before. She advised me not to disturb his peace by any future letters, and inclosed a L. 10 bill, which she hoped I would make a good use of, and endeavour to do something towards maintaining myself.

I wrote again, and got another person to direct the letter, that the hand-writing might not be known; but it was returned to me the next post in a blank cover.

I then determined to risk a personal interview, and sold or pawned almost every thing I had left, to equip myself for the journey, which I was obliged to undertake, for the first time, in a stage coach.

I stopped at S—, a small town about five miles from my father's house, and being told by the mistress of the inn that there was to be a meeting of justices the next day, I thought it very probable my father would be among them, and that it would be better to wait, as I should stand more chance of succeeding when he was absent from his wife.

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It happened as I suspected; I saw my father ride down the street, and stop at an inn almost at the bottom. I was so extremely agitated, as to be incapable of writing, and therefore sent a boy to enquire for Mr. Paulin, and to tell him a stranger wished to speak with him on particular business at the crown. He followed the boy, and was shewn into the parlour; I rushed in and fell at his feet; surprise deprived him of speech for a time; grief, shame, and a thousand conflicting passions kept me silent. "Why, why do you thus take pleasure in distressing a father you no longer love?" said he. "Oh, say not so, my father, I have never ceased to love you one moment, but I am indeed unhappy. Can you bear that I should linger out the rest of my wretched days in a prison, deprived of the common necessities of life? For that must be my doom, if you are determined to afford me no relief."

Could you not have informed me by letter, and saved your father the pang of seeing you thus?"

I instantly drew out of my pocket a copy of the first letter I had wrote, with his wife's answer to it; and the last, which had been returned to me. "Ten pounds was too small a sum for Mrs. Paulin to send, but tenderness to me prevented her from shewing the letters. What can I do for you? If I resign my whole property Lacells would run through it, and be a beggar." My father paused, he walked about the room; "Aubery, said he, I will pay for your board in some respectable family, and allow you something handsome for your private expences; or else you shall have two guineas a week for your husband and yourself, if you are determined not to leave him."

"I cannot quite desert him at such a time, undeserving as he is, and will gladly accept of your last offer."

My father said, "He was sorry I made so bad a choice, for by so doing I had put it out of his power to make me comfortable. Can nothing prevail on you to abandon a man that has occasioned so much misery in the family." To that I could make no answer, and he proceeded: "Will you return with me this evening to Woodcote?"

"Oh, my dear Sir, I will do any thing you wish me, but I fear my presence there will not be agreeable. I cannot expect to be received by——" I could not say what I

intended, my pride was not sufficiently subdued to give any name to a woman I detested, and whom I looked on as the only obstacle between me and my father. He saw the struggle. "I can answer for a kind reception, said he; Mrs. Paulin is too obliging to me to refuse any thing I desire." I thought he meant to reproach me, conscious I really deserved it, and I could not forbear a retort. "If my company can be dispensed with, without farther displeasing you, I had rather not go; I have no clothes, but these on my back, and no spirits for a bridal visit. A deep blush crossed my father's cheeks. "Aubery, said he, somewhat angrily, I should never have taken such a step, had you behaved properly. I know it, I know it, but culpable as I am, I cannot encounter her presence.

"What do you now propose?" said he, rather softened.— "To return by to-morrow's coach, and cheer the heart of poor Lacells, by an account of your generosity." My father was affected. "Tell him likewise, said he, that if he behaves well to my child, he shall receive an additional ten pounds every quarter; but remember, that is the extent of what I can do. He then gave me a L. 20 bill and a few guineas, to defray my expences back again, and left me overpowered with gratitude for his goodness."

Lacells was disappointed that I had not procured him a release; but on my declaring, with more spirit than I had ever before dared to shew, that if he expressed the smallest discontent, I would entirely leave him, as my father had ordered his banker to pay the money into my hands every week, and therefore I had full power to live wherever I pleased. He became more pacified, yet starts of ill-humour would sometimes break out in cursing his fate, and regrets at not having the command of a sum sufficient to try his luck for a good stake once more.

Six years did I remain an inhabitant of that prison, which was far from being the gloomy place you might suppose it. We had plenty of company, such as had been used to figure away in the fashionable world; and we contrived to entertain ourselves with one amusement or other, my father often sending presents of value, besides our stated allowance.

My

My husband had, ever since his confinement, accustomed himself to drink large quantities of spirits, which at length destroyed his constitution, and ended his days.—His last moments were terrible!—He knew he must, and yet was afraid to die—lost to hope, and abandoned to despair, he was very near hastening that period he so much dreaded, and survived the diabolical attempt only three days, resigning his wretched existence in agonies unspeakable!

The impression made on my mind by this event, waked a thorough reformation in my heart! I resolved, if my life was spared, to spend it in a very different manner! I left the King's Bench, and taking a cheap lodging wrote to my father, and told him, he might do with me as he pleased, for I felt so humbled, he could place me in no situation that would give birth to complaints!

This letter was answered in person; it brought my father to town, who soon acknowledged himself very unhappy from his second choice of a wife. He solicited me to return with him. I accepted the invitation, and was introduced to my mother-in-law, who received me very ungraciously. Suffice it to say, I continued almost eight years in the same house with her, and notwithstanding her aggravating temper, we never absolutely quarrelled. I was determined not to embitter the peace of my father by any disagreements between us; and therefore endeavoured to conceal as much of her insolence as possible. He saw that I submitted in every thing, and loved me the better for it; leaving me at his death, every thing that was not settled on his wife. Woodcote-house being her jointure, I left it immediately after my father's funeral, nor have I ever seen Mrs. Paulin since.

AN

INTERESTING SPANISH STORY.

(FROM ELEGANT TALES, &c.)

IT was about eleven o'clock, on a summer's night, when the moon shone in its full splendour, that a poor old gentleman returned from his walks in the suburbs of Toledo, accompanied by his whole family, consisting of his wife, his daughter, (a young girl of sixteen) and a female servant. This gentleman, whose virtue had long stood the test of indigence, was called Don Lewis; his wife, Donna Maria; and his daughter, whose mind and person were equally angelic, Leocadia. As this worthy groupe approached the city, they were met by a young cavalier named Rodolpho; one of those youths of quality, who think that rank and fortune are adequate substitutes for honour and decency. He had just risen from table, and was proceeding on his nocturnal rambles, attended by a number of his companions, all heated with the dangerous fumes of wine: Their meeting with Don Lewis and his family, was that of the wolves and the sheep.

These youthful debauchees stopped short, and stared at the women with an air of insolence. One of them kissed the servant; the old gentleman expostulates; they insult him; he draws his sword with a hand that trembles with

age ; Rodolpho disarms him, with a contemptuous sneer ; then takes Leocadia in his arms, and, escorted by his guilty companions, conveys her in triumph to the city.

While Don Lewis was uttering imprecations against his own weakness, while Donna Maria was rending the air with her cries, and the servant calling in vain for assistance, the wretched Leocadia fainted in the arms of Rodolpho ; who, having reached his own mansion, dismissed his friends, and opening a private door, carried his victim to his chamber, without a light, and without being seen by any of the servants. Before she could effectly recover her senses, he there perpetrated the most abominable crime, of which intoxication and brutality can render a man guilty.

When Rodolpho had gratified his infamous desires, he remained for an instant in a state of suspense, at a loss how to act ; and he doubtless experienced sentiments of remorse ; but before he could come to any determination, Leocadia recovered ; all was silence and darkness around her ; she sighed, she trembled, and exclaimed with a feeble voice—" My mother ! Oh ! my mother, where are you ? My father !—Answer me ; where am I ? What bed is this ? O, God ! O, my God, hast thou forsaken me ?—Does any one hear me ?—Am I in my tomb ! Ah ! wretch that I am ! Would to Heaven I were there !"

At that moment, Rodolpho seized her hand ; she shrieked aloud, started from him, advanced a few steps, and fell on the floor. Rodolpho approached ; she then rose on her knees, and, in accents of despair, interrupted by frequent sobs, exclaimed, " O you, whoever you are, who are the author of my misery ; you, who have just rendered me the most wretched, the most contemptible of creatures ; if in your breast remain one single spark of honour ; if your heart be susceptible of the least sense of pity ; I beseech you, I conjure you, to put an end to my existence ! It is the only possible reparation for the injury you have done me. In the name of Heaven, in the name of all that is dear to you, take away my life. You may do it, without incurring the smallest danger ; there is no witness here ; nobody will know your guilt ; the crime will be inferior to that you have already committed : and I think—yes, I think—I can forgive you all that you have done, if you but grant

grant my present prayer, and give me that death which is now my sole resource."

As she uttered these words, she embraced the knees of Rodolpho, who immediately left the room without speaking a syllable; and having locked the door after him, went doubtless to see whether there was any body in the house, or in the street, that could oppose the execution of a project he had just conceived.

As soon as he was gone, Leocadia got up, and approached the window, with a design of throwing herself out of it; but she was prevented by a strong shutter, which she was unable to open. Having drawn aside the window curtains, the light of the moon entered the apartment. Leocadia remained motionless, reflecting on the misery of her situation: As she cast her eyes around her, she examined with care, the form and size of the room; and having observed the furniture, the pictures, and the tapestry, she discovered a small golden crucifix lying on an oratory, which she took up, and hid in her bosom. She then placed the curtain as it was before, and waited in darkness for the barbarian who was to decide on her fate.

It was not long before Rodolpho returned; he was alone, and still without a light. He approached Leocadia; and having tied a handkerchief over her eyes, took her by the hand, without uttering a single word, led her into the street, and, after taking several turns, stopped at the door of the great church, where he left her, and retired with the utmost precipitation.

It was some time before Leocadia durst remove the handkerchief from her eyes. At length, finding every thing quiet around her, she ventured to untie it; and the church being the first object that presented itself to her sight, her first action was to fall on her knees, and address a fervent prayer to Heaven: She then arose, and directed her trembling steps to the house of Don Lewis.

The wretched parents were lamenting the loss of their child, when they heard a knock at the door. Don Lewis ran to open it; and seeing Leocadia, threw his arms round her neck, uttering a loud exclamation of joy, which brought Donna Maria, who, equally surprised and rejoiced, pressed her daughter to her bosom. They both invoked the benedictions

dictions of Heaven on their child, whom they called the comfort of their lives, and the sole support of their old age ; they bathed her with the tears of affection ; and harassed her with such a multiplicity of questions, as effectually precluded the possibility of an answer.

When the first transports were over, the unhappy Leocadia threw herself at her father's feet, and with downcast eyes, and blushing countenance, related every thing that had passed, though she had scarcely strength enough to finish the dismal tale. Don Lewis raised her up, and pressing her in his arms, said, " My dearest child, dishonour can only result from the commission of a crime ; and thou hast committed none ! Interrogate thy conscience ; can it find in thy words, actions, or thoughts, the smallest subject for reproach ! No, my child, thou art still the same ; still my good, my virtuous Leocadia ; and my paternal heart esteems, respects, and venerates thee, more perhaps than before thy misfortune."

Leocadia, encouraged by these affectionate expressions, shewed her father the crucifix, which she had brought away with her, in the hope that it might one day lead to the discovery of her ravisher. The old man, fixing his eyes on the crucifix, and shedding tears, thus addressed it : " O my God ! may your eternal justice deign to discover, deign to present to my sight, the barbarian who has injured my child ! My arm shall recover the vigour of youth, and wash away the insult with his guilty blood !"

The transports of Don Lewis augmented the grief of Leocadia ; which her mother endeavoured to sooth, by taking the crucifix from her husband ; who, forgetting his anger, when the object that caused it was removed, again returned to console his daughter, both by words and caresses.

After some time, wholly devoted to sorrow, the unfortunate Leocadia recovered a small portion of her lost tranquillity ; but she never left the house for a moment, from a conviction that her countenance would betray, to every one she met, the cruel outrage she had suffered. Alas ! she soon found more powerful inducements to keep herself concealed. Not many weeks had elapsed, before she perceived she was pregnant ; a discovery which affected her so deep-

ly, that her father and mother had the utmost difficulty to prevail on her to survive it. For several days, she refused all kind of nourishment, and courted death as the only source, from whence she could derive consolation. But affection for her parents, and respect for the new character she was about to assume, overcame at length the suggestions of despair, and fortified her mind with sufficient resolution to support the evils she was doomed to experience.

When the time of her delivery approached, Don Lewis and his wife hired a small country house, whither they repaired without a single attendant; and Donna Maria herself supplied the place of the midwife. With her assistance, Leocadia gave birth to a lovely boy, to whom Don Lewis stood godfather, and bestowed on him his own name.—The mother soon recovered, and as she experienced the most lively affection for her child, being never easy when he was out of her sight, her parents resolved to keep him in the house, and to pass him for the son of a near relation. When the health of Leocadia was sufficiently re-established, they all returned to Toledo where no one had suspected the true cause of their absence. The adventure of Rodolpho (who, soon after it happened, had set out on a journey to Naples) made no noise; and Leocadia, an object of universal respect and esteem, continued to discharge, with equal strictness, the sacred duties of a parent and a child.

Young Lewis, in the mean time, advanced in age and beauty, daily acquiring new charms, and exhibiting frequent proofs of an understanding far above his years. One day, when he had just entered his eighth year, there was a grand combat of bulls in the city; and the child placed himself at the door of his mother's house, to see the procession of young noblemen, who were to enter the lists with those ferocious animals. Endeavouring to cross the street, in order to obtain a better sight of the procession, he was rode over by one of the troop, whose horse had run away with him, and received a wound in the head, from whence issued a great quantity of blood. A crowd speedily collected around him as he lay crying on the pavement;
and

and a venerable cavalier who was going to the combat, attended by a number of servants, having approached to enquire the cause of the tumult, and seeing the child in that condition, immediately alighted, took him up in his arms, and wiped the blood from his wound; then, sending for the best surgeon, pierced the crowd, and carried him to his own house.

During this time, Don Lewis, his wife, and daughter, having been informed of the accident, Leocadia ran into the street, and, as the tears streamed from her eyes, called a loud for her son. Her father followed her, and in vain conjured her to be silent; the people joined in their lamentations, and every one was eager to point out the road which the old cavalier had taken. They pursued him with hasty steps; and being arrived at his house, ran up to the apartment where the child lay, under the hands of the surgeon, who was dressing his wound. Leocadia folded him in her arms, and anxiously enquired whether the wound was dangerous; and being assured of the contrary, her exclamations of grief were succeeded by demonstrations of joy, equally extravagant. While she was thus giving vent to the pleasing effusions of maternal tenderness, Don Lewis and his wife returned thanks to the old cavalier for his kindness and humanity: They told him, that the child was the son of a distant relation, and that having had him in their house from his infancy, their daughter had conceived as great an affection for him as if he were her own.

When the fears of Leocadia for the safety of her child had subsided, she set herself down on the bedside, and cast her eyes around the room: but what was her surprise when she saw the same furniture, and the same pictures, as the light of the moon had once discovered to her sight! She perceived the same oratory from whence she had taken the crucifix; the tapestry was the same; in short, every thing bespoke the fatal apartment in which her chastity had suffered so gross a violation.

The dreadful recollection overpowered her spirits, already exhausted by too violent exertion; the colour forsook her cheeks, and she sunk senseless on the floor. Her parents ran to her assistance; and having, by the usual applications, restored her to her senses, immediately conveyed

her to their own house. She would fain have taken her child with her; but the old cavalier was so earnest in his entreaties for him to remain where he was, till his health should be perfectly re-established, that they could not resist his solicitations.

As soon as they were alone, Leocadia communicated to her parents the observations she had made, and assured them the house they had just left was certainly the residence of her ravisher. Don Lewis instantly went to obtain every species of information, which the importance of the subject demanded. The result of his enquiries was this—That the old cavalier's name was Don Diego de Lara; that he had a son called Rodolpho, who had passed the last seven years at Naples, where his manners had undergone such a total change, that, from being the most irregular and unprincipled young man in Toledo, he had become a model of prudence and virtue; and that the beauty of his person, joined to his mental accomplishments, rendered him the most desirable man for a husband of any in Castile.

Don Lewis and his wife no longer doubted but that Rodolpho was the man who had dishonoured Leocadia. But could they flatter themselves that he would repair the outrage he had committed, by espousing the daughter of a person, who, though he could boast of a noble descent, and a spotless reputation, had the misfortune to be the poorest nobleman in Toledo? No, he did not encourage such pleasing hopes; all his thoughts, therefore, were bent on revenge. But Leocadia beseeching him to leave the management of this intricate affair wholly to her, and not to interfere till she should require his interference, he was induced, though not without great reluctance, to comply with her request. She now reflected, therefore, on the best mode of reconciling the dictates of prudence, with the preservation of her honour. Her child still remained at Don Diego's; and that worthy old man paid him every possible attention. His wound wore a favourable appearance; and his mother, together with Don Lewis and his wife, passed whole days in his room.

One day, as Leocadia was alone with Don Diego, who held her son in his arms, and caressed him with all the fondness

fondness of a parent, she could not refrain from bursting into tears; when Don Diego pressed her with such friendly anxiety to declare the cause of her grief, that, being unable to withstand his sollicitations, she related, with a heavy heart, and dejected countenance, every thing which had happened in his house; and, in proof of her assertions, produced the crucifix, which Don Diego immediately recollected. She then threw herself at his feet, and exclaimed—"Tho' your son has dishonoured me, I cannot refrain from embracing your knees; though your son has condemned me to disgrace and misery, I cannot withhold my love from you; I cannot but esteem you as the best of fathers."

The child, seeing his mother cry, wept from sympathy; and Don Diego, unable to resist such an affecting sight, raised up Leocadia, pressing her and her son alternately to his bosom, swore that Rodolpho should either marry her, or remain single during his whole life.

In consequence of this declaration, he wrote to his son the very next day, commanding him to repair to Toledo without delay, in order to celebrate his marriage with a lady he had chosen for his daughter-in-law. Rodolpho obeyed the summons, and arrived at his father's house; who, after the first congratulations were over, began to talk of his approaching nuptials. He expatiated greatly on the riches of his destined bride, but concluded by shewing a hideous picture, which he had drawn on purpose, and which could not fail to excite disgust. Rodolpho shuddered at the idea of marrying such an object of deformity, and attempted to remonstrate with his father on the impossibility of obeying his commands; but Don Diego assuming an air of severity, told him, that fortune was the only point worthy of consideration in a matrimonial connection. Rodolpho, however, declaimed with great eloquence against a principle so destructive of human felicity; adding, that it had been his constant prayer to Heaven to find a wife, endued with prudence and beauty, who, if fortune he might make, in return for the happiness he was sure to derive from her society.

Don Diego, dissimbling his joy at the promulgation of sentiments so congenial with his own, was proceeding to combat

combat the doctrine advanced by his son, when a servant announced Donna Maria Leocadia, and her child, had come to sup with him. Never did Leocadia appear so lovely; it seemed as if the native graces and beauty of her person had received the aid of super-natural embellishments. Her charms dazzled the eyes of Rodolpho, who eagerly asked his father who that divine creature was? Don Diego pretending not to hear him, advanced to the lady, and was grieved to see a deadly paleness overspread the face of Leocadia, to feel her hands trembling within his own, and to perceive that the sight of his son had almost deprived her of her senses. Her utmost efforts were inadequate to support her courage on this trying occasion; she fainted, and Rodolpho ran to her assistance with an enthusiastic ardour, and charmed his worthy parent.

At length she recovered, and supper was served, during which the eyes of Rodolpho were invariably fixed on Leocadia, who scarcely dared look up; she spoke little, but her words were expressive of her sense, and were pronounced in a melancholy tone, which augmented the pleasure Rodolpho experienced in listening to them. Her child was seated by the side of his father, and by his insinuating looks, and innocent caresses, attracted his attention, and gained his friendship so far as to extort a remark, that the father of such a child ought to esteem himself a happy mortal.

After supper, Rodolpho, stricken with the charms of Leocadia, took his father aside, and told him, in a respectful, but decisive manner, that nothing should ever induce him to marry the person whose portrait he had shewn him. "You must though, (replied the old man) unless you prefer the young and noble lady with whom you have just supped." "O, gracious Heaven! exclaimed Rodolpho, would she but deign to accept my hand, I should be the happiest of men!" "And I the happiest of fathers—if my son, by such an alliance, could atone for the crime which has polluted his honour."

He then told Rodolpho all he knew, and drawing the golden crucifix from his bosom—"There, my son, said he, there is the witness and the judge of that horrible out-

rage

rage which your blind obedience to a vicious impulse induced you to commit; a judge who will not forgive you, till you have obtained the forgiveness of Leocadia." The blush of conscious guilt now tinged the cheek of Rodolpho, who ran to throw himself at Leocadia's feet—"I have deserved your hatred and contempt, exclaimed he; but if love the most respectful, if repentance the most sincere, can be deemed worthy of pardon, do not refuse to bestow it on me. Consider, that a single word from your lips will either render me the vilest and most wretched of men, or the most tender and happiest of husbands."

Leocadia was silent for an instant, while her eyes, overflowing with tears, were fixed on Rodolpho; then turning to her son, she took him in her arms, and delivered him to his father. "There," said she, with a feeble voice, "there is my answer! May that child render you as happy, as he has made me miserable."

A priest and two witnesses being immediately sent for, these fortunate nuptials were celebrated that very night; and Rodolpho, restored for ever to virtue, experienced this important truth—

That real happiness can only be found in lawful love.

POETRY.

THE

PARTING SOLDIER.

IN the blest season of the fragrant morn',
When health salubrious opens all her springs,
When the brisk huntsman winds his mellow horn,
And loud the hind his favorite ballad sings.—

I left my pillow, and through fertile fields,
The muse inviting, bent my early way,
To breathe the sweetness which the morning yields;
To hail the glories of the rising day.

Chance drew my step into a pleasant bower,
For love and poetry a fit retreat,
Where, rear'd by nature, blossom'd many a flower,
And many shrub of odour passing sweet.

On as I mused, in pleasing fancy drown'd,
A form angelic struck my wondering sight,
Where blooming Beauty seem'd by Virtue crown'd,
Fair as young Spring, as chaste Aurora bright.

Unseen,

Unseen, unheard, behind the friendly shade,
 With mantling boughs, from blossom'd trees o'er-
 grown,
 Secure, I view'd the love-inspiring maid,
 Her form symmetric on the green grass thrown.

Lovely she was, but down her tear-wet cheek,
 Fast roll'd the sorrow from her streaming eye;
 Reclin'd her head in posture sadly meek,
 Her bosom heav'd by many a grievous sigh.

So have I seen, when summer evenings come,
 The falling dew-drops press the damask rose;
 But she more charming, softer far her bloom,
 Than dew-press'd roses at the evening's close.

At length, up-turning to the rising sun
 Her swimming eyes, where dwelt expressive woe,
 Grief stopping oft', the weeping fair begun,
 In words most languishingly soft and slow.

Thou blessed orb! thou smiling source of day!
 Whose bounteous beams surrounding nations cheer,
 Why to a wretch refuse thy gladsome ray;
 Why not one glance of pitying comfort here!

Fresh bloom the flowers, and sprightly sing the birds,
 Joy fills the groves, the vallies ring with glee;
 Blyth is the shepherd, merry to his herds;
 And grief and pain reserv'd alone for me!

The village virgin whose unruff'd breast
 No love invades, no restless flame inspires,
 Beneath yon cottage lives supremely blest,
 Her wishes few, and temp'rate her desires.

For her the morning social pleasure brings,
 For her mild evening breathes her fresh delights;
 Eternal rapture in her bosom springs;
 Peace smooths her days, Contentment crowns her nights.

Can I forget that fatal, cruel day,
Which tore my Corin from these vacant arms,
When stubborn honor bent his speedy way
To clang'rous battles and to fierce alarms !

Close to his lips my trembling hand he prest,
Adown his face the liquid torrent ran ;
The sigh, half-smothered, 'scaped his manly breast ;
And, lowly prostrate, thus the youth began :

Oh! cease, my fair, this unavailing woe,
The arm of justice shall thy lover shield ;
I fly to meet, to check the daring foe,
That proudly threatens yonder hostile field.

Even now, perhaps, our sinking squadrons fall,
In blood suffus'd, deep gash'd with many a scar ;
Even now, perhaps, our panting heroes call,
And bid me hasten to the glorious war !

Immortal plaudits lift the soldier's name,
Above the praise by servile senates given ;
For him, loud sounding, speaks the trump of fame :
The cause of Britain is the cause of Heaven !

Shall love detain me in the peaceful shade,
Where dreaming shepherds pipe their useless reeds,
Whilst daring rebels England's rights invade ?
Whilst struggling freedom for her country bleeds ?

Shall I whom strength and vigorous spirits fire,
Here waste that strength, those spirits spend in vain ?
Ye grey-hair'd vet'rans to the shade retire,
Rush forth, ye youths, and brave the rough campaign !

Then cease to grieve, my ever new delight !
I'll back return with all a lover's speed :
But should I seek to basely shun the fight,
How red would record paint the shameful deed !

Here

Here paus'd the youth, here ended with a sigh;
 Methinks I hear, methinks I see him now:
 Still paint him, Fancy, keep him in my eye:
 Oh! thought of rapture!—thought of deepest woe!

A silent tear bedew'd his manly face:
 I clasp'd the hero to my laboring breast;
 Trembling, he left him with a last embrace:—
 Oh! love! Oh! Nature!—silence think the rest.

To every blessing, every joy adieu!
 What joy, what blessing, can'st thou world bestow?
 How desert all, how barren is the view;
 Sad sighs and tears, and life consuming woe.

Thought, spurring thought, still aggravates the wound;
 Past rapture!—I'll not think—the effort's vain;
 Restless Reflection leaps Oblivion's mound:—
 My love how great! how exquisite my pains!

Why should the beggar and the wretched live?
 How wretched I! my Corin gone! how poor!
 Canst thou, proud Fortune, now, one comfort give?
 No!—Yes!—my soldier to my arms restore.

Protect him, Heaven, amidst the death of war!
 Hear pitying angels, powers of mercy hear!
 O screen his bosom from the vengeful scar;
 Unwing the ball and blunt the lifted spear!

My grief is heavy as my loss is fore;
 Yet not to me the cause of grief alone;
 Alas! poor comfort, which but wounds the more;
 I sigh for thousands, though I grieve for one.

Hark! the poor infant for its parent cry;
 The sable widow for her husband mourn;
 The pale cheek'd virgin for her lover sigh;
 Sires, husbands, lovers, never to return.

Remorseless Death nor name nor person heeds;
 Too fast, too sure his fatal arrows fly;
 Alike the valiant with the coward bleeds,
 Ranks, crushing ranks, in horrid slaughter lie!

How long to peace shall England bid farewell?
 Oh! come, blest handmaid, from thy realms of light,
 Down, curs'd ambition, to thy native hell,
 Down with thy fiends, to everlasting night.

O D E

T O

R E F L E C T I O N.

O THOU, whose sober precepts can controul
 The wild impatience of the troubl'd soul;
 Sweet Nymph serene, whose all-consoling pow'r,
 Awakes to calm delight the ling'ring hour;
 O hear thy Votary's ardent pray'r,
 Chase from my pensive mind corroding Care;
 Steal thro' the heated pulses of the brain,
 Charm sorrow to repose, and lull the throb of pain.

O tell me, what are Life's best joys,
 Are they not Visions that decay?
 Sweet honey'd poisons, gilded toys,
 Vain, glitt'ring baubles of a day;

O,

O, say, what shadows do they leave behind,
Save the sad vacuum of the fated mind?

Borne on the Eagle wings of Fame,
Man soars above calm Reason's sway;
"Vaulting Ambition" mocks each tender claim,
Plucks the dear bonds of social life away,
As o'er the vanquish'd slave the wilds her spear,
Compassion turns aside—Reflection drops a tear.

Behold the wretch whose sordid heart,
Steep'd in Content's oblivious balm,
Secure in Luxury's bewitching calm,
Repels pale Misery's touch, and mocks Affliction's smart;
Unmov'd he marks the bitter tear,
In vain the plaints of woe his thoughts assail,
The bashful mourners' piteous tale,
Nor melts his flinty soul, nor vibrates on his ear.

O blest Reflection, let thy magic pow'r
Awake his torpid sense, his slumb'ring thought;
Tell him, Adversity's unpitied hour,
A brighter lesson gives, than Stoics taught;
Tell him, that Wealth no blessing can impart
So sweet as Pity's tear, that bathes the wounded heart,

Go tell the vain, the insolent, and fair,
That Life's best days, are only days of care;
That Beauty flutt'ring like a painted fly,
Owes to the Spring of Youth its rarest die;
When Winter comes, its charms shall fade away,
And the poor insect whither in decay;
O, bid the giddy phantom learn from thee,
That Virtue only—braves Mortality.

Then comes Reflection—soft-eyed maid,
I know thee, and I prize thy charms;
Come in thy gentlest smiles array'd,
And I will press thee to my eager arms;
Keep from my aching heart, the "Fiend Despair,"
Pluck from my brow her thorn, and plant the olive there.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN AFTER INEBRIATION.

A GAIN the sanguinary tide is cool,
 And rolls in gentle motion thro' my veins;
 Again my thought its free excursion takes,
 And once more abdicated Reason reigns.

Can the short joys resulting from the Board,
 Which rude Intemperance delights to spread,
 Can these compensate for the ills to come,
 The sick weak stomach, and the aching head?

What was the mirth of the preceding night?
 Perhaps amidst the fulness of my joys
 I glory'd shameless in the jest obscene,
 Or to the wanton sonnet rais'd my voice.

Perhaps I forg'd the libel on my friend,
 An absent friend—(O misery to say!)
 Yet what a contrast will not Bacchus form!
 Or what is man, when Reason is away!

Oh! Temperance, thou Son to Beauty's bud!
 Parent of Health, and Foe to dark Disease!
 Thou cheapest physic to the sickly frame;
 For all may buy thy Manna, when they please.

Come, spotless maid, and teach me how to think:
 The brain will teem by thy prolific ray.
 By thee supported Memory grows strong,
 Nor fear the horrors of a slow decay.

Let us with pity view the human bark,
 (Securely moor'd upon Contentment's shore)
 Toss'd by the waves of a luxurious sea,
 'Till down she sinks, alas! to rise no more.

THE

A B S E N T F A I R.

NOW Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that still in town remain,
Venus herself attends on Delia there,
And Cupid sports amidst the sylvan train.

Oh! with what joy my Delia to behold,
I'd press the spade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the slow plough-share thro' the stubborn mould,
And patient goad the loit'ring ox along;

The scorching heats I'd carelessly despise,
Nor heed the blisters on my tender hand;
The great Apollo wore the same disguise,
Like me subdu'd to love's supreme command.

No healing herbs cou'd sooth their master's pain,
The art of physic lost and useless lay;
To Peneus' stream, and Tempe's shady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray.

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
The sweet Diana sees him pace along,
Oft wou'd his voice the silent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender song.

Where are his triumphs? Where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the crested Python slain?
Where are his Delphi? His delightful isle?
The god himself is grown a cottage swain.

O,

288 THE POLITE REPOSITORY; OR,

O, Ceres, in your golden fields no more,
With harvest's cheerful pomp my fair detain—
Think what for lost Prosperine you bore,
And in a mother's anguish feel my pain.

Our wiser fathers left their fields unsown,
Their food was acorns, love their sole employ,
They meet their bliss in rustic life alone,
A village beauties crown'd their honest joy.

No wakeful guard, no doors to stop desire,
Thrice happy times!—but, O! I fondly rave,
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inspire
I'll do—I'll plow, or dig as Delia's slave.



JUDAS AND THE POPE,

AN EPIGRAM.

A POPE compar'd with Judas, something odd!
Why? one betrays, the other eats his God.
Doubt we to which the greatest fame is due?
Judas the better christian of the two.
Learn'd critics say, in guilt which most excels,
He who devours his god, or he who sells?

END OF THE THIRD PART.



Hugh Pinfold Wyatt.

Vet. A5 e 4694

H. S. Wyatt.

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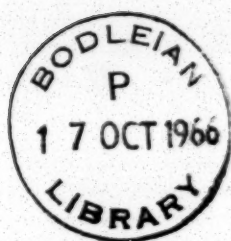
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Part the Second

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THE
HISTORY
OF

MRS. COLVILLE.

[FROM GENEROSITY.]

MELCOMBE-GRANGE.

IT is a long time, my dear Henrietta, since I have heard from you, but as I do not pretend to be over punctilious, although you are two or three letters in my debt, yet, I must write to inform you of a little adventure, (if it will bear that appellation) Mr. Melcombe and I met with a few mornings ago.

My good man, you know, is fond of a walk after breakfast, in which I generally accompany him; and on the morning I am speaking of, we bent our course towards the village, where we had not been for a considerable time, and at the extremity of it, perceived a cottage that had been lately fitted up with such extreme neatness as to engage our attention, and a desire of knowing to whom it belonged.—We made some enquiries, but not receiving satisfactory answers, we resolved to request leave of the lady, for we

were informed it belonged to a female, to sit down, being somewhat fatigued with our walk. Permission was instantly granted, and we were introduced into a small parlour, where sat the mistress of the house, who welcomed us with that cordiality and ineffable grace, ever attendant on persons who have seen genteel life. She desired us to be seated, and entered into chat with a freedom and politeness that astonished us; and discovered she was well read in history, and all the ancient and modern authors of any note.

On taking our leave, we begged her to come and see us, which she at first declined, saying, that her intention was to live as retired as possible; but on my again pressing her, and offering to send the carriage to fetch her, she consented to accept our invitation, and favoured us with her company yesterday. She appears not to be more than four and thirty, has been, and is yet beautiful, and an air of melancholy that spreads itself over her lovely countenance interests every beholder.

On expressing our astonishment at her burying herself in a small cottage, such a distance from the metropolis, she was so obliging as to say she would give us her history, which, though not entertaining, would explain the reason of her secluding herself from the world; and I now, my dear Henrietta, give it you, as nearly as possible, in her own words.

“My grandfather was the youngest son of the late Lord M——’s father, and uncle to the present. He was designed for the church, but marrying young, and without the approbation of his family, never got any thing more than a small living, barely enough to support himself, his wife, and one child. My grandmother did not survive the birth of her daughter many years, and left her husband the most disconsolate widower to be conceived. Having in some measure got over the grief this irreparable loss gave him, he thought, as the cause of his father’s anger was now removed, he might venture to solicit his forgiveness for the past, and liberality for the future.

“Lord M—— received his son’s overtures with pleasure, and readily gave him that pardon he sued for, and a promise of the first living that fell. He also made him a
present

present of five hundred pounds, saying, he would allow him that sum annually, 'till he could provide for him in a manner suited to his birth.

“ After passing some time at Lord M——’s, my grandfather was obliged to return to his living, whither he had hardly been a month, before the news of Lord M——’s death was brought him; and having died without a will, of course there was no provision for my grandfather. This was a severe disappointment, and the haughtiness with which his brother treated him had such an effect on his mind, as to throw him into a nervous fever, from which he never recovered; and, after lingering for a long time, died, leaving my mother, without any protector, to be her own guide at the early age of eighteen, with scarcely a sufficiency for her support. Having been some time attached to a captain in the army, of the name of Leighton, who had been approved of by her deceased father, she, as soon as her mourning was over, accepted his hand, and for the space of fourteen years, they lived as happily together as it is possible to imagine; and, in the early part of that time, I made my appearance in the world, to the great joy of my worthy parents.

“ At length, the regiment my father belonged to was ordered to the West Indies, whither my mother would readily have accompanied him, but a declining state of health rendering her unfit for the voyage, my father persuaded her, though not without some difficulty, to remain behind, promising to seize the first opportunity of exchanging into some regiment in England, which he might easily have done with the assistance of a small sum of money. — But, alas! he arrived in Jamaica only to end his days there, for being seized with a fever, common to strangers in that climate, he was carried off soon after his arrival, with it.

“ It would be impossible to describe my mother’s grief, on being made acquainted with this melancholy news. — Suffice it to say, she fell into a decline, which, perhaps for want of proper assistance, terminated her life.

“ A few weeks before her death she ordered a chair, and directed the men to take her to the late Lord M——’s. On her arrival there, she sent up her name and was refused

admittance. She felt this piece of cruelty the more, as she was sensible she must leave me unprotected, and unprovided for. But flattering herself had Lord M—— known of her being at his door, he would have received her, and attributing her denial to the insolence of servants, she wrote to his lordship, beseeching him, in the most pathetic terms, to consider me as his relation, and condescend to take me under his care. However, this letter had no better effect than her visit, as it was returned in a blank cover. It had been opened, but no notice was taken of the contents. The servant who brought it, desired also, in his lord's name, that my poor unfortunate mother would trouble him no more, as he was determined not to countenance any of his late brother's connexions; fearing his son, who was yet a young man, would look upon it as a precedent for him to follow.

“ My poor mother complained not, altho' Lord M——'s unkindness, not to call it cruelty, made a deep impression on her, and hastened to terminate a painful existence.— Some hours before she breathed her last, she called me to her, and exhorting me always to act consistent to the principles she had ever taught me, and recommending me to the care of Jane, a worthy old servant, who had brought up both her and me, fell into a kind of stupor that continued 'till her death.

“ It would be needless to trouble you with a detail of my grief on this occasion; I shall therefore pass it over, and proceed to inform you, that as soon as time had rendered me somewhat familiar to my loss, Jane put me in mind, that as my mother had left only a small sum of money behind her, it would be requisite for us to endeavour to seek some employment, that would bring in a sufficiency for our support.

“ I acquiesced in the propriety of her proposal, and having a tolerable taste for painting, which my father and mother had taken great pains to have improved, under the tuition of the best of masters, I ventured to paint some fan mounts, which Jane disposed of for me so advantageously, that I was enabled to raise a sufficient sum of money for our maintenance. My poor old friend, as I may with justice call her, entreated me to allow her to apply for some work at the shops, where they sell all kinds of linen ready made;

made ; but I would by no means permit her to do so, saying, that I, by a little more diligence, could get more than we could possibly spend. We lived very happily for about a year, at the end of which my poor Jane was seized with a fit of the apoplexy, which deprived me of the worthiest of friends and most faithful of servants.

“ The shock was so sudden, and the loss so great, that I should most certainly have sunk under it, had it not been for the kindness of Mrs. Baldwin, the woman I lodged with, who, by her great attention, at length restored me to health. But it was a long time before I could follow my former occupation of fan painting. I had lost all relish for it, but receiving a hint from Mrs. Baldwin, of a debt she had incurred for me during my illness, I was obliged to be more attentive to my employment, till I began to find such confinement injurious to my health ; therefore, having paid Mrs. Baldwin what I owed her, I resolved to seek for lodgings in the country, being assured I should meet with some much cheaper, and at the same time a purer air would be conducive to my health, as the apothecary who attended me during my indisposition, advised me by all means to retire into the country.

Soon after, walking across the park, a thought struck me, that I might certainly meet with lodgings that would suit me at Kensington, which, from its almost joining the metropolis, would be more convenient than any other spot I could then think of. Accordingly, I bent my course that way, and seeing apartments to be let at a genteel looking house, I enquired if I could be accommodated with two rooms. Being answered in the affirmative, I agreed with the woman for my board and lodging at a moderate price. I then left her, and learnt from two or three persons, of whom I enquired concerning her, that she bore a very good character.

“ Being satisfied in this very material particular, I left Mrs. Baldwin's, after paying all her demands, and removed to my new apartment, where I lived very agreeably for some time, following my old employment of fan painting, and now and then trimmings for the milliners, who would have given me plenty of work, but I found it not so profitable as my fans.

“ One

“ One day I had a trimming sent me to paint for a lady of great quality, with strict injunctions to finish it in a given time. I knew, if I did not comply, I should lose the custom of a good shop, therefore sat at it night and day, and with extreme difficulty finished it the evening I had promised, and took it home myself, fearing, lest some accident might prevent their having it in time, if I trusted it by the coach.

On entering the shop, I found a number of genteel persons, of both sexes, assembled. I would have retired, but the mistress of the shop called me to her, and having examined my work, paid me for it, and bid me stay while she fetched some more for me. She staid a long while, during which I was excessively distressed by the looks of the gentlemen, who never took their eyes off me, and the contemptuous smiles of the ladies, who appeared to enjoy my confusion. At length Mrs. — came, and relieved me from my embarrassment. She gave me more work, and desiring me to be equally punctual in finishing it, told me she would no longer detain me.

“ I hastily withdrew, as it was almost dark, meaning to take a hackney coach, but was prevented, by not finding one on the different stands I was obliged to pass. This made me hurry home as quick as possible, and I proceeded almost through the park, when a person, who I had perceived to follow me for some time past, seized me rudely round the waist, and insisted on seeing me home, swearing, a girl so d—n’d handsome as I appeared to be should not walk by herself at so late an hour.

“ I looked up at this salutation, and perceived the person who spoke to me was one of the gentlemen I had seen at Mrs. —’s shop. I endeavoured to disengage myself from him, but finding that impossible, I entreated him, in the civilest manner, to leave me. But I spoke in vain, my entreaties had not the least effect, for go with me he would. Finding I no longer opposed him, he had the assurance to kiss me, and said, if I would return to town with him, I should find he would not be ungrateful for my condescension; assuring me, at the same time, that he was a man of large fortune, and although not yet his own master, he had
it

it nevertheless in his power to provide for me in such a manner as, he was convinced, would be agreeable to me.

“ I could no longer restrain my tears, which prevented me from answering him instantly, and supposing I would not oppose his offer, was hurrying me back again; when seeing a gentleman riding past, attended by his servant, I entreated him to rescue me from my companion, protesting that he was hurrying me away from my home, contrary to my inclinations; and I should be forever obliged to him, if he would have the goodness to prevail on the gentleman to leave me, as it grew late, and my friends would be uneasy at my long stay.

“ He instantly alighted, and insisted I should be permitted to go home alone, since company was disagreeable to me.

“ My quondam companion replied, with much incivility, and declared, it was by my own consent he was taking me with him.

“ This, you may suppose, I denied, and having convinced the gentleman I had called to my rescue of the truth of my assertion, he took my arm under his, and bidding his servant follow with his horses, said he would himself see me home; and giving a card with his address to the other gentleman, notwithstanding his threats and invectives, hurried me away, more dead than alive. At a late hour we arrived at Kensington, where my landlady, Mrs. Sutton, had been waiting for me some time, with great uneasiness, being afraid some accident had prevented my returning. She expressed her joy to see me in a most affectionate manner, which I was incapable of returning, as I fainted almost immediately on my entering the house. The gentleman staid till I recovered, and then, wishing me a good night, recommended me to the care of Mrs. Sutton, and promising to call to enquire after me next day, took his leave. I soon after retired to rest, but not till I had informed Mrs. Sutton of my distress in the park, and how much I had been obliged to the gentleman who came home with me, for delivering me out of the hands of the other stranger.

“ The next morning I dressed myself with more than ordinary attention, expecting to have a visit from my gal-

lant deliverer; however, I was disappointed in my expectations, and saw nothing of him for the space of a fortnight, when at the expiration of that time he came to see me.

“ I was very glad to see him, and did not scruple to tell him so. I observed his arm was in a sling, and enquired if he had met with any accident.

“ He replied in the affirmative, which, he said, must be his apology for being so long without doing himself the pleasure of calling on me.

“ I did not ask how the accident happened, as I thought he appeared unwilling to speak on that subject; but his servant, who was waiting for him at the door with his horses, had been more communicative, for on Mrs. Sutton’s enquiring the reason of his master’s wearing a sling, he informed her, it was in consequence of a wound he received from the pistol of the gentleman from whom he rescued me in the park, as they had met the next morning. He further added, that the person his master fought with was my cousin, Lord M——’s son, who had received a wound in the body, but was now entirely out of danger.

“ I was very sorry when I heard Mr. Colville, for he had informed me that was his name, should have been under the necessity of fighting a duel on my account; and the next time he called on me, I expressed my fears that the wound was not so slight as he wished to make me believe, and that I should never forgive myself for having been, though innocently, the cause of it.

“ He desired me not to be under any uneasiness, as he assured me he no longer felt any inconvenience from it; and was it to come over again, he should, beyond a doubt, act just in the same manner; “ and, added he, taking my hand, which he pressed to his lips, I feel myself fully recompenced, by the kind concern you shew me.”

“ I begged to be informed of the particulars of the affair, which he related, as near as possible, in the following words:”

“ I was no sooner returned from seeing you home, than I received a note from Mr. Leister, desiring me to meet him at a mentioned place, with a friend and a brace of pistols, at four in the morning. I complied with his invitation, and tossing up to see who should give the first fire,
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it fell to him, and I received the contents of his pistol in my left arm. I enquired if he was satisfied, and being answered in the negative, I fired, and wounded him in the body; he instantly fell, and I hastened to send a surgeon to him, at whose house I waited till his return from Mr. Leicester, who, to my great joy, informed me it was only a flesh wound, and would be of no consequence. I then submitted to have my arm looked at, which I had totally forgot till put in mind of by him; but from my inattention, and the quantity of blood I had lost, I became so weak as to be obliged to keep the house for a much longer time than I at first expected. One consolation to me in my confinement was, that I had the pleasure of hearing of you every day; for although I never sent to the house, fearing it might be disagreeable to you, yet my servant brought very satisfactory accounts of your health, which he learned from some persons in the neighbourhood."

"I thanked him with unfeigned gratitude for his attention to me, and he, after making a long visit, took his leave, begging I would allow him to call every time he came that way. I could not refuse so small a favour to a person to whom I was so much obliged, and who had suffered so much on my account; he was, therefore, a frequent visitor, and at length informed me, I had made a complete conquest of him, and hoped at the same time he was not disagreeable to me.

"I assured him, that so far from it I had a very great regard for him. I was proceeding, when he caught me in his arms, and imprinting a kiss on my lips, thanked me for my candour, and made me an offer of his hand in such terms that I readily gave my consent to be his whenever he thought proper. I informed him I had no relations to whom I could apply, and related to him what I have just been giving you an account of. He told me he had a father and mother living, and several relations, who he feared would never consent to his marrying me, as I had no fortune. "But, added he, if you will condescend to accompany me to Scotland, I make no doubt they will readily pardon the step I shall have taken."

I had no one to apply to for advice, and therefore consented but too willingly to his proposal. An early day in the following week was chosen for our journey, and at the appointed time I met him at the Park-gate, and hurried with him to a chaise which was in waiting, into which we both stepped, and with the utmost expedition were driven to the land of matrimony. Some excuse may be thought necessary for my conduct; but when you reflect I was only seventeen years of age, I flatter myself I shall escape your censure.

"After we were married, we returned instantly, intending to throw ourselves at the feet of Mr. Colville, but in this we were prevented, for at the inn where we meant to dine, we were unexpectedly surprised at the sight of Mr. Colville's father, who approached us with rage painted in his countenance.

"We have nothing to hope for, exclaimed my husband, take care of yourself for my sake, and in this pocket-book you will find notes to a considerable amount," He put the book into my hands, and helped me out of the chaise, and at that instant his father joined us. He darted a look of contempt at me, but said not a word, and taking his son by the arm, hurried him across the yard.

"Thus left to myself, I entered a room, the door of which I saw open, and had it not been for the care of the mistress of the inn, I believe I should have fainted. Being a little recovered, I enquired for my husband, and was informed, his father had taken him away the instant he entered the inn, having had a chaise in waiting for that purpose several hours.

"You can better imagine than I describe the despair that took possession of me at that time! I was seized with fainting fits, which continued for several days; but at length youth, and a good constitution, gained the ascendancy, and I began to recover.

"As soon as my strength would permit, I returned to London, and knowing where the elder Mr. Colville lived, I went to his house, hoping to see him, and by my entreaties prevail on him to inform me of the residence of his son; but judge how great my disappointment must have been, on finding the house shut up, and not knowing in what

what part of England they lived, I was obliged to give over my enquiries. I should in this distress undoubtedly have applied to my uncle, Lord M—, had I not had every thing to fear from his son. On opening the pocket-book Mr. Colville left with me, I found notes to the amount of one hundred pounds, upon which I lived for some time, when very unexpectedly a relation of my deceased father's found me out, and invited me to go and keep his house, as his wife, being far advanced in years, found the management of a family troublesome, and wanted a genteel young person to be a companion to her, and superintend her domestics.

"I gladly accepted my kinsman's invitation, and lived in his house till his death, as also that of his wife, which happened soon after; who, as she expressed it in her will, left me, according to her late husband's wish, and as a mark of her esteem, the sum of three thousand pounds.

"I was now obliged to seek another habitation, but having something of my own to depend on, I did not find myself at any loss, and hired a small, though very pleasant apartment, in Richmond. I lived there very peaceably for a long time, but happening one day to meet my cousin, now Lord M—, and he renewing his gallantries, I took the first opportunity of leaving Richmond, and not being confined to any spot, I travelled about for some time. One day passing through this village, I was struck with the beauty of the situation, and hearing this cottage might be purchased for a small sum of money, I bought it, and had it fitted up in the manner you have seen; and should enjoy perfect felicity in this charming retirement, could I discover the destiny of my ever lamented husband."

She here stopped, and we thanked her for the confidence she had reposed in us. She soon after took her leave, promising to repeat her visits frequently.

I observed Mr. Melcombe continued in a deep reverie some time after she was gone, and at length said, "I have some knowledge of a Mr. Colville, that has not long been returned from India. I have often heard him pitied, tho' I knew not for what, and there is a chance it may be the person Mrs. Colville is connected with. I will, therefore, write to him, and give him the heads of this lady's story,

and if he is the person, I will request the favour of his company here."

He arrived early in the day, and by his earnestness to see Mrs. Colville, convinced us his affection for her was undiminished. At his desire, we sent to beg she would favor us with her company, which she instantly did; and as she stepped out of the carriage, her husband, for such he proved to be, exclaimed, "It is her! By Heaven, it is my lovely Clara!" and was hurrying towards the door with an intent to meet her, had not Mr. Melcombe and I stopped him, and made him promise he would not attempt to see his Clara till we had prepared her to receive him. He reluctantly acquiesced, and I then went to Mrs. Colville, and after the first compliments were over, purposely turned the conversation to the history she favoured us with the other day. I took care to insinuate that it did not appear to me she had any reason to suppose Mr. Colville was dead, on the contrary, I thought it most likely to be otherwise—"For," added I, Mr. Melcombe recollects a gentleman of that name in London, and he is positive it cannot, by your account, be the elder Mr. Colville; but doubtless there are many of that name besides your husband's family."

I observed she seemed gasping for breath during this speech of mine, and when I concluded it, she cried, "Oh, Lady Emma, do not deceive me with false hopes? Alas, I fear I shall never see him again. And yet you brought on this conversation as if you had some design in it." Seeing me smile, she continued, "For Heaven's sake, madam, put me out of my misery, by informing me if you have any thing to communicate relative to my husband."

I begged her to calm her spirits, and then informed her that there was every reason to suppose Mr. Colville was alive, as Mr. Melcombe had received some intelligence that put it beyond a doubt, and we expected to see him, at Melcombe Grange, in the course of the day, which was the cause of my sending for her so early, that she might prepare herself to receive him.

You can scarce have an idea, my friend, how extremely agitated she appeared to be during this recital. At length she started up, exclaiming, "I am sure, Lady Emma, he is in the house, let me hasten to meet him."



Conjugal Attachment.

Vide Page 301.

As she spoke, the door opened, and Mr. Colville caught her in his arms. She was near fainting, so greatly was she agitated: but at length her surprise gave way to her curiosity, and she begged Mr. Colville would have the goodness to relate what had happened to him from the time of their separation at the inn at ———, till the present moment.

He readily consented to oblige her, and related his history to the following effect.—

“ You cannot fail to remember, my dear Clara, the surprise we were seized with on beholding my father so unexpectedly. He took me by the arm, as I thought, to have some conversation with me, but conceive my consternation, on seeing a chaise and four waiting for us at some distance from the house, into which he insisted on my stepping. I at first refused, saying, that you was my wife, and on no account would I leave you behind me.— My father replied, with great coolness, that it would answer no end to oppose him, as he was resolved on my returning with him at all events; and if I did not choose to obey him with cheerfulness, he should be obliged to enforce his commands in a manner that could not but be extremely disagreeable to us both. He added, that he had left instructions with the woman of the house to take care of you, which she had promised to do.

“ Finding I must comply with my father's commands, I acquiesced, though, I believe, with a very ill grace. I intreated him to allow me to write to you, but he positively refused; and his servants, to a man, rejected the bribes I offered them to convey a letter to you. We continued travelling night and day till we reached Portsmouth, where my father told me he had some business to transact with an old friend who was going to India. I was left by myself while he went to pay this visit, which gave me an opportunity of writing to you; and thinking it most likely you would remain at the inn till you heard of me, I directed it there.

“ The next day my father proposed our going to dine with Captain Eden on board his ship. I had no objection, and accordingly we went. There was a great deal of
company

company present who drank pretty freely, and obliged me to join them, and whether some opiate was infused in the wine they gave me, or my stupor proceeded from some other cause, I know not, but I found myself so drowsy, that I fell into a deep sleep, and continued in it till the ship had been under weigh for some hours. You may easily imagine my astonishment must have been extreme, on recovering from my stupor, to see the sails spread; and only the white cliffs of my native shore perceptible.

“ The first question I asked was for my father, and I learned, to my inexpressible sorrow that he had left the ship many hours, and that she was on her way to the East-Indies.

“ I now saw the cruelty of my destiny, and rushing past the person who was conversing with me, should inevitably have plunged into the sea, had not some of the sailors, guessing my intention, prevented me.

“ The Captain would have explained my father’s reasons for this excess of barbarity, but I would not listen to him; and never ceased upbraiding him, while I retained the power of speaking. The agitated state of my mind brought on a delirious fever, which confined me for near a month, and when I was at length able to leave my cabin, I was so weak and low that I thought of little else than dying; and believe I should have again attempted to put an end to my existence, had not Heaven, in its mercy, raised me up a friend in the person of a young Scotch officer, of the name of M^r Kenzie, who endeavoured, by every exertion in his power, to give me hopes that I might again see my dear Clara. He advised me to send for you to India, and said, a brother officer would, on his arrival, have leave of absence, on whom he could depend, and if I approved of it, he would enquire for you, and on his again returning, could take the care of you.

“ I must own, this plan, though a very distant one, gave me hopes that I might have the felicity of seeing you, and recommended me to the idea of living.

“ On our landing at Bengal, Captain Eden gave me letters, which he told me had been intrusted to his care by my father, desiring him to introduce me to the persons to whom they were directed. He therefore accompanied me

to the several houses of my father's friends, who all received me very kindly, and with a Mr. Medway, who was in the mercantile line, I took up my residence, one great inducement to which was his having a son of nearly my own age. I had frequent opportunities of seeing Mr. M'Kenzie, who took care to inform me of the exact time when his friend Captain M'Donald returned to England, to whom he introduced me, and in writing I gave the most likely places to meet with you, not forgetting the fan-shop and milliner's, and, at my request, he promised to take every possible method to discover you.

" We took leave of each other, and you will believe me when I say, I waited with the utmost impatience till I could hear from him. At length the packet arrived, there were letters for me, and the hand I knew to be M'Donald's. I tore them open with haste, but was most grievously disappointed in finding, that, notwithstanding all the trouble he had taken, he could trace you no farther than London.— He added, that he had endeavoured to prevail on my father to inform him of the place of your residence, alledging that you was a relation of his, but he was positive in asserting he knew not what was become of you.

" I was nearly distracted at this intelligence, and begged Mr. Medway would allow me to return to England immediately; but this, he assured me, was not in his power, as he had received a sum of money from my father on condition of keeping me with him ten years, which, as he supposed it met with my approbation, he readily agreed to do. In some measure to relieve my anxiety, he promised, if I would stay with him till an answer arrived, to write to my father and insist upon knowing what was become of you.

Accordingly he wrote, and in due time received an answer, informing him, that you was so grieved when you became acquainted with my departure for India, that you fell into a decline, and notwithstanding every care and attention had been paid you, yet you lingered some time, and then expired, universally regretted by the whole family. My father concluded with saying, he had not mentioned this melancholy affair sooner, being fearful the effect he knew it would have upon me might be fatal, and therefore advised him to break it to me with caution.

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The worthy Mr. Medway followed the advice contained in the letter with the utmost punctuality; yet notwithstanding the care he took in informing me of it, the shock was so great as nearly to deprive me of my existence. I had scarcely recovered before I was called upon to assist in consoling Mr. Medway for the loss of his son, who one day, without any previous indisposition, dropped down dead at his father's feet. You can judge better than I describe the distress of Mr. Medway; in fact he never recovered this severe blow, and having no relations, he at his death, which happened soon after, bequeathed all his fortune, which was immense, to me.

"Having lost this worthy friend, life became irksome to me; but at the advice of M^cKenzie I continued in business, which greatly contributed to divert my mind from dwelling too intently on my past misfortunes.

"M^cKenzie, who was a very handsome young man, and equally pleasing in manners, fell in love with the daughter of a rich merchant, and was beloved with a reciprocal degree of tenderness by Miss Nugent: however, her father would not hear of the marriage, as my friend had nothing more to depend on than his commission, which certainly was not any thing in comparison to what he could give his daughter. Having heard of M^cKenzie's attachment to Miss Nugent, and knowing his situation in life was not such as to entitle him to offer himself to Mr. Nugent in behalf of his daughter, I took upon myself the management of this affair, and accordingly waited upon Mr. Nugent, and after displaying all my friend's good qualities, and his long attachment, enquired what sum of money he would think requisite to entitle Mr. M^cKenzie to propose himself to his daughter.

"He replied, he could not think of giving her to a person who could not support her in the manner she had been used to—" But, added he, this is my only objection, for had he ten or fifteen thousand pounds, there is not a man to whom I would so willingly bestow her."

"I then told him that I was under great obligations to my friend, and would, with all my heart, make his fortune twenty thousand pounds, if that was all that was wanting to recommend him. This being accepted, I invited him and his daughter to dine with me next day, and M^cKenzie was the

the only person I had to meet them. I observed he felt himself rather awkward, as he had been treated with great coolness by Mr. Nugent, and often turned his eyes towards me, as much as to say, You have placed me in a very distressing situation. I pitied his uneasiness, and as soon after dinner as possible, took Mr. Nugent by the arm, and left the young folks to each other, while the father and I were inspecting the marriage settlements, which being sealed and signed before witnesses, we sent for Mr. M'Kenzie, and informed him of his happiness. He could hardly believe us for some time, but being convinced we were in earnest, his acknowledgements became so powerful, that I was obliged to put him in mind that Miss Nugent was quite alone, before I could get rid of him. However, that I may not lay too heavy a tax upon your patience, suffice it to say, they were soon after married, and are one of the happiest couples in Bengal. Mr. M'Kenzie has left the army, and as his father-in-law is dead, and has left him a large addition to his fortune, he writes me word he shall be in England very shortly, and is now, I believe, on his voyage hither.

“ I had no opportunity of returning the obligations I owed Captain M'Donald, for the trouble he gave himself in his fruitless search after you, as he was a man of good fortune and great connexions. But to return.

“ I often heard from my father, who was very pressing for my leaving Bengal and returning to him, but I always refused to comply with his wishes in that respect, frequently putting him in mind of the happiness he had deprived me of. But on hearing of my mother's death, and likewise that of my two brothers, I could no longer withstand his entreaties, and settling all my affairs with the utmost expedition, I embarked for England. I arrived about eight months ago, and enquiring into the particulars of your supposed death; my father, with much sorrow and many tears, informed me he had imposed on me, for that he never had enquired about you from the time we left you at the inn.

“ I was thunderstruck at the intelligence, but had so much command over myself as to refrain from reproaching him with his duplicity.

“ I hastened to —, where we last parted, but found the house occupied by different persons, who could give me no intelligence concerning you. I was equally unfortunate in my enquiries elsewhere ; I even applied to Lord M——, who protested he knew nothing of you ; and I had given myself up to melancholy, when I was agreeably relieved by the receipt of Mr. Melcombe’s letter. I only staid to inform my father of the contents, and then set off for this place. I need not add how greatly I feel myself obliged to Lady Emma and Mr. Melcombe, for their kind attention to my dear Clara, and likewise for the letter they were so obliging as to send, acquainting me of her existence.

The entrance of a servant, to let us know dinner was on table, put an end to our discourse for some time, but the cloth was no sooner removed than it was continued : and notwithstanding we were very pressing that they should remain with us some time, yet we could not prevail on them to stay longer than the next day.

We walked in the evening to Mrs. Colville’s cottage, which I before remarked was fitted up in a stile of superior elegance ; some of the drawings are beautiful, the best of which she intreated me to accept.

Mr. Colville, as soon as possible, set off for London with his wife, and presented her to his father, who, in the most affectionate manner, received them, and earnestly intreated the forgiveness of his former conduct, adding, that it would be the greatest happiness of his life to promote their ease and tranquillity. Colville waited with rapturous expectation the society of his friend Captain M^cKenzie and his lady, who, in a short time, arrived in health and safety, and completely compensated their former trouble by the most unwearied and reciprocal offices of disinterested friendship.

FATAL EFFECTS OF FASHIONABLE LEVITIES,

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE

STORY OF FLAVILLA.

TO abstain from the appearance of evil is a precept in the law, which has every characteristic of divinity.

Circumstances have been admitted as evidences of guilt, even when death has been the consequence of conviction, and a conduct by which evil is strongly implied, is little less pernicious than that by which it is expressed. With respect to society, as far as it can be influenced by example, the effect of both is the same; for every man encourages the practice of that vice which he commits in appearance, though he avoids it in fact; and with respect to the individual, as the esteem of the world is a motive to virtue only less powerful than the approbation of conscience, he, who knows that he is already degraded by the imputation of guilt, will find himself half disarmed when he is assailed by temptation; and as he will have less to lose, he will, indeed, be less disposed to resist. Of the sex, whose levity is most likely to provoke censure, it is eminently true, that the loss of character by imprudence frequently induces the loss of virtue: The ladies, therefore, should be proportionably circumspect; as to those in whom folly is most likely to terminate in guilt, it is certainly of most importance to be wise.

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Among the busy and the gay, a depravity of manners, a licentious extravagance of dress and behaviour, are become almost universal; virtue seems ambitious of a resemblance to vice, as vice glories in the deformities which she has been used to hide.

A decent timidity and modest reserve, have been always considered as auxiliaries to beauty; but an air of dissolute boldness is now affected by all who would be thought graceful or polite: Chastity, which used to be discovered in every gesture and every look, is now retired to the breast, and is found only by those who intend its destruction; as a general, when the town is surrendered, retreats to the citadel, which is always less capable of defence when the outworks are possessed by the enemy.

There is now little apparent difference between the virgin and the prostitute: If they are not otherwise known, they may share the box and the drawing-room without distinction. The same fashion which takes away the veil of modesty, will necessarily conceal lewdness; and honour and shame will lose their influence, because they will no longer distinguish virtue from vice. General custom, perhaps, may be thought an effectual security against general censure; but it will not always lull the suspicions of jealousy; nor can it familiarize any beauty without destroying its influence, or diminish the prerogatives of a husband without weakening his attachment to his wife.

The excess of every mode may be declined without remarkable singularity; and the ladies, who should even dare to be singular in the present defection of taste, would proportionably increase their power and secure their happiness.

In the vanity and the presumption of youth, it is common to alledge the consciousness of innocence, as a reason for the contempt of censure; and a licence, not only for every freedom, but for every favour except the last. This confidence can, perhaps, only be repressed by a sense of danger, which may perhaps be impressed from the following history: —

Flavilla,

Flaville, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion; nor was he possessed of any property except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The greater part of the furniture and equipage were sold to pay his debts; the jewels which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved; and Flaville removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and tho' some gratified their pride by assuming an appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolance, and a minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality; they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendor, which the caprice of others, like the road of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated not only for beauty but her wit: These qualifications she considered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered; and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence in her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, and sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did or said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy, whom it was an honour to provoke, or to slander, whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less; and though she always treated her with respect from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla at eighteen was a celebrated toast; and among other gay visitants who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband; but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind: but whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known, and often practised, the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more; but her vanity and her ambition were still predominant; she still hoped to succeed in her project. Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable, that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him; but
this

this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation to treat her with generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore, resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view he went a short journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, that he had often reflected, with inexpressible regret, upon her resentment of his conduct in a late instance; but that the delicacy and the ardour of his affection were insuperable obstacles to his marriage: that where there was no liberty, there could be no happiness: that he should become indifferent to the endearments of love, when they could no longer be distinguished from the officiousness of duty: that while they were happy in the possession of each other, it would be absurd to suppose they would part; and that if this happiness should cease, it would not only censure but aggravate their misery to be inseparably united: that this event was less probable, in proportion as their co-habitation was voluntary; but that he would make such provision for her upon the contingency, as a wife would expect upon his death. He conjured her not to determine under the influence of prejudice and custom, but according to the laws of reason and nature. "After mature deliberation, said he, remember that the whole value of my life depends upon your will. I do not request an explicit consent, with whatever transport I might behold the lovely confusion which it might produce. I shall attend you in a few days, with the anxiety, though not with the guilt of a criminal, who waits for the decision of his judge. If my visit is admitted, we will never part; if it is rejected, I can see you no more."

Flavilla had too much understanding as well as virtue to deliberate a moment upon this proposal. She gave immediate orders that Clodio should be admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity, which she could not resist; she shewed it first to her mother, and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the

exultation of a hero, who exposes a vanquished enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph; she considered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or restraint.

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes of the play-house by Mercator, a young gentleman, who had just returned from his first voyage as captain of a large ship in the Levant trade, which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportion at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendor of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curiosity than hope, to enquire who she was; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances, as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no design upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardour of his passion to her mother, giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and entreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some enquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation, and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled; that he ought, therefore, to obtain his father's consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in; an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve: Flavilla was not displeased either with his person or his address; the
frank-

frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger. A conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: He pressed his suit with that contagious ardor, which is taught at early glance, and produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene; but being determined to gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that, of two evils, to marry without his consent was less, than to marry against it; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May-fair.

In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family; but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter; and after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested that he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to compleat his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character cannot be better expressed than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and had often seen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependence, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected; and he was disposed to judge of it with less charity, when she had offended him by

marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate but increase; a resolution by which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet to screen her from public infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from a prison, by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his resentment, he told him, that "if he had taken Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked it; and if her extravagance had distressed him, he would have satisfied his creditors; but that his marriage was not to be forgiven; that he should never have another shilling of his money; and that he was determined to see him no more."

Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained to reply; and believing that he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leicester-fields, and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his desire that they should be repeated. But remembrance of the gay multitude, which, while he was at home, had flattered his vanity, as soon as she was absent alarmed his suspicion; he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time Flavilla continued to flutter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long; the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished, the gentlemen attended with yet great assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity; she was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera; sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from

from town ; she came home sometimes at midnight, sometimes in the morning, and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure ; and that the person who had hired the lodgings for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon a pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known ; but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence ; hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character ; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning ; the family was disturbed at all hours of the night, and the door was crowded all day with messengers and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution.— She told Flavilla, “ that she was a fine young lady, that her husband was abroad, that she kept a great deal of company, and that the world was censorious ; she wished that less occasion for scandal was given ; and hoped to be excused the liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those slanders which could have no influence upon the great, and which, therefore, they were not solicitous to avoid.”

This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct ; before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint ; she answered with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that “ those only who did not know her, would dare to take any liberty

with her character ; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril." Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without reply, though she was scarce less offended than her lodger, and from that moment she determined, when Mercator returned, to give him warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous ; and after an absence of about ten months he came back. The woman, to whom her husband left the whole management of the lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give ; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that "Madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late ; that she had always been used to quiet and regularity ; and was determined to let her apartment to some person in a more private station."

At this account Mercator changed countenance ; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him with an emotion which convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that "he had no reason to be alarmed ; for that she had no exception to his lady, but those gaieties which her station and the fashion sufficiently authorized." Mercator's suspicions, however, were not wholly removed ; and he began to think he had found a confidant whom it would be his interest to trust : He, therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed, that "he had some doubts concerning his wife, which it was of the utmost importance to his honour and his peace to resolve : He intreated that he might continue in the apartment another year ; that, as he should again leave the kingdom in a short time, she would suffer no incident, which might confirm either his hopes or his fears, to escape her notice in his absence ; and

that at his return she would give him such an account as would at least deliver him from the torment of suspense, and determine his future conduct."

There is no sophistry more general, than that by which we justify a busy and scrupulous enquiry after secrets, which to discover is to be wretched without hope of redress; and no service to which others are so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity, is, by a strange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice, but of friendship; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuse wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general kindness of Mercator's confidant was on this occasion overborne; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal; and promised, that she would, with the utmost fidelity execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife, and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten.—Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but being very well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding and tears: But when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an ecstasy of kindness to his bosom, and intreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection—"Because, said he, I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, therefore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation, which must otherwise so often return, and, in a short time, unite us to part no more."

To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.

Flavilla, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return
from

from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, tho' its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now necessary, that the vigils of whist, and the tumults of balls and visits, should, for a while, be suspended; and in this interval of langour and retirement, Flavilla first become thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: Notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave a pressing invitation to visit her: This invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview, than she had been at the first; and without making any other enquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received was the ground floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the horse guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash.

A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then
glancing

glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer, and went on.

Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room: She was touched with both grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator, would no where have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendor, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance; and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

Flavilla now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by his appearance that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After much deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill-founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependents; and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same, supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less cheerful; she smiled with inexpressible complacency,

placency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection; and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his first landing that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once enquired the age of his son, but the question had always been evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hastening to enquire after his father; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to enquire how she had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion of importance, he suffered her to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her, and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and, indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, "that the child was born within less than eight months after his last return from abroad; that it was said to have come before its time, but that having pressed to see it, she was refused."

This, indeed, was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion; for Flavilla, who had still resented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance; and the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a
bastard,

bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour, and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He sat down, and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived; and he resolved with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress, he went to his house; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship; and soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented: He was received at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting down among them, the will was read.—He seemed to listen like the rest, but was, indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the speculation of his own wretchedness. He awaked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up, and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing: But his uncle believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room; and, to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, that "the resentment which he expressed at his marriage, was every day increased by the conduct of his wife, whose character was now become notoriously infamous; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted."

This account threw Mercator into another agony, from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune, and sooth his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper was now ready; her impatience was increased; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her; she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations, and this tender distress, she received a billet which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence, and dishonouring his bed: "Of this, he said, he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more."

To those, whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual, but absurd.

Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of Mercator, and doubting if she should have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan, whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings, in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of prosecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch, and some other ornaments, as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she discovered Fulvius's business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that if possible the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification.

Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew; but, after much entreaty and expostulation, at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter.

The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when she had recovered from the surprise and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet, which was sealed, and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving that, in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who, the moment he cast his eyes upon the letter, knew both the hand and the seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words:—

“ Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances, but those in which I write. I do not, therefore, but for your sake, wish them other than they are. The dear infant, whose birth has un-

done me, now lies dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion, and your resentment. I am scarce able to guide my pen. But I most earnestly intreat to see you, that you may at least have the satisfaction to hear me attest my innocence, with the last sigh, and seal our reconciliation on my lips, while they are yet sensible of the impression."

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart: He lifted up his eyes to Heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself and a petition for her; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post horses at a neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester-fields. But, notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body; and, after a confinement of two years in a mad-house, he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man, in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.



THE
HISTORY
OF
MRS. BOWERS.
[FROM LAURENTIA.]

I CANNOT plead the smallest extenuation of my crime without throwing some degree of blame on her who brought me into the world, and who, from my infancy, infused a species of false pride into my youthful bosom, which perhaps my natural disposition was too prone to strengthen.

My mother's fortune was originally small, and on her marrying my father, a lieutenant in the navy, it was laid out, with some trifling addition of his, to purchase an annuity for her life.

They lived not long together; my father was ordered to his ship, and left England before I (their only child) was four months old. He died of a fever in less than a twelve-month, and had nothing to bequeath as a portion for his infant daughter; yet seventy pounds per annum was sufficient to procure us the necessaries of life, and, according to my mother's plan, it enabled her, as she thought, to live genteel.

We

We had lodgings at Lambeth, and as soon as I was old enough I was sent to a day-school in the neighbourhood, where I was taught bad French, and wretchedly instructed in music and dancing; as to work, it was considered of no great consequence. My mother said I might learn to embroider, as that was an elegant employment; but, she flattered herself, my person and fine face would infallibly make my fortune.

Nothing was omitted that could contribute to the improvement of my charms, which the fond and partial eyes of my poor mistaken parent thought so very attractive.

My mother had formerly been acquainted with a few respectable families in London; but those were neglected, and a set of tea-visitors encouraged, very few of whom could afford to out do us in appearance. Some of them had husbands with inferior places at court, or in the public-offices; but my mother said they were gentlemen, and their wives had too much spirit to disgrace themselves by engaging in any retail trade.

One or two of our most intimate companions happening to marry musicians, who played constantly in the orchestra at one or other of the theatres, by their means we had sometimes the benefit of an order for the boxes. That was the summit of our felicity, and there it was that the vanity of my poor mother was continually heightened, by hearing what the young fellows, who crowd in at the end of the third act, said of her darling daughter. Seeing us unattended by any gentleman, they dared to make use of the grossest flattery, and frequently offered to attend us home; but I must do my mother the justice to own that she never permitted any thing of that kind. She used afterwards to say, "that if they really were in love with me, they would follow the coach, and, by observing where it set us down, they could easily find some method to introduce themselves the next day.

I really believed she experienced more mortification from the repeated disappointments of such chimerical hopes than I did myself: However, she persisted, these opportunities were not to be neglected, they being almost the only ones of shewing me off in public; chance might favour us

in time, and we were almost starved at home to make up the unavoidable expences of coach-hire on such occasions.

We never met with any little adventure that could even warrant a hope of its producing any future advantage; and the health of my mother beginning to decline, she grew miserably anxious for the fate of her child. A few shewy cloaths, and the furniture of two rooms, being all she could leave me.

Just at that time I became acquainted with Mr. Bowers; he was clerk to a merchant in the city, from whom he received a salary of eighty pounds per annum, and was able by perquisites to make it up near a hundred.

The first time I saw him was at a Lord Mayor's ball, for which we had procured tickets, and ill as my poor mother was, she determined to go.

We were accompanied by a Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, who lodged in the next house to ours, and they divided the expence of the evening with us. Mr. Cooper was a clerk in the city, and introduced Mr. Bowers to me for a partner. He had a genteel person, was well dressed, and altogether made no contemptible appearance. I was very well satisfied, but the prodigious crowd and confusion, that always prevail at such times, prevented us from dancing much.

The next evening Mr. Bowers called at our lodgings with the customary compliments, which procured him an invitation to drink tea with us on the following Sunday; in short, he soon became a constant visitor, and sufficiently attached to make me an offer of his hand. It was a match that ill accorded with my mother's ambition; but it promised to save me from absolutely starving, and as there was no prospect of doing better, I at length had her permission to accept it.

We were married, and Bowers removed what little property he had to our lodgings. As long as my mother lived we did very well; but on her death, which happened in about half a year after I had been a wife, our difficulties began to appear.

My husband had a desire to be always smart in his appearance, and, perhaps, spent more in adorning his person than was consistent with our income. I had been bred up

in idleness, my mother having accustomed herself to manage every thing, even cleaning our rooms, and washing our cloaths occasionally, from an idea that hard work would spoil my hands, and make me unlike a gentlewoman.

I therefore felt no inclination for such laborious employments, and hired a person to do it for me; the consequence of which was, that our income was expended long before it was due. We ran in debt till we could not get credit, and the extremity of our wants tempted my wretched husband to take up twenty pounds of his master's money.

I was astonished at such an unexpected supply; but on his telling me it was borrowed, I never troubled myself how it was to be repaid, or thought more about it. Some of our most pressing bills being discharged, I proposed walking to Vauxhall that very evening. We went, and soon after the music had ceased to play, we met a gentleman, to whom Mr. Bowers bowed. In a short time we met him again, and he then stopped to speak to my husband, and asking him several trifling questions about business, and fixing his eyes on my face all the time he was talking. From their conversation I soon understood that the gentleman was Mr. Tankre, my husband's master; but, as I never expected to see him any more, I did not take much notice of his person; indeed, he almost stared me out of countenance.

We left the gardens before twelve, and returned home supperless, which, considering we had some money in our pockets, was a piece of prudence we did not often practise: But poor Bowers was not in spirits, conscious that he had committed an act of dishonesty, which he could hardly hope would remain long undiscovered—the secret was painful, yet he could not prevail on himself to divulge it to me. Alas! it was communicated too soon, for the next Saturday Mr. Tankre inspected the accounts himself, when the deficiency on my husband's side fully appeared. Bowers instantly confessed what he had done, and how he had disposed of the money, and offered to sell part of our goods to reimburse what he had taken. Mr. Tankre was not so easily pacified, talked of prosecuting, and every thing he could think of to increase the terror of the poor culprit. At
last

last he said, " he would accompany my husband to his lodgings, and be satisfied that he had property sufficient to make up the deficiency."

They caught me entertaining myself with a novel, and shedding tears over imaginary distress! My surprise and confusion gave a glow to my cheeks, that, perhaps, at the moment made me appear to advantage in the eyes of Mr. Tankre, and as a proper object for his pursuit. He, in his turn, affected to be vastly astonished to find one so young and elegant, as he chose to express himself, in the apartments of such a rascal as Bowers, and asked, in a more softened tone, " who that lovely creature could be?"

" She is my wife, said Bowers, and will, I dare answer, consent to give up whatever we have of value."

" She is too beautiful, returned the artful wretch, to be distressed. I am sorry I have shocked her delicacy by exposing your unworthiness; for her sake I will forgive you this time, but do not abuse my lenity, young man: Use this amiable creature well, or I immediately withdraw my kindness, and dismiss you from my 'counting-house.'"

He then attempted to comfort me, for I was weeping most sadly, and recommended a glass of wine. We had none. Mr. Tankre insisted on sending for a bottle, as it was, he said, owing to his want of precaution that I was thrown into a state to make it necessary.

The servant belonging to the house was accordingly sent, and soon procured what he wished for, which he staid to partake of himself, and then soliciting my pardon for affrighting me so much, took his leave.

The shame of my poor husband was apparent in his countenance; his eyes could not encounter mine, and for a time we were both silent.

" Can you love me after this, Leonora? said he; to save you from want I did it." Willing to make me a partaker (as, indeed I was, from mismanagement and want of prudence) of his fault, he forgot that his own necessities were as great as mine; yet, as my nature was never revengeful, I did not aggravate his feelings by unavailing reproaches; but readily assured him of the forgiveness he implored, and then every thing went on as usual.

In a short time we were teased for rent, which we were incapable of paying. Our butcher and baker likewise became equally impertunate.

Bowers had received half a year's wages before hand, and, to save himself from an arrest, he had recourse to the dangerous experiment of altering a draft belonging to Mr. Tankre, and making it L. 50 instead of L. 30.

It was the very thing Mr. Tankre both wished and expected. It was soon traced to my poor unfortunate husband, who had not the effrontery to deny the fact, and thus became wholly in the power of his master, by whom prayers and intreaties were then disregarded. He could not be persuaded to listen to any terms of accommodation; but on the hard condition of my husband's going to the West Indies, where Mr. Tankre said, he could procure him a profitable place, in which he might have an opportunity of redeeming his lost character.

There was no alternative. Mr. Tankre would no longer employ or recommend him to any one in England, but promised, if he behaved well, to take care of me during his absence, and talked of making me housekeeper at his hunting-lodge.

I believe Bowers suspected that Mr. Tankre was not quite disinterested when he made the proposal; but in his situation remonstrances would have proved his ruin.

My husband took leave of me with tears in his eyes, and his last words were: "I shall never see you again; yet, oh! Leonora, remember that, though I have transgressed the laws of my country, I have ever been just to you."

I have frequently reproached myself since, that I did not accompany, and share the dangers and difficulties which poor Bowers had been forced to sustain. I had then escaped pangs of mind which are infinitely more tormenting than any bodily fatigue.

I was, as it is natural to suppose, much affected at the parting, and regretted that I had not exerted myself more, and endeavoured to do something towards the maintenance of myself: After the departure of my husband, the kindness of Mr. Tankre made such an exertion quite unnecessary.

He visited me often, nor had I resolution to refuse his presents, and, indeed, he was very profuse.

I now acknowledge and deplore my error; I ought to have been on my guard, and might have suspected that a man of his gay turn would not be so generous for nothing; but his behaviour was for some time so respectful, that I only lamented we were both married, and was foolish enough to suppose, had that not been the case, we might have been happy.

I continued in the same lodgings near a month after my husband was gone, for which Mr. Tankre paid: He then proposed going to N——shire, and told me I was to enter on my office as housekeeper.

It was agreed that I should follow him in a few days; a stage-coach would convey me as far as B——, to which place Mr. Tankre promised to send his carriage to meet me.

When I arrived at the inn in B——, Mr. Tankre was there himself: He told me, with some concern, that his wife, and a niece of hers, had taken it into their heads to come down with him, and therefore he was neither master of his house or carriage: I must excuse it, if he took me to a small house within a mile of the lodge, and the moment the ladies returned to town, I should be sovereign mistress of both the houses.

I was alarmed, and thought his behaviour very different to what it had ever been before. He had always mixed flattery in his conversation; but he had never till then called me his charming angel, his dear Leonora!

A hack-chaise was ordered, and into it I was handed.—Mr. Tankre seated himself by me, and vowed he loved me beyond all earthly beings—swore he would ever be faithful to me, if I would place confidence in him, and condescend to regard him as my protector—I should be his constant companion—and the most dreadful imprecations were called down on his own head if he ever abandoned or betrayed me.

The chaise drove to the house that Miss Barclay saw yesterday, which I found furnished in a stile that at first surprised me as much as it did her. It is unnecessary to

say more: I am sufficiently humbled, and own the misery I suffer is no more than I deserve.

Perhaps you may think that my repentance did not take place till I was deserted by the man that tempted me to ruin, and therefore you can have no proof of my stability in future.

I cannot altogether deny that it was so; and yet I may say, that I have never known one happy hour since I came into this country. Friendless as I was, I knew not how to extricate myself, and the base Tankre took advantage of that circumstance; for, notwithstanding all his fine professions of everlasting love, and the happiness he enjoyed in a cottage with me, I soon found he had another object in pursuit: He had even the impudence to ask me to return to town with a young lady he intended to carry off the first opportunity.

I was not so lost to all sense of honor as to become instrumental in the ruin of others; and I plainly told him, "although I had ceased to be virtuous myself, I never would countenance so vile a scheme."

My refusal incensed him extremely; he said, it was ridiculous in me to suppose he should be long constant to any one; that it was in my power to oblige him in affairs of gallantry, for which he would make me ample amends; but if I presumed to preach, he should withdraw his allowance, and leave me to find out another keeper, who would act by me as generously as he had done.

Shocked beyond what I can describe, I was incapable of returning any other answer than that I never would comply, be the consequence what it might. He left me in great displeasure, and I did not see him for several days.

When he came again, he was accompanied by a man, with whom he pretended he had very particular business, and asked me to resign one of my rooms to them that they might talk it over.

Curiosity prompted me to listen, and I soon found some diabolical scheme was on foot. They were planning how they might best carry off a young lady from a masquerade that was to be in the neighbourhood. I overheard them call her name Fitzowen, and understood, from their conversation, that she lived with her mother in a house that belonged

longed to Mr. Hervey, close by the wood. "She has no friends that I can hear of, said Mr. Tankre, to make any stir after her—That fool Townsend fancies himself in love with her; but, I think, it will be doing him a kindness to prevent such a match."

It was then agreed by both, that they should go to the masquerade, in a hack chaise, with the best pair of horses they could procure, and another pair to be kept in waiting about a mile from the house. "If she is once safe in London, said Tankre, I defy the Devil himself to find her out." They afterwards talked of their dresses, Mr. Tankre saying, "he should make a devilish good Cardinal," and asked the other (who he called Chambers) "if he did not think the sanctity of the garb would silence suspicion, and make the old hag, Miss Fitzowen's mother, believe him some respectable character, that wanted a young wife, and would be willing to dispense with fortune."—They were extremely entertained at that idea, and concluded it would be very easy to persuade the young lady (in moving from one room to another) to step to the door, by telling her of some extraordinary figure that was playing pranks in the court-yard.

I likewise understood that their dresses were brought from town by Chambers, were to be put on in a summer-house, and the chaise to wait in a lane by the side of Mr. Tankre's garden; for it was not intended that Mrs. Tankre should know where her husband spent the evening; he acknowledging he had no invitation, which he, however, supposed was owing to the insinuations of the poor curate.

When they had settled every thing to their own minds, they departed, wishing me a good night.

I lay awake the greater part of the night, contriving how I might best counteract the scheme they had formed. I knew no person in whom I could safely repose any confidence, and the morning found me undetermined what plan to pursue. I at length resolved to be the sole agent myself, and telling Nanny, the girl that lives with me, she might have the whole afternoon to visit her friend, who lives at some distance, I wrote a note to Mrs. Fitzowen, with the intention of delivering it myself.

Walking

Walking had been my only amusement since I came into this neighbourhood, and I knew the country tolerably well for some miles round the house I inhabit. I therefore dressed myself in some of Nanny's cloaths, and making my appearance as shabby as possible, locked the door after me, and set out. In going I mistook the road, and went much out of my way, which detained me so long, I began to fear I should be too late; but fortunately I was just in time. A carriage was waiting at Mrs. Fitzowen's door when I came within sight of the house.

I sat down at a distance till I saw a servant come out, I then got up, and going round the chaise, gave my note to the lady that went in first, made my curtsy, and hurried off as fast as I could; thanking Heaven for giving me an opportunity of performing one good action.

I arrived safe at home, and had changed my cloaths before Nanny returned; and although I was impatient for the next day, that I might know how Mr. Tankre bore his disappointment—yet it was by far the happiest night I had experienced for many months.

About eleven o'clock the next morning Mr. Tankre called—he was the picture of every thing unpleasant, and told me, “his wife and niece were going for Scarborough immediately, and he was resolved to either let or sell the lodge, because he hated the neighbourhood, and every one that lived in it.

“What in earth is to become of me?” exclaimed I, in great distress. He was in a violent passion, swore it was no matter, and said, “it was my own fault that he had not regarded me longer, and thereby been prevented from wishing for variety; called me mere sugar and water, the most insipid creature he ever met with, without spirits sufficient to attach any man's affections for a whole week.”

Tears were the only answers I ventured to make to such reproach; and when he had pretty well vented himself, he gave me five guineas, and saying, “he should consider what was to be done with me; I might remain where I was for the present;”—he left me, nor have I ever seen him since.

THE
HAPPY DIVORCE;

A

MORAL TALE.

UNEASINESS and inconstancy are, in the greatest part of mankind, nothing more than the consequence of false calculation. Too strong a prepossession in favour of the happiness we desire, makes us experience, as soon as we possess it, that uneasiness and disgust, which suffer us to relish nothing. The imagination deceived, and the heart dissatisfied, wander to new objects, the prospect of which dazzles in its turn, and the approach disabuses us. Thus, from illusion to illusion, life is passed away in changing the chimera: This is the malady of lively and delicate souls; nature has nothing sufficiently perfect for them: Whence it proceeds that it is thought such a mighty matter to fix the taste of a pretty woman.

Lucilia, in the convent, had painted to herself the charms of love, and the delights of marriage, with the colouring of an imagination of a girl of fifteen, whose flower nothing had yet tarnished.

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She had seen the world only in those ingenious fictions which are the romance of human nature. It costs nothing to an eloquent man to give love and marriage all the charms that he conceives. Lucilia, according to these pictures, saw lovers and husbands only as they are to be met with in fables, always tender and full of love, saying nothing but fine things, taken up solely with care of pleasing, new homages, or pleasures eternally varied.

Such was the prepossession of Lucilia, when they were to draw her out of the convent to marry the Marquis de Lisere. His engaging and noble figure inspired her with a favourable opinion of him. His first addresses succeeded in determining the resolution of her soul. She saw not yet in the Marquis the ardour of a passionate love; but she thought modestly enough of herself not to pretend to set him on fire at the first sight. This liking, easy in its birth, would make a rapid progress: He must have time. However, the marriage was concluded upon, and solemnized before the inclination of the Marquis was grown a violent passion.

Nothing was more steady or solid than the temper of the Marquis de Lisere. In marrying a young woman, he proposed to himself, in order to make her happy, to begin by being her friend, persuaded that an honest man does whatever he pleases with a well-disposed woman, when he has gained her confidence; and that a husband, who makes himself dreaded, invites his wife to deceive him, and authorises her to hate him.

In order to follow the plan which he had traced out to himself, it was necessary not to be too passionate a lover: Passion knows no rule. He had considered himself well before his engagement, on the kind of liking with which Lucilia inspired him, resolved never to marry a woman whom he should love to distraction. Lucilia found in her husband only that lively and tender friendship, that attentive and constant complaisance, that soft and pure pleasure, that love, in short, which has neither its hot nor cold fits. At first, she flattered herself that intoxication, enchantment, transports, would have their turn; but the soul of Lisere was unalterable.

“ This

“ This is very extraordinary, said she ; I am young, I am handsome, and my husband don't love me ! I am his, and he thinks it enough to possess me with coldness ? But then why suffer him to be cold ? Can he have any violent longings for what is in his power without reserve or trouble ? He would become passionately fond of me if he were jealous. How unjust are men ! We must torment them in order to please them. Be tender, faithful, fond, they neglect, they disdain you. An even course of happiness makes them dull. Caprice, coquetry, inconstancy, rouse and enliven them : They set no value on pleasure, but in proportion to the trouble it gives them. Lifere, less sure of being beloved, will become a thousand times fonder himself. That is easy ; let me be in the fashion. Every thing around me presents me with enough to make him uneasy, if he is capable of jealousy.”

After this fine project, Lucilia gave herself up to dissipation, to coquetry ; she assumed a mystery in all her proceedings ; she made parties without the Marquis. “ Did I not foresee it, said he to himself, that I had a wife like other women : Six months after marriage she begins to be tired of it. I should be a happy man now if I were passionately fond of my wife ! Happily my liking and my esteem for her leave me full enjoyment of my reason : I must make use of it, dissemble, subdue myself, and employ nothing but gentleness and soothing measures to keep her in order.— They do not always succeed, but reproaches, complaints, restraint, and violence succeed still less.”

The moderation, complaisance, and tranquillity of the Marquis, put Lucilia out of all patience. “ Alas ! said she, do what I will, 'tis all to no purpose, this man will never love me : He is one of those souls whom nothing moves, nothing engages, and I am condemned to pass my life with a stone that knows neither how to love or hate ! O, the delights of sensible souls, the charm of impassioned hearts ? Love, who raisest us to Heaven on thy fiery pinions ! Where are those flaming darts, with which thou woundest happy lovers ? Where is that intoxication into which thou plungest them ? Where are those ravishing transports with which they mutually inspire each other Where are they ? continued she. In free and indepen

dent love, in the disposal of two hearts which give a loose to themselves. And why should the Marquis be fond? What sacrifice have I made him? By what marks of courage, by what heroic devotion of myself have I moved the sensibility of his soul! Where is the merit of having accepted for a husband an amiable and rich young man, whom they chose without my consent? Is it for love to interfere in a marriage of convenience? But is this then the lot of a woman of sixteen, to whom, without vanity, nature has given wherewith to please, and still more wherewith to love? For after all I cannot conceal from myself the graces of my figure, nor the sensibility of my heart.—At sixteen to languish without hope in cold indifference, and to see at least a score of years waste away without pleasure, which might have been delicious! I say a score at least, and it is not wanting to tire the world, to be content to renounce it before forty years of age. Cruel family! Was it for you that I took a husband? You chose me an honest man; a rare present you made me! To be dull with an honest man, and to be dull all one's life! very hard indeed!”

This discontent soon degenerated into peevishness on the part of Lucilia, and Lisere thought he perceived at last, that she had taken an aversion to him. His friends displeased her, their company became troublesome to her, she received them with a coolness sufficient to keep them at a distance. The Marquis could no longer dissemble.—“Madam, said he to Lucilia, the end of marriage is to make people happy; we are not so together, and it is in vain for us to pique ourselves on a constancy which restrains us. Our fortune puts us in a condition of doing without each other, and of resuming that liberty of which we imprudently made a mutual sacrifice. Live by yourself, and I will live by myself. I ask towards me only that decency and regard which you owe to yourself.”—“With all my heart, Sir,” replied Lucilia, with the coldness of disgust; and from that moment every thing was settled, that Madam might have her equipage, her table, her domestics,—in one word, a separate maintenance.

Lucilia's suppers soon became some of the most brilliant in Paris. Her company was sought by all the handsome women and men of gallantry. But there was a necessity for Lucilia having some particular, and who should engage her first, it was observed, had the only hard task ! In the mean time she enjoyed the homages of a brilliant set ; and her heart, yet irresolute, seemed to suspend her choice only to render it more flattering. She thought at last she saw the person who would determine it. At the approach of the Count de Blamze, all the pretenders to her lowered their tone. He was, of the whole Court, the most to be dreaded by a young woman. It was agreed, that there was no resisting him, and so they spared themselves the trouble. He was beautiful as the day, presented himself with grace, spoke little, but extremely well ; and if he said common things, he rendered them interesting by the most pleasing sound of voice, and the most beautiful look in the world. They could not say that Blamze was a fop, his foppery had so much dignity. A modest haughtiness formed his character ; he decided with the gentlest air in the world, and the most laconic tone. He listened to contradictions with a smile ; and if they pressed him to explain himself, he smiled still, and kept silence, or repeated what he had said. Never did he combat the opinion of another, never did he take any trouble to give a reason for his own : It was the most attentive politeness, and the most decisive presumption, that had ever yet been seen united in a young man of quality.

This assurance had something commanding in it, which rendered him the oracle of taste, and the legislator of fashion. They were never sure of being right in the choice of a suit, or the colour of a carriage, till Blamze had approved it by a glance. " It is excellent, it is handsome," were the precious words from his mouth ; and his silence a dead warrant. The despotism of his opinion extended even over beauty, talents, wit, and graces. In a circle of women, she whom he had honoured with a particular attention was that instant in vogue.

Blamze's reputation had gone before him to Lucilia's ; but the deference which even his rivals paid him, redoubled the esteem she had conceived for him. She was dazzled

with his beauty, and still more surpris'd with his modesty. He presented himself with the most respectful air, seated himself in the lowest place, but all looks were soon directed towards him. His dress was the model of taste: All the young people who surrounded him studied it with a scrupulous attention. His lace, his embroidery, his manner of dressing his head, were all examined: They writ down the names of his trades-people and workmen. "It is strange, said they, we see these designs, these colours, no where but with him." Blamze confessed modestly that it cost him very little trouble. "Industry, said he, is at its highest perfection; you need but to enlighten and direct it." He took a pinch of snuff as he said these words, and his box excited new curiosity; it was, however, the work of a young artist, whom Blamze drew out of oblivion.—They asked him the price of every thing; he replied with a smile, that he knew the price of none of them; and the women whispered to each other in the ear the name of her who was charged with these details.

"I am ashamed, Madam, said Blamze to Lucilia, that these trifles should take up an attention which ought to centre in a more interesting object. Pardon me if I listen to the frivolous questions of these young men: Never did complaisance cost me so dear. I hope, added he, in a low voice, that you will permit me to come and make myself amends in some more tranquil moment."—"I shall be very glad to see you," replied Lucilia smiling; and by her blushes, and the tender smile with which Blamze accompanied a most respectful bow, the assembly judged that it would not be long before the intrigue came to a conclusion. Lucilia, who did not see the consequence of a few words said in the ear, and who did not think that she had made an assignation, scarce paid any attention to the looks of meaning which the women cast on each other, and to the light railleries which escaped the men. She delivered herself up insensibly to her own reflections, and was quite grave the whole evening. They often turned the conversation on Blamze; all the company spoke well of him: His rivals talked of him with esteem; Lucilia's rivals spoke of him with complaisance. No body was more genteel, more gallant, more respectful; and of twenty women, on
whose

whose account he had reason to pride himself, not one had any reason to complain, Lucilia became attentive : Nothing escaped her : “ Twenty women ! said she to herself ; that is much : But need we be surpris’d at it ? He seeks one who may be worthy to fix him, and capable of fixing herself.”

She hoped the next day that he would come early, and before the crowd of visitors : She waited for him, she grew uneasy, he came not, she was out of temper ; he wrote, she read his billet, and her ill-humour ceased. He was distracted to lose the most agreeable moments of his life. Some impertinents had broke in upon him ; he would have made his escape ; but these impertinents were people of rank. It was not in his power to be happy till the next day ; but he beseeched Lucilia to receive him early, “ to abridge, said he, by a few hours, the cruel weariness of absence.”

The company came as usual, and Lucilia received them with a coldness at which they were picqued. “ We shall not have Blamze this evening,” said Clarissa, with a disconsolate air ;” he goes to sup at Araminta’s little box.” At these words Lucilia turned pale, and the gaiety which reigned around her, only served to redouble the grief which she endeavoured to dissemble. Her first emotion was, not to see the perfidious man more. But Clarissa wanted, perhaps, either out of malice or jealousy, to impute a wrong to him of which he was not guilty. It was, after all, engaging herself to nothing, to see him once more ; and before condemning him, it was just to hear him.

While Lucilia was yet at her toilette, Blamze arrived in an undress, but the most elegant undress in the world.— Lucilia was a little surpris’d to see a man, whom she scarce knew, appear in a deshabille ; yet if he had given himself time to dress, perhaps she would have been sorry for it. But he said so many handsome things to her on the freshness of her complexion, the beauty of her hair, the brilliancy of her morning appearance, that she had not the courage to complain. However, Araminta did not go out of her head ; but it would not have been decent to appear jealous so soon ; and one reproach might betray her. She contented herself with asking him what he had done with
himself

himself the evening before. "What did I do with myself! Do I know myself? O, how troublesome the world is! How happy are we in being forgotten, and far from the crowd, in being to one's self, and given up to the person we love! Follow my advice, Lucilia, get out of this whirlwind that furrounds you: The more repose, the more liberty as soon as we resign ourselves up to it. Now I have mentioned the whirlwind, what do you do with all these young fellows who pay court to you? They dispute with each other the conquest of you: Have you vouchsafed to make a choice?"

The easy familiarity of Blamze had at first astonished Lucilia; this question entirely confounded her. "I am impertinent, perhaps?" resumed Blamze, who perceived it. "Not at all, replied Lucilia, with gentleness; I have nothing to conceal, and I am not afraid that any body should see through me. I amuse myself with the levity of these giddy young fellows, but not one of them seems to me worthy of a serious attachment."

Blamze spoke of his rivals with indulgence, and thought that Lucilia judged too severely of them. "Cleon, for example, said he, has something very amiable in him; he knows nothing as yet; it is a pity; for he speaks well enough of things which he is ignorant of, and he is a proof to me that with wit one may dispense with common sense. Clairfont is a coxcomb, but it is the first fire of his age, and he only wants to be disciplined by a woman who has seen life. Pomblac's disposition pronounces him a man of sentiment, and that simplicity which looks so much like silliness, would please well enough if I were a woman:—Some coquette will make her advantage of him. Little Lival is conceited, but when he has been supplanted five or six times, they will not be surprised to see him grown modest. At present, continued Blamze, none of all these will suit you; we behold you, therefore, free: What use do you make of your freedom?"—"I endeavour to enjoy it," replied Lucilia.—"That is mere childishness, returned the Count; we never enjoy our freedom but in the moment when we renounce it, and we ought not to preserve it with care, but in order to lose it at a proper conveniency. You
are

are young, you are handsome, do not flatter yourself with being long disengaged: If you will not resign your heart, it will resign itself; but among those who may pretend to it, it is of importance to make a right choice. As soon as you love, and even when you do not love, you will be beloved infallibly: That is not the point that makes me uneasy; but at your age women have need of finding in a lover a counsellor, a guide, a friend, a man formed by the custom of the world, and able to enlighten you in respect of the dangers you are going to run in it."

"A man, like yourself, for example," said Lucilia, in an ironical tone, and with a sneering smile.

"Yes, indeed, continued Blamze, I should do pretty well for your purpose, were it not for all this multitude that besieges me; but how to disengage myself from it?"

"Why, do not disengage yourself from it at all, replied Lucilia: You would excite too many complaints, and make me too many enemies."

"As to complaints, said the Count coldly, I am accustomed to them. As to enemies, one never gives one's self the least concern about them, when one has cause to be satisfied, and the good sense to live for one's self."

"At my age, said Lucilia, smiling, we are still too timorous; and though there were nothing further to experience in it than the despair of an Araminta, that alone would make me tremble."

"An Araminta? replied Blamze, without any emotion, Araminta is a good creature, who hears reason, and who does not despair: I see somebody has been talking to you of her; you shall have the whole account of my connexions with her. Araminta is one of those beauties, who, seeing themselves on the decline, that they may not fall into oblivion, and to revive their expiring consequence, have need from time to time to make some noise in the world. She has engaged me to pay her some small attentions, and to behave to her with some warmth. It would not have been handsome to refuse her, I made myself subservient to her views. In order to give the more celebrity to our adventure, she has thought proper to take a little box. It was in vain that I represented to her that it was not worth while for a month at most which I had to bestow on her: The box

was

was furnished without my knowledge,, and in the handsomest manner : She made me promise, and there lay the grand point, to sup with her there with an air of mystery : Yesterday was the day appointed. Araminta, for the greater secrecy, invited no body there but five of her female friends, and permitted me only to carry the like number of my friends. I went there then : I assumed an air of pleasure : I was gallant, warm towards her : In a word, I let all the guests go away, and did not retire myself till half an hour after them : This was all, in my opinion, that decorum required ; accordingly Araminta was charmed with me. It was sufficient to bring her again into vogue ; and I may henceforth take my leave of her whenever I please, without having reproach to fear. This, Madam, is my manner of conducting myself. The reputation of a woman is as dear to me as my own : I will tell you more ; it costs me nothing to make a sacrifice to her glory of my own vanity. The greatest misfortune to a woman who sets up for a beauty, is to be forsaken ; I never forsake them, I leave myself to be discharged, I pretend even to be inconsolable at it ; and it has sometimes happened to me, that I have shut myself up three days successively, without seeing any body, in order to leave the lady from whom I had detached myself all the honours of the rupture. You see, beautiful Lucilia, that the men are not all of them as bad as they say, and that there are still among us principals and morals."

Lucilia, who had read only the romances of time past, was not at all accustomed to this new stile, and her surprise redoubled at every word she heard. " What, Sir, said she, is that what you call principles and morals ?"

" Yes, Madam, but this is rare, and the singular reputation which my proceedings have acquired me, does no great honour to the rest of our youth. Upon honour, the more I think on it, the more I wish for your own interest, that you had somebody like me."

" I flatter myself, said Lucilia, that I shall be treated as tenderly as another, and that, at least, I shall not have the shock of being forsaken."

" You

" You are merry, Madam ; but to be serious, you deserve a person who thinks, and knows how to develop those qualities of heart and understanding, which I think I have discovered in you. Lifere is a good man, but he never knew how to make the most of his wife ; and in general the desire of pleasing a husband is not strong enough, to induce a woman to give herself the trouble of being amiable to him to a certain degree. Happily he leaves you at your own pleasure ; and you would not be worthy of so reasonable a procedure, if you should lose the most precious time of your life in indolence or dissipation."

" I am not afraid, said Lucilia, of falling into any of these excesses."

" We see, however, nothing else in the world."

" I know it well, Sir, and that is the reason why I should be difficult in the choice, if I had any design of making one ; for I think there is no excuse for an attachment but that it is solid and durable."

" What, Lucilia ! at your age would you pique yourself upon constancy ? Really if I thought so, I should be capable of committing a folly."

" And that folly would be —"

" To grow prudent, and attach myself in good earnest."

" Seriously ! would you have the courage ?"

" Upon my credit, I am a little fearful of it, if you would have me say the truth."

" A strange declaration !"

" It is a little ill expressed ; but I beg you will pardon me—it is the first in my life."

" The first, say you ?"

" Yes, Madam : Hitherto they have had the modesty to spare me the trouble of making advances ; but I see plainly that I grow old."

" Well, Sir, for the novelty of the thing, I pardon you this first essay : I will do more still ; I will confess to you that it cannot displease me."

" Really that is happy ! Do you give me leave to love you ? And will you also do me the honour to love me ?"

" Ah ! that is another thing : Time shall shew me whether you deserve it."

"Look at me, Lucilia."

"I do look at you."

"And do not you laugh?"

"What should I laugh at?"

"At your own answer. Do you take me for a child?"

"I talk reasonably to you, I think."

"And is it in order to talk reasonably to me, that you have done me the honour to grant me a tête-à-tête?"

"I did not think, that in order to be reasonable, we had need of witnesses; after all, what have I said to you, which you ought not to have expected? I find in you graces, wit, an engaging and noble air."

"You are very good."

"But that is not enough to merit my confidence, and to determine my inclination."

"Not enough, Madam, excuse me a little. And what need there more, if you please?"

"A more thorough knowledge of your temper, a more intimate persuasion of your sentiments for me. I promise you nothing; I forbid myself nothing; you have every thing to hope, but nothing to claim: You are to consider whether that suits you."

"No price, without doubt, beautiful Lucilia, should be thought too dear to merit and obtain you: But, seriously, would you have me renounce all the charms of the world to have my happiness depend on an uncertain contingency? I am, you know, and I am not conceited of it, I am the man the most sought after in all France; be it taste or fancy, it is no matter; it is her concern that should have me, though but for a time."

"You are right, said Lucilia, I was unreasonable, and your moments are too precious."

"No, I confess to you seriously, that I am tired of being in fashion; I was looking out for an object that might fix me; I have found it; I attach myself to it: Nothing can be more fortunate; but still this ought not to be to no purpose. You would have time for reflection; I give you twenty-four hours: I think that is very handsome, and I have never given so much before."

"You

"My reflections are too slow, replied Lucilia, and you are too much in a hurry for us to agree on this point. I am young, perhaps have sensibility : But my age and sensibility shall never engage me in an imprudent step. I have told you, if my heart yields, time, proofs, reflection, the pleasing habitude of confidence and esteem, will have decided its choice."

"But, Madam, in good earnest now, do you think to find an amiable man sufficiently disengaged to lose his time in spinning out an intrigue? And do you yourself intend to pass your youth in consulting whether you shall love or no?"

"I cannot tell, replied Lucilia, whether I shall ever love, nor what time I shall employ in resolving upon it ; but that time will not be lost, if it spares me regret."

"I admire you, Madam, I admire you, said Blamze, taking his leave ; but I have not the honour to be of the ancient order of chivalry, and I did not come here so early to compose a romance with you."

Lucilia, thunderstruck at the scene which she had just had with Blamze, passed in a short time from astonishment to reflection. "Is this then, said she, the man in vogue, the man amiable above all others? He condescends to think me handsome ; and if he believed me capable of constancy, he would be guilty of the folly of loving me in good earnest ; but yet he has not time to wait till I have consulted myself. I must seize the moment of pleasing him, and determine in twenty-four hours : He has never given so much time. Do the women then humble themselves thus, and the men thus prescribe them the conditions?—Happily he has made himself known to me. Under that modest air which had seduced me, what conceit, what presumption ! Ah ! I see the most mortifying evil to a woman is that of loving a fop."

The same day, after the opera, Lucilia's company being met together, Pomblac came to tell her, with an air of mystery, that she would have neither Blamze nor Clairfont to sup with her. "Very well, said she, I require not of my friends any assiduity that constrains them : There are even such people whose assiduity would constrain me." "If Blamze be of that number, replied Pomblac frankly, Clair-

font has delivered you from him, at least for some time.”—
 “How for?”—“Do not be frightened: All is very well over.” “How, Sir, what is over!” “After the opera the curtain being dropt, we were on the stage, according to custom, hearing Blamze deciding on every thing.—Having given us his opinion on singing, the dancing, and the decorations, he asked us, if we were to sup at the little Marchioness’s? (Pardon me, Madam, it was you he spoke of.) We replied, Yes. “I shall not be there, said he; we are in the pouts since this morning.” I asked what might be the cause of these pouts? Blamze told us, that you had made him an assignation; that he had failed in it; that you were piqued at it; that he had made up that this morning; that you played the child; that he was in a hurry to conclude; that you had demanded time for reflection; and that, tired out with your *ifs* and your *buts*, he had left you in the lurch. He told us, that you wanted to set off with a serious engagement; that he had some inclination towards it; but that he had not time enough on his hand; that on calculating the strength of the citadel, he had judged that it might sustain a siege; but that nothing would do for him but a surprise. “It is an exploit that may suit some of you, added he; you are young, it is the time when one loves to encounter difficulties, in order to overcome them; but I forewarn you, that virtue is her fort, and sensibility her weak part: Every thing was concluded, if I had taken the trouble to play the passionate lover.”—“I was fully persuaded that he lied, resumed the young man; but I had the prudence to be silent. Clairfont was not as patient as I: He signified to him, that he did not believe one word of his story. At this declaration they went out together. I followed them. Clairfont received a wound.” “And Blamze —?”—“Blamze has two, of which he will not recover without some difficulty. While I helped him to get into his coach, “If Clairfont, said he, knows how to make an advantage of this adventure, he will carry Lucilia. A woman defends herself but ill against a man who defends her so well. Tell him that I dispense with this being a secret to her; it is just that she should know what she owes to her knight.”

Lucilia

Lucilia had all the difficulty in the world to conceal the trouble and consternation which this story gave her. She feigned a head-ache, and it is well known that a head-ache, in a handsome woman, is a civil way of dismissing importunents. They left her alone at their rising from table.

Delivered up to herself, Lucilia could not console herself for having been the subject of a duel, which would make her the town-talk. She was strongly touched by the warmth with which Clairfont had revenged the affront offered her; but what an humiliation to her if this adventure should make a noise, and Lisere be informed of it? Happily the secret was kept. Pomblac and Clairfont made a point of saving Lucilia's honour; and Blamze, being cured of his wounds, was far from boasting of an imprudence by which he had been so severely punished. It will be asked, perhaps, how a man till then so discreet came all of a sudden to cease to be so? It is because we are under less temptation to publish favours which we obtain, than to avenge ourselves for the rigours we undergo. This first indiscretion had like to have cost him his life. He was for a month on the brink of the grave. Clairfont had less difficulty to get his wound cured, and Lucilia saw him again with a tenderness hitherto unknown to him. If we attach ourselves to any one who has exposed his life for us, we attach ourselves as naturally to the person for whom we have exposed our life; and such services perhaps are stronger ties to the person who has performed them, than to the party for whom they were performed. Clairfont then became desperately in love with Lucilia; but the more she owed him in return, the less he dared to require any thing of her; he found a sensible pleasure in being generous, and he ceased being so if he availed himself of the rights he had acquired to Lucilia's gratitude. Accordingly he was more timorous in regard to her, than if he had merited nothing; but Lucilia read his soul, and this delicacy took the strongest hold of her.

In the mean time, the fear of appearing to want gratitude, or the dread of carrying it too far, made her dissemble her knowledge of the intelligence Pomblac had given her—Thus the good-will she testified towards Clairfont appeared

appeared free and disinterested, and he was so much the more affected by it. Their mutual inclination every day made a sensible progress. They sought one another with their eyes, conferred with intimacy, listened to each other with complaisance, gave one another an account of their proceedings, in reality, without affectation, and, as it were, for the sake of saying something; but with so much exactness, that they knew, almost to a minute, the hour at which they were to see each other again. Clairfont insensibly became more familiar, and Lucilia less reserved. Nothing remained but to explain themselves; for which purpose there was no need of those marvellous incidents which love sometimes sends to the assistance of bashful lovers.—One day that they were alone, Lucilia let her fan drop; Clairfont picked it up, and presented it to her; she received it with a pleasing smile; that smile inspired the lover with the courage to kiss her hand—that hand was the most beautiful hand in the world, and from the moment that Clairfont's lips were applied to it, she was unable to withdraw it. Lucilia, in her emotion, made a slight effort to draw back her hand, he opposed a gentle violence, and his eyes entirely disarmed her. Their looks had expressed every thing before their tongues had interfered; and the mutual confession of their love was made and returned in two words. "We love," said Clairfont. "Alas! yes, we do love," replied Lucilia with a profound sigh; it is no longer time to deny it. But remember that I am bound by duties: Those duties are inviolable, and, if I am dear to you, they will be sacred."

Lucilia's inclination was not one of those fashionable passions which stifle shame in their infancy, and Clairfont respected it too much to take advantage of it as a weakness. Transported with being loved, he for a long time confined his desires to the delicious possession of a heart, pure, virtuous, and faithful. "How little we love," said he to himself in his delirium, when we are not made happy by the single pleasure of loving! Who was the stupid savage who first branded with the name of rigour that resistance which timid modesty opposes to wild desires? Is there, beautiful Lucilia, is there a denial which your looks would not soft-

ten? Can I complain when you smile upon me? And has my soul any wishes still to form, when my eyes draw from your's that heavenly voluptuousness with which you intoxicate all my senses? Far be it from us, I consent to it, all those pleasures followed by regrets, which would trouble the serenity of your life. I respect your virtue as much as yourself cherish it, and I shall never pardon myself the having caused any remorse to spring up in the bosom of innocence itself."

Sentiments so heroic charmed Lucilia; and Clairfont, more tender every day, was every day more beloved, more happy, and more worthy to be so. But at length the raileries of his friends, and the suspicions they excited in him with respect to that virtue which he adored, embittered his happiness. He became gloomy, uneasy, jealous; every thing vexed him; every thing gave him umbrage.—Lucilia every day perceived her chain become closer and heavier, every day there were new complaints to hear, new reproaches to undergo. Every man that she received with civility was a rival whom she must banish. The first sacrifices that he required were made without opposition; he demanded new ones, he obtained them; he wanted more still, she was weary of obeying him. Clairfont imagined he saw in Lucilia's impatience an invincible attachment to the connexions which he prohibited; and that love, at first so delicate and submissive, became fierce and tyrannical. Lucilia was terrified; she sought to appease him, but to no purpose. "I will not believe, said the imperious Clairfont, I will not believe that you love me till you live for me alone, as I do for you. What! if I possess, if I fill your soul, what do you do with this troublesome crowd? Ought it to cost you any thing to banish what afflicts me? What do I say? Is it not a continual violence that I do myself to see any thing but Lucilia? Would to Heaven we were freed from this crowd which besieges you, and which deprives me every moment either of your looks or your thoughts. The solitude that so terrifies you would complete all my wishes. Are not our souls of the same nature? Or the love which you think you feel, is it not the same I feel? You complain that I demand sacrifices

fices from you: Require, Lucilia, require in your turn;—choose the most painful, the most grievous trials; you shall see whether I hesitate. There is no connexion which I would not break, no effort which I would not make; or rather, I should not make any. The pleasure of pleasing you will make me amends, will serve instead of every thing; and what they call denials would be to me enjoyments.”

“ You think so, Clairfont, replied the tender ingenuous Lucilia; but you deceive yourself. Each of these denials is but little; but all together make up a great deal.—It is the continuance of them that is tiresome: You have made me know by experience, that no complaisance is inexhaustible.”

While she spoke this, Clairfont’s eyes, sparkling with impatience, were sometimes turned up to Heaven, and sometimes fixed on her.

“ Believe me, continued Lucilia, the sacrifices of true love are made in the heart, and under the veil of mystery. Self-love alone demands public ones. To that victory is little; it aspires to the honours of a triumph; That is what you exact.”

“ What a cold analysis, cried he, and what vain metaphysics! Love, to be sure, reasons thus! I love you, Madam; nothing, to my misfortune, is truer; I would sacrifice a thousand lives to please you; and whatever may be this sentiment which you call self-love, it detaches me from the whole world to deliver myself up solely to you; but in abandoning myself thus, I would possess you in the same manner. Cleon, Linval, Pomblac, all these are sufficient to make me uneasy: I cannot answer for myself.—After this, if you love me, nothing ought to be more precious to you than my repose; and my uneasiness, were it even a folly, you ought to dissipate. But why do I say a folly? You render my alarms and my suspicions but too reasonable. And how should I be easy, when I see that every one who comes near you, engage you more than myself?”

“ Ah, Sir, what acknowledgements do I owe you! said Lucilia, with a sigh: You make me see the depth of
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the abyss into which love was going to plunge me. Yes, I see that there is no slavery comparable to that which a jealous lover imposes." "I, Madam, do I make you a slave?—Have not you even an absolute empire over me? Do not you do what you please with me?"—"Enough, Sir: I have suffered a long time; I flattered myself; you now draw me out of my illusion, and nothing can lead me into it again. Be my friend, if you can be so: It is the only title that remains to you with me." "Ah, cruel woman, would you have my death?" "I want nothing but your ease and my own." "You overwhelm me. What is my crime?" "Loving you. If too well, and not esteeming me enough." "Ah! I swear to you." "Swear nothing: Your jealousy is a vice in your disposition, and the disposition never corrects itself; I know you, Clairfont, I begin to dread you, and cease to love you. This very moment I see my frankness makes you desperate; but of two punishments I choose the shortest; and by taking away from you the right of being jealous, I create you the happy necessity of ceasing to be so." "I know you in my turn," replied Clairfont, with a stifled rage: "The delicacy of a sensible soul ill agrees with the levity of your's: It is a Blamze that you must have for a lover, and I was a fool to take it ill——" "Go no farther, interrupted Lucilia; I know all that I owe to you; but I retire to spare you the shame of having reproached me with it."

Clairfont went off in a rage, and fully resolved never more to revisit a woman whom he had so tenderly loved, and who had dismissed him with so much inhumanity.

Lucilia, restored to herself, found herself, as it were, relieved from a burthen that overwhelmed her. But, on one side, the dangers of love, which she had just experienced; on the other, the sad prospect of everlasting indifference suffered her to hope hereafter for nothing but cruel disquietudes, or insupportable dullness. "What, said she, has Heaven given me a sensible heart only to make me the sport of a fop, the victim of a tyrant, or the gloomy companion of a kind of philosopher, neither affected nor moved at any thing?"

These reflections plunged her into a langour, which she was not able to conceal: Her company perceived it, and

became soon as melancholy as herself. The women, to whom her house was a rendezvous, were alarmed at it.—“She is lost, said they, if we draw her not out of this sad state; she is disgusted with the world; she loves nothing but solitude; the symptoms of her melancholy become every day more terrible; and, by the force of some violent passion which agitates her, it is to be feared that she will fall again into the power of her husband. Do we know no body to turn his young head? Blamze himself set about it the wrong way, and did not succeed: As to Clairfont, on whom we depended, he is a little fool, who loves like a madman; no wonder he should be affronted.” “Hold, said Cephisa,” after being lost in thought for sometime, “Lucilia has a romantic way of thinking; she must have something in the fairy taste, and the magnificent Dorimon is exactly the man that suits her. She will grow mad for him, I am sure; let us engage him only to go and invite her to supper at his fine country-house. I will take upon me to pre-instruct him, and give him his lesson.” The party was accepted, and Dorimon made acquainted with it.

Dorimon was the man in the world who knew best who were the most able artists, who received them with the best grace, and recompensed them the most liberally; accordingly he had the reputation of a connoisseur, and a man of taste.

If, some centuries hence, this tale should be read, they may imagine it forged at pleasure, and the habitation I am going to describe may pass for a Fairy Castle; but it is not my fault if the luxury of our times comes into competition with the marvellous of fables, and if, in the representation of our follies, probability should be wanting to truth.

On the rich banks of the Seine arises, in form of an amphitheatre, a small eminence exposed to the first rays of the morning, and the ardent fires of noon. The forest which crowns it, defends it from the chilling blast of the north, and the watery influence of the west. From the summit of the hill fall in cascades three copious springs of water, purer than the crystal, which the industrious hand of nature has conducted by a thousand windings over green slopes. Sometimes these waters divide themselves with delight; then they precipitate themselves, and pour along, dashing against rocks cut into grottos, in which the chisel
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has imitated the fanciful varieties of nature. The Seine, which forms a bow at the foot of the hill, receives them into his peaceable bosom; and their fall recalls to our minds those fabulous times in which the nymphs of the fountains descended into the humid palace of the rivers, to temper the ardours of youth and love.

An ingenious whimsicalness seems to have designed the gardens watered by these streams. All sides of this smiling scene agree without sameness. The very symmetry is striking. The eye roves without lassitude, and reposes without dullness. A noble elegance, a richness well managed, a bold, and yet delicate taste, have been employed in embellishing these gardens. Nothing is neglected, nothing forced or laboured with too much art. The concourse of simple beauties forms all its magnificence; and the equilibrium of masses, joined to the variety of forms, produces that beautiful harmony which forms the delight of beholders.

Groves ornamented with statues, Lattice-work fashioned into arbours and bowers, decorate all the known gardens: But these riches, displayed without understanding and taste, generally excite nothing more than a cold and dull admiration, soon attended with satiety. Here the disposition and connexion of the parts form, of a thousand different sensations, but one continued enchantment. The second object that is discovered, adds to the pleasure which the first has raised; and both one and the other are still further embellished by the charms of the new object that succeeds, without effacing them.

This delicious landscape is terminated by a palace of airy architecture: The Corinthian order itself has less elegance and lightness. Here the columns imitate the palm-trees united in arbours. The roof of the vault, formed of palms, composes a chapter more natural, and as noble as the vase of Callimachus. These palms are interwoven among each other to the interstices of the columns, and their natural wreathings concealed from the deceived eye the heaviness of the entablature. As these columns are sufficient for the weight of the edifice, they leave a continued transparency in the walls, by means of chasms contrived with art. We see none of those re-

doubled roofs which crush our modern architecture; and the frightful irregularity of our Gothic chimnies is lost in the crown-work.

The interior luxury of the palace is suitable to the magnificence without. It is, in short, the temple of the arts of taste. The pencil, the chissel, the graving-tool, every thing that industry has invented for the delicacies of life, is there displayed with a discreet profusion; and the pleasures, the daughters of Opulence, there flatter the soul through all the senses.

Lucilia was dazzled with so much magnificence; the first evening appeared to her a dream: It was nothing but one continued scene of shows and feastings, of which she plainly perceived herself was the divinity. The earnestness, the vivacity, the gallantry with which Dorimon did the honours of this beautiful dwelling, the changes of scene which he produced with one single look, the absolute empire which he seemed to exercise over the arts and pleasures, recalled to Lucilia's imagination every thing that she had read of the most celebrated enchanters. She dared not trust her eyes, and even thought herself enchanted. If Dorimon had availed himself of the intoxication into which she was plunged, the dreams perhaps had ended after the manner of modern romances. But Dorimon was merely gallant; and all he had the courage to permit himself to do, was, to ask Lucilia to come sometimes and embellish his hermitage; for so he called this mansion.

Lucilia's companions had observed her with attention. The most experienced judged that Dorimon was too much taken up with this magnificence, and not enough with his happiness. "He ought, said they, to have seized the first moment of surprise: It is a kind of transport which we do not feel twice."

Lucilia's head being filled with all she had just seen, she formed to herself the most wonderful ideas of Dorimon himself. So much gallantry bespoke an imagination brisk and sprightly, a cultivated genius, a delicate taste, and a lover, if ever there was one, wholly taken up with the care of pleasing. This portrait, though a little too flattering, was not wholly unlike. Dorimon was yet young, of an engaging figure, and a most joyous temper. His wit
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was all in fallies; he had in his way of thinking little warmth, but much refinement. No body said more gallant things; but he had not the gift of enforcing them:— Every body loved to hear him, but no body believed him. He was the most seducing man in the world for a coquette, the least dangerous to a woman of sentiment.

She consented to see him again at his own house, and this gave occasion to new entertainments. But in vain had the gallantry of Dorimon re-assembled there all the pleasures which she had given birth to, in vain were these pleasures varied every instant with as much art as taste. Lucilia was at first slightly moved, soon after satiated; and before the close of the day, she conceived that it was possible to grow dull in this delicious abode. Dorimon, who never quitted her, exerted all the talents of pleasing; he held her in discourse on a thousand ingenious subjects, he mingled also some soft things with them; but still this was not what she had conceived. She thought to find a God, and Dorimon was but a man; the pomp of his house eclipsed him; proportions were not observed; and Dorimon, while he surpassed himself, was all the while inferior to the idea which every thing around him gave of him. He was very far from suspecting the injury which this comparison did him in the imagination of Lucilia, and he waited only one happy moment to avail himself of his advantages. After the concert, and before supper, he led her, as it were by chance, into a solitary closet, where she might go, he said, and ruminate, when she should have any moments of pouting.— The door opened, and Lucilia saw her image reflected a thousand times in the dazzling pier-glasses; the voluptuous paintings with which the pannels were covered multiplied themselves around her. Lucilia, admiring herself, thought she beheld the goddesses of loves. At this sight an exclamation of surprise and admiration escaped her, and Dorimon seized the instant of this sudden emotion.— “Reign here, there is your throne,” said he to her, shewing her a sofa, which the hand of fairies had sown with flowers. “My throne!” said Lucilia, seating herself, and with a tone of gaiety; “well, ay, I like it pretty well, and I find myself the Queen of a mighty pretty people.” She spoke of the multitude of loves which she perceived in the
glasses.

glasses. Amidst these subjects, "Will you condescend, Madam, to admit me?" said Dorimon with ardour, and throwing himself at her feet. "Ah, as to you, said she, with a serious air, you are no child;" and at these words she would have got up, but he retained her with a strong hand, and the effort she made to escape rendered him still bolder. "Where am I then? said she, with terror: Let me go, let me go, I say, or my cries ——" These words awed him. "Excuse, Madam, said he, an imprudence, of which you are yourself in some measure the cause. To come here *tête-à-tête*, and repose yourself on this sofa, as you have done, is giving to understand, according to the received custom, that a little violence would not be ill taken. With you I see plainly that it means nothing; we misunderstand each other." "Oh! very much so," said Lucilia, going out in a rage; and Dorimon followed her, a little confounded at his mistake. Happily their absence had not been long enough to give cause for slander to speak ill of it. Lucilia, dissembling her perturbation, told the company that she had just been seeing a very fine cabinet.— They ran in a body there; and their exclamations of admiration were only interrupted by the coming in of supper.

The sumptuousness of this feast seemed to improve still upon all the pleasures that they had tasted. But Dorimon in vain took upon himself; he had not that gaiety which was so natural to him; and Lucilia replied to the gallant things they addressed to her in order to draw her out of her reverie, only by a forced smile, with which good-breeding endeavours to disguise ill-humour.

"There," said her friends to her, on going home with her, "there now is a man who suits you: With him life is a continual enchantment, it appears as if all the pleasures obeyed his voice. The moment he commands, they arrive in troops."

"There are some, said Lucilia, coldly, which cannot be commanded; they are above riches; we find them only in our hearts." "Upon my word, my dear, said Cephisa to her, you are very difficult." "Yes, Madam, very difficult," replied she, with a sigh; and during the rest of the journey they kept a profound silence.

"This

“ This is nothing but a handsome woman spoilt, said her friends, at quitting her. Yet if her whims were cheerful ones, we might amuse ourselves with them ; but nothing in the world is more gloomy. It was worth while indeed to separate from her husband, to be a prude to the rest of the world.”

“ Is this then the world so much boasted of ? said Lucilia on her side ; I have passed rapidly thro’ every thing agreeable in it : What have I found ? A coxcomb, a jealous lover, a vain man, who arrogates to himself, as so many charms, his gardens, his palace, and his entertainments ; and who thinks that the severest virtue can ask nothing better than to yield to him. Ah ! how I hate those makers of romances, who have lulled me with their fables ! My imagination filled with a thousand chimeras, I thought my husband insipid ; and yet he is worth more than all I have seen. He is plain ; but is not his plainness a thousand times preferable to the vain pretensions of a Blamze ? He is temperate in his affections, and what would become of me if he were violent and passionate like Clairfont ? He loved me little, but he loved only me ; and if I had been reasonable, he loved me enough to make me happy. I had not with him those pompous and noisy pleasures which intoxicate us at first, and soon after cloy us. But his complaisance, his sweetness, his delicate attentions, furnished me every moment with pleasures, the most pure and solid, if I had but known how to relish them. Fool that I was ! I pursued illusions, and fled happiness itself : It is placed in the silence of the passions, the equilibrium and repose of the soul. But, alas ! it is a fine time to acknowledge my errors, when they have made me lose the friendship, the confidence, perhaps the esteem of my husband. Thank Heaven, I have nothing to reproach myself with but the indiscretions of my age. But is Lifere obliged to believe me in this point, and would he vouchsafe to hear me ? Ah ! how difficult it is to return to one’s duty, when we have once abandoned it ! Difficult ! And why ? Who hinders me ? The dread of being humbled : But Lifere is a good man ; and if he has spared me in my errors, would he distress me in my reformation ? I have but to detach myself
from

from a pernicious society, to live at home with such of my female friends as my husband respects, and whom I can see without blushing. All the while that he has seen me delivered up to the world, he has never come near me; but if he sees me restored to myself, he will condescend perhaps to recall me to him; and if his heart be not restored to me, the only consolation that remains to me is, that of rendering myself worthy of it. I shall be at least reconciled to myself, if I cannot be so to my husband."

Lisere, full of grief, had kept sight of Lucilia through all her whirl of company. He depended on the justness of her way of thinking, and the probity of her soul. She will perceive, said he, the frivolousness of the pleasures which she seeks, the folly of the women, the vanity of the men, and the falsity of both; and, if she returns virtuous, her virtue will be but the more confirmed by the dangers it has run. But will she have escaped all the snelles that surround her, the charms of flattery, the snares of seduction, the attractions of pleasure? We despise the world when we know it thoroughly; but we give ourselves up to it before we know it, and the heart is frequently lost before reason enlightens it. O, Lucilia!" cried he, looking at the portrait of his wife, which in solitude was his only conversation, "O, Lucilia! you were so deserving of being happy! and I flattered myself that you should be so with me, Alas, perhaps, some one of those handsome corrupters, who are at once the ornament and misfortunes of the world, is at this very time destroying her innocence, and is bent upon her defeat, merely for the sake of the pleasure of boasting of it. What, would my wife's shame raise an eternal barrier between us! It would no longer be permitted me to live with her, from whom death alone ought to separate me! I have betrayed her in abandoning her.—Heaven had chosen me for the guardian of her imprudent and frail youth. I have consulted only custom, and I have been struck only by the frightful idea of being hated as a tyrant."

While Lisere floated thus in this cruel uncertainty, Lucilia was not less agitated between the desire of returning to him, and the dread of being repulsed. Twenty times
had

had she risen, after passing the night in sighs and tears, with the resolution of going to wait his waking, in order to throw herself at his feet, and ask his pardon. But a shame, well known to sensible souls, had still withheld her footsteps.

If Lisere did not despise her, if he still preserved any feeling for her, any esteem, from the time when she had broken off with her parties, from the time she had lived retired and solitary, how came it that he had never vouchsafed to see her even once? Every day, as he went by, he enquired after his lady's health; she heard of it; she hoped that at last he would ask to see her; each day this hope was renewed; she expected, all trembling, the moment of Lisere's calling; she drew as near as possible, in order to listen to him, and retired in tears, after having heard him ask, as he went along, How does my lady do? She could have wished to have Lisere informed of her repentance, of her return to herself. "But to whom can I trust? said she; to friends! Is there one of them faithful enough, discreet enough, wise enough, for so delicate an interposition? Some of them might have the talents, but had not the zeal; and others had the zeal, but not the talents. Besides, it is hard to trust to others what we dare not confess ourselves! A letter —; but what shall I write to him? General expressions would not touch him, and particulars are so humiliating!"

At length a thought came into her head, by which her delicacy and sensibility were equally satisfied. Lisere had absented himself for two days, and Lucilia seized the opportunity of his absence to execute her design.

Lisere had an old servant, whom Lucilia saw melting into tears at the moment of their separation, and whose zeal, honesty, and discretion, were well known to her. "Ambrose, said she to him, I have a favour to ask of you." "Ah! Madam, said the good man, command me; I am your's, with all my soul: Would to God that you and my master loved one another as I love you! I know not which of you is in the wrong; but I am sorry for you both. It would be delightful to see you both together, and I see nothing here which does not give me sorrow, ever since you

have been on ill terms." "It is perhaps my fault, said Lucilia, humiliated, but, my dear Ambrose, the evil is not without remedy; only do what I shall tell you. You know that my portrait is in your master's chamber." "O, yes, Madam, he knows it very well too; for he shuts himself up sometimes with it for whole days: It is all his consolation. He looks at it, he talks to it, he sighs most pitifully; and I see plainly that the poor gentleman would still much rather converse with you than with your picture."—"You tell me very comfortable news, my dear Ambrose; but go and take away the portrait privately, and chuse, in order to bring to me, a time when you may not be seen by any body." "I, Madam, deprive my master of all that he holds dearest in the world! Rather ask my life." "Be assured, replied Lucilia, my design is not to deprive him of it. To-morrow evening thou shalt come and fetch it, to put it in its place again. I will only beg of you to say nothing to my husband." "Very well, said Ambrose, I know that you are goodness itself; and you would not now, at the latter end of my life, give me the mortification of having made my master uneasy."

The faithful Ambrose executed Lucilia's order. She had in her portrait the tender and languishing air which was natural to her; but her look was serene, and her hair set with flowers. She sent for her painter, ordered him to draw her with her hair dishevelled, and to paint the tears trickling from her eyes. As soon as her idea was carried into execution, the picture was re-placed in Lisere's apartment. He comes into it, and his eyes are seen raised on the dear object. It is easy to conceive how great was his surprize. The dishevelled hair strikes him first: He draws near, and sees the tears flow: "Ah! cried he, ah, Lucilia! are these the tears of repentance? Is that the sorrow of love?" He goes out transported; he flies to her, he seeks her in the same situation as the picture had presented her. Immoveable for a moment, he eyes her with tenderness; and suddenly throwing himself at her feet, "Is it really true, said he, that my wife is restored to me?"—"Yes, said Lucilia, with sighs, yes, if you think her still worthy of you." "Can she have ceased to be so?" replied

replied Lifere, locking her in his arms. No, my dear, be comforted : I know your soul, and I have never ceased to mourn and to esteem you. You would not have returned to me, if the world had been able to seduce you, and this voluntary return is the proof of your virtue." " Oh ! thank Heaven," said she, (her heart being eased by the tears which flowed in abundance from her eyes) " thank Heaven, I have no shameful weakness to blush at. I have been foolish, but not dishonest." " If I doubted it, would you now be in my bosom ?" replied Lifere ; and at these words——But who can describe the transports of two sensible hearts, which, after having groaned under a cruel separation, were re-united together ?

On learning their reconciliation, the family were filled with joy, and the good Ambrose said, his eyes swimming with tears, " God be praised ! I shall now die content."

From that day, the tender union of this pair serves as an example to all those of their age. Their divorce has convinced them that the world had nothing that could make either of them amends—and this is what may be called, " A Happy Divorce."

A N

AUTHENTIC HISTORY

OF

CATHARINA ALEXOWNA, WIFE OF PETER THE GREAT.

WOMEN, it has been observed, are not naturally formed for great cares themselves, but to soften ours. Their tenderness is the proper reward for the dangers we undergo for their preservation; and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation, our desirable retreat from the fatigues of intense application. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic assiduity; and when they stray beyond the sphere, and consequently without grace.

Fame therefore has been very unjustly dispensed among the female sex. Those who least deserved to be remembered, meet our admiration and applause; while many, who have been an honour to humanity, are passed over in silence. Perhaps no age has produced a stronger instance of misplaced fame than the present: The Semiramis and the Thalestris of antiquity are talked of, while a modern character, infinitely greater than either, is unnoticed and unknown.

Catharina Alexowna, born near Derpat, a little city in Livonia, was heir to no other inheritance than the virtues and frugality of her parents. Her father being dead, she
lived

lived with her aged mother, in their cottage covered with straw; and both, though very poor, were very contented. Here, retired from the gaze of the world, by the labour of her hands, she supported her parent, who was now incapable of supporting herself. While Catharina spun, the old woman would sit by, and read some book of devotion:— Thus, when the fatigues of the day were over, both would sit down contentedly by their fire-side, and enjoy the frugal meal with vacant festivity.

Though her face and person were models of perfection, yet her whole attention seemed bestowed upon her mind; her mother taught her to read, and an old Lutheran minister instructed her in the maxims and duties of religion.— Nature had furnished her not only with a ready but a solid turn of thought, not only with a strong but right understanding. Such truly female accomplishments procured her several solicitations of marriage from the peasants of the country, but their offers were refused: For she loved her mother too tenderly to think of separation.

Catharina was fifteen when her mother died; she now therefore left her cottage, and went to live with the Lutheran minister, by whom she had been instructed from her childhood. In his house she resided, in quality of governess to his children; at once reconciling in her character unerring prudence with surprising vivacity.

The old man, who regarded her as one of his own children, had her instructed in dancing and music by the masters who attended the rest of his family: Thus she continued to improve till he died, by which accident she was once more reduced to her pristine poverty. The country of Livonia was at this time wasted by war, and lay in a most miserable state of desolation. These calamities are ever most heavy upon the poor; wherefore Catharina, though possessed of so many accomplishments, experienced all the miseries of hopeless indigence. Provisions becoming every day more scarce, and her private stock being intirely exhausted, she resolved at last to travel to Marienburgh, a city of great plenty.

With her scanty wardrobe, packed up in a wallet, she set out on her journey on foot. She was to walk through a region miserable by nature, but rendered still more hideous

ous by the Swedes and Russians, who, as each happened to become masters, plundered it at discretion: but hunger had taught her to despise the dangers and fatigues of the way.

One evening, upon her journey, as she had entered a cottage by the way-side, to take up her lodging for the night, she was insulted by two Swedish soldiers, who insisted upon qualifying her, as they termed it, to follow the camp. They might probably have carried their insults into violence, had not a subaltern officer, accidentally passing by, come in to her assistance. Upon his appearing, the soldiers immediately desisted; but her thankfulness was hardly greater than her surprise, when she instantly recollected in her deliver, the son of the Lutheran minister, her former instructor, benefactor, and friend.

This was an happy interview for Catharina: The little stock of money she had brought from home was by this time quite exhausted; her cloaths were gone, piece by piece, in order to satisfy those who had entertained her in their houses; her generous countryman, therefore, parted with what he could spare, to buy her cloaths, furnished her with a horse, and gave her letters of recommendation to Mr. Gulck, a faithful friend of his father's, and superintendent of Marienburgh.

Our beautiful stranger had only to appear to be well received; she was immediately admitted into the superintendent's family, as governess to his two daughters; and tho' yet but seventeen, shewed herself capable of instructing her sex not only in virtue, but politeness. Such was her good sense and beauty, that her master himself in a short time offered her his hand, which, to his great surprise, she thought proper to refuse. Actuated by a principle of gratitude, she was resolved to marry her deliverer only, even though he had lost an arm, and was otherwise disfigured by wounds in the service.

In order therefore to prevent further solicitations from others, as soon as the officer came to town upon duty, she offered him her person, which he accepted with transport, and their nuptials were solemnized as usual. But all the lines of her fortune were to be striking: The very day on which they were married, the Russians laid siege to Marienburgh;

rienburgh; the unhappy soldier had now no time to enjoy the well earned pleasures of matrimony; he was called off before consummation, to an attack, from which he was never after seen to return.

In the mean time the siege went on with fury, aggravated on one side by obstinacy, on the other by revenge. This war between the two northern powers at that time was truly barbarous; the innocent peasant and the harmless virgin often shared the fate of the soldier in arms. Marienburgh was taken by assault; and such was the fury of the assailants, that not only the garison, but almost all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, were put to the sword; at length, when the carnage was pretty well over, Catharina was found hid in an oven.

She had been hitherto poor, but still was free; she was now to conform to her hard fate, and learn what it was to be a slave: In this situation, however, she behaved with piety and humility; and though misfortunes had abated her vivacity, yet she was cheerful. The fame of her merit and resignation reached even Prince Menzikoff, the Russian General; he desired to see her, was struck with her beauty, bought her from the soldier, her master, and placed her under the direction of his own sister. Here she was treated with all the respect which her merit deserved, while her beauty every day improved with her good fortune.

She had not been long in this situation, when Peter the Great paying the Prince a visit, Catharina happened to come in with some dry fruits, which she served round with peculiar modesty. The mighty monarch saw, and was struck with her beauty. He returned the next day, called for the beautiful slave, asked her several questions, and found her understanding even more perfect than her person.

He had been forced when young to marry from motives of interest, he was now resolved to marry pursuant to his own inclinations. He immediately enquired the history of the fair Livonian, who was not yet eighteen. He traced her through the vale of obscurity, through all the vicissitudes of her fortune, and found her truly great in them all.

The meanness of her birth was no obstruction to his design—their nuptials were solemnized in private; the Prince assuring his courtiers that virtue alone was the properest ladder to a throne.

We now see Catharina, from the low mud-walled cottage, Empress of the greatest kingdom upon earth. The poor solitary wanderer is now surrounded by thousands, who find happiness in her smile. She, who formerly wanted a meal, is now capable of diffusing plenty upon whole nations. To her fortune she owed a part of this pre-eminence, but to her virtues more.

She ever after retained those great qualities which first placed her on a throne; and while the extraordinary Prince, her husband, laboured for the reformation of his male subjects, she studied in her turn the improvement of her own sex. She altered their dresses, introduced mixed assemblies, instituted an order of female knighthood; and, at length, when she had greatly filled all the stations of Empress, friend, wife, and mother, bravely died without regret—regretted by all.

POETRY.

RUSTIC LIFE.

(FROM THE VILLAGE, A POEM.)

YE gentle souls who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet
please ;
Go ! if the peaceful cot your praises share ;
Go look within, and ask if peace be there :
If peace be his—that drooping weary fire,
Or their's, that offspring round their feeble fire,
Or her's, that matron pale, whose trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand.
Nor yet can time itself obtain for these
Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease ;
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose age
Can with no cares, except its own engage ;
Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to see
The bare arms broken from the withering tree ;
On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftiest bough,
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem now.

He once was chief in all the rustic trade,
 His steady hand the straightest furrow made;
 Full many a prize he won, and still is proud
 To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd;
 A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
 He hears and smiles, then thinks again and sighs:
 For now he journeys to his grave in pain;
 The rich disdain him; nay, the poor disdain;
 Alternate masters now their slave command,
 And urge the efforts of his feeble hand:
 Who, when his age attempts its task in vain,
 With ruthless taunts of lazy poor complain.

Of't may you see him when he tends the sheep,
 (His winter charge,) beneath the hillock weep;
 Of't hear him murmur to the winds that blow;
 O'er his white locks, and bury them in snow;
 When rous'd by rage and muttering in the morn,
 He mends the broken hedge with icy thorn.

"Why do I live, when I desire to be
 At once from life and life's long labour free?
 Like leaves in spring, the young are blown away,
 Without the sorrows of a slow decay;
 I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,
 Nipt by the frost and shivering in the wind;
 There it abides till younger buds come on,
 As I, now all my fellow swains are gone;
 Then, from the rising generation thrust,
 It falls, like me, unnotic'd, to the dust."

"These fruitful fields, these numerous flocks I see,
 Are others' gain, but killing cares to me:
 To me the children of my youth are lords,
 Slow in their gifts, but hasty in their words;
 Wants of their own demand their care, and who
 Feels his own want, and succours others too?
 A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
 None need my help, and none relieve my woe;
 Then let my bones beneath the turf be laid,
 And men forget the wretch they would not aid."

Thus

Thus groan the old, till by disease oppress'd,
 They taste a final woe, and then they rest.
 Their's is yon house that holds the parish poor,
 Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
 There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
 And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
 There children dwell who know no parent's care,
 Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
 Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
 Forfaken wives, and mothers never wed!
 Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
 And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
 The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
 The moping idiot and the mad man gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
 Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve;
 Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
 Mixt with the clamours of the croud below;
 Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
 And the cold charities of man to man.
 Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
 And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
 But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
 And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
 Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
 Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance,
 With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
 Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
 To name the nameless ever-new disease;
 Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
 Which real pain, and that alone can cure;—
 How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
 Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
 How would ye bear to draw you latest breath,
 Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
 And naked rafters from the sloping sides ;
 Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are teen,
 And lath and mud is all that lie between ;
 Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
 To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :
 Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
 The drooping wretch reclines his languid head ;
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
 Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
 No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
 Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
 Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls ;
 Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
 All pride and business, bustle and conceit ;
 With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
 With speed that entering, speaks his haste to go ;
 He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
 And carries fate and physic in his eye ;
 A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
 Who first insults the victim whom he kills ;
 Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
 And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
 He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer ;
 In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
 Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes ;
 And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
 Without reply, he rushes to the door.
 His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
 And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain ;
 He ceases now the feeble help to crave
 Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

But ere his death, some pious doubts arise,
 Some simple fears, which "bold bad" men despise ;
 Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
 His title certain to the joys above ;

For

For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
 The holy stranger to these dismal walls ;
 And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
 He, " passing rich with forty pounds a year ?"
 Ah ! no, a shepherd of a different stock,
 And far unlike him, feeds his little flock ;
 A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
 As much as God or man can fairly ask ;
 The rest he gives to love and labours light,
 To fields the morning and to feasts the night ;
 None better skill'd, the noisy pack to guide,
 To urge their chace, to cheer them or to chide ;
 Sure in his shot, his game he seldom mist,
 And seldom fail'd to win his game at whist ;
 Then, while such honours bloom around his head,
 Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed
 To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
 To combat fears that e'en the pious feel ?

Now once again the gloomy scene explore, }
 Less gloomy now ; the bitter hour is o'er, }
 The man of many sorrows sighs no more.

Up yonder hill, behold how sadly flow
 The bier moves winding from the vale below ;
 There lie the happy dead, from trouble free,
 And the glad parish pays the frugal fee ;
 No more, oh ! Death, thy victim starts to hear
 Churchwarden stern, or kingly overseer ;
 No more the farmer gets his humble bow,
 Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou !

Now to the church behold the mourners come,
 Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb :
 The village children now their game suspend,
 To see the bier that bears their ancient friend ;
 For he was one in all their idle sport,
 And like a monarch rul'd their little court ;

374 THE POLITE REPOSITORY; OR,

The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball ;
 The bat, the wicket, were his labours all ;
 Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
 Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand ;
 While bending low, their eager eyes explore
 The mingled relicks of the parish poor :
 The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
 Fear marks the flight and magnifies the sound ;
 The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
 Defers his duty till the day of prayer ;
 And waiting long, the crowd retire distressed,
 To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest.

THE

DESPENDANT.

(FROM BATES'S POEMS.)

(After the manner of Spencer.)

AH, luckless thou ! whom sad distress ordains
 On some proud donor humbly to depend ;
 Many I ween, and cruel are the pains,
 Which thee, poor wight ! must every hour attend :
 Rarely the wretched finds a feeling friend,
 Frail Fortune's loss who kindly will supply,
 Who in the storms of life his hand will lend,
 Wipe off the tear from sad Misfortune's eye,
 And ward the falling blow of rude Calamity.

Certes,

Certes, thou must thy wary conduct shape
 With constant care, and circumspection due ;
 No word, unguarded, must thy lips escape,
 Lest thou too late thine indiscretion rue,
 And soon-raised anger thee long time pursue !
 Nay, of each look, do thou take special care ;
 A frown or smile misplac'd, may thee undo ;
 He who on ice doth walk hath need beware ;
 A broken limb, I ween, is but of slow repair.

Hard, wretched caitiff ! is the double part,
 Which thou perforce must to occasion suit ;
 Oft must thy tongue, full sore, belie thine heart,
 And Falsehood speak, whilst simple Truth is mute :
 For madness 'twere thy patron to confute,
 On matter e'er so frivolous or small ;
 Ill would he brook, I wis, thy bold dispute,
 But on thine head let muckle vengeance fall,
 To work thee foul mishap and everlasting thrall.

In glossing words thou must well practis'd be,
 (To these attention seldom is denied)
 To puff the sails of bloated Vanity,
 And pay the large demand to lordly Pride !
 Tho' he, in 'semblance, may thy flatt'ry chide,
 Nathless he will the soothing tale reward ;
 Deceit oft' gains what is to truth denied ;
 Which many a simple wight may think full hard,
 But such opinions now few chusing to regard !

Observe each motion of his wav'ring will,
 As thou his goodly favor hop'it to feel,
 Even as his shadow be thou constant still,
 Supple as spaniel at his master's heel ;
 This may, no doubt, promote thy fortune's weal,
 At tiny office do not stop nor stay,
 But from each look his silent meaning steal ;
 And ere he can command do thou obey
 Which, if I deem aright, to please is the way.

Fail not his freaks and whimsies to admire,
 To his caprice thy better sense resign;
 Should he his hand crom in the burning fire,
 Stick not as warmly to dispose of thine!
 If he to water gives the name of wine,
 And tipples largely to some favorite fair,
 Vowing 'tis prest from Bacchus' choicest vine,
 Then must thou smack thy lips, and drink and swear,
 No port, no rich champagne, with it may hold compare.

Thine own, his darling passions, thou must make;
 No matter of how base how vile degree,
 Is he an Athiest, an abandon'd rake?
 A rake, an Athiest, thou must likewise be;
 And, step by step, retrace his infamy.
 Doth he in cruel actions take delight?
 From sacred Right and Justice, wretchless flee?
 Withouten shame depress the puny wight?
 The widow's cause forego, the weeping orphan flight?

As eye libidinous directs the way,
 When wine and brutal appetency lead,
 Doth he by force some gentle maid bewray,
 Tho' honor threaten, and tho' virtue plead?
 Ev'n here thy plaudit must approve the deed;
 Ev'n here, dependant! thou must keep in view
 Thy great original! nor fear proceed:
 Nay, should he crimes more impious yet pursue,
 Not only must thou praise, but eke must practise too.

His virtues, but of these no mickle share,
 Belike, incumbereth thy patron's breast,
 Thou must extol as passing great and rare;
 Tho' they mere worthless tinsel be, at best,
 And of no grain of sterling ore possessest,
 Ma'hap he'll pluck, from foul Corruption's sty,
 Some needy drab, whom want and filth infest;
 Some bankrupt gamester's purse anew supply;
 But gripe full close his hand at virtuous Poverty!

Ah!

Ah ! wretched wight ! far happier were thy lot,
 By daily toil to earn thine honest bread,
 And, independent, in the poorest cot,
 At night to rest thy solitary head ;
 There should no cares approach thine humble bed ;
 No busy thoughts their doleful vigils keep ;
 But sweet Content, and ease, and peace, instead,
 Each past mischance in golden vision sleep,
 And rock remembrance in th' oblivious arms of sleep.

At morn' uprising with the chearful sun,
 Repos'd thy limbs, thy spirits bland and free,
 Jocund with him thy daily course to run,
 Whilst health, full yok'd to smiling industry,
 Shall fill thine heart with many an hour of glee ;
 O, blest employ ! thy rural work to tend :
 To till, to sow, to plant the fruitful tree,
 Better, I wot, than meanly thus depend
 On some proud wealthy lord, thy low estate to mend.

As at th' approach of nauseous draught or pill,
 The sickly stomach kecks and heaves full sore,
 Submitting rather to a little ill,
 Than swallowing that which mote ingender more,
 So wou'd I sooner trust, tho' e'er so poor,
 Mine own endeavours for mine own support,
 Than cringing, enter at the great man's door,
 And crouchen low and petty favors court ;
 For of all meannesses, Certes, this is meanest sort !

The world, I wot, is large enough for all,
 Lib'ral is Heav'n, e'en to mickle waste,
 Thy sphere contracted, and thy means tho' small,
 Of Fortune's cup thou largely still may'st taste.
 Avoid excesses ; temp'rance pure and chaste,
 Far sweeter pleasures shall more cheaply bring ;
 From drunken riot flee with dread and haste,
 And know the joys which from retirement spring ;
 So shall no cares thy mind, no pains thy body sting.

Let thrifty industry employ thy time;
 For nothing prospers with the lazy wight;
 Doze not in sloth, so shall thy lusty prime
 To stooping age bring ease and true delight!
 Should some fair damsel thy affections smite,
 Delay not, youth, if she thy suit approve,
 Let Hymen's filken chains your hands unite;
 For, as superior is the bliss of love,
 As is Parnassus' hill all meaner hills above!

Whatever part in life's still shifting scene,
 Dispensing mercy may to me assign,
 Be it exalted high, or humbly mean,
 Heavens be the order, the submission mine;
 My task I take, and will make no repine!
 But never, never will I bow and bend,
 With uncapt pate, with fawning flatt'ring whine,
 At foot of wealthy Carl, for selfish end;
 For, Certes, viler trade no mortal wight can tend.

O D E

T O

F R I E N D S H I P.

[FROM CUMMINGHAM'S POEMS.]

HAIL, Friendship! Offspring of the skies,
 From whom the dearest joys arise,
 Sweet as the breath of morn;
 Thy powers the softest passions move;
 While virtue, dignity and love
 The human mind adorn.

To

To heal each woe's thy kind employ ;
 To wake the cheerless heart to joy,
 And tell of coming bliss ;
 Gently to wipe the tears that flow,
 And lift the load of poignant woe,
 Which sinks to deep distress.

Thou Pythias thus, and Damon fir'dst,
 Their bosom join'dst, their soul inspir'dst,
 For thee life to despise.
 The Tyrant saw the Godlike scene,
 He felt thy power—bow'd to thy reign,
 And ask'd to wear thy ties.

Those most susceptible of Thee
 Thy Heav'nly beauties best can see,
 Can best describe each charm.
 They best the widow's heart can cheer,
 And kindly dry the aged tear,
 Or shield the maid from harm.

Too oft beneath thy lovely form,
 Gay smiling like the blushing morn,
 The basest falshood lies ;
 While laughing Fortune smiles around,
 And hours dance to the lute's sweet sound,
 Each guileful art he tries.

If adverse Fate the scene reverse,
 And haggard Misery forward press,
 With all her horrid train,
 Then his false ardour soon decays,
 The wretch his friend reviles—betrays,
 And shuns and scorns his pain.

In the lone cote thou deign'st to dwell,
 Where Zephyrs gently waft the smell
 Of vernal fields and groves ;
 Where happy flocks still skip and play,
 Or where the shepherd sings his lay,
 And tells how dear he loves

380 THE POLITE REPOSITORY; OR,

When William and Alexis stray'd
By Fortha's banks, such scenes display'd
Around their native charms;
Beneath the woodbine's shade reclin'd,
They saw thy beauteous form descend,
And clasp'd thee in their arms.

Oft' by the dawn with thee they stray'd,
While sportive flocks around them play'd,
And cropt the tender flower;
Where groves their blooming branches rear,
And Music hails the vernal year,
From ev'ry fragrant bower.

Or at mild eve, when blows the breeze,
Which gently fans the flow'rs and trees,
They lovely thee would bring;
Where swains in mirth did crown the day
In jocund glee and harmless play;
While cheerful nymphs did sing.

Dead to Alexis are those scenes,
With grief he views those once lov'd plains,
Where William us'd to roam:
Now silent in the tomb he lies,
His mind, so pure, fled to the skies;
The skies his native home.

"No pompous monuments arise,
To mark where my lov'd William lies,
Or shade his humble grave:
The shepherds, as they pass the way,
Strow it with flow'rs, and weeping say,
There lies the virtues brave."

O, Friendship! cheer Alexis' soul,
And lead him where thy pleasures roll
Sublime—without alloy:
Lock'd in thy bosom, all divine,
All other sweets he'll then resign,
And feast on heavenly joy.

ON AN AMIABLE YOUNG LADY.

(FROM SCOTT'S POEMS)

TO him that joyful walks the happy fields,
Where bounteous Flora's fairest gifts appear,
To taste the pleasures which the season yields,
When smiling Spring leads on the jov'al year.

And breathes the fragrance of the vernal air,
While springing herbs, and op'ning flowers unite
Their sweets, all nature looks divinely fair,
And his glad heart o'erflows with soft delight.

So when Philefia, lovely maid! appears
In blooming youth's most amiable charms,
A brighter aspect all around her wears,
A new and placid joy my bosom warms.

Fresh as the Spring, and pliant as the morn,
See there th' unthinking fair one gently move!
A thousand graces all her steps adorn;
A thousand beauties charm the soul to love.

The curse of riper years, vexatious care,
Yet spares that smiling cheek, that brow serene;
Content and young delight inhabit there,
And speak the gentle calm that reigns within.

Dear, lovely thing, perpetual be thy joy!
The heav'nly source whence all thy blessings flow
May never time, or time's event destroy!
Be still as innocent and happy too.



THE
C U R A T E,

A FRAGMENT.

O'ER the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lamp fed with but little oil,
The Curate fat, for scanty was his hire,
And ruminated sad the morrow's tale.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare,
The stated lectures of the coming tide,
No day of rest to him, but day of care,
At many a church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him spread his various sermons lay,
Of explanation deep, and sage advice,
The harvest glean'd from many a thoughtful day,
The fruit of learning bought with heavy price.

On these he cast a fond, but fearful eye,
Agast he paus'd, while sorrow fill'd his mind,
Reliev'd at length he heav'd a bitter sigh,
And thus complaining—sad solace!—to the wind.

Here is the scholar's lot condemn'd to sail,
Unpatroniz'd, o'er life's tempestuous wave;
Distress invades his cot—no friendly gale
To waft him to one port except the grave.

Big

Big with presumptive hope I launch'd my keel,
With youthful ardour and, with science fraught,
Unanxious of the pains long doom'd to feel,
Nor thinking that my hopes would come to nought.

Pleas'd on the summit sea I danc'd awhile,
With gay companions, and with views as fair,
Outstript by these I'm kept to humble toil,
My favourite schemes abandon'd to despair.

Had my ambitious mind been led to rise,
In fancy'd flights where power holds her ball,
Scarce could I mourn the missing of my prize,
Such soaring wishes might deserve a fall.

No tow'ring thought like these engag'd my breast,
I hop'd (nor blame the proud, the lowly plan)
Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,
The scheme of duty suited to the man.

Where, in my narrow sphere, secure at ease,
From vile dependence free I might remain,
The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,
The friend, the shepherd of the village swain.

Yet cruel fate deny'd the small request,
And bound me fast in one ill omin'd hour,
Beyond the chance of remedy to rest,
The slave of wealthy pride and priestly pow'r.

Off' as in ruffet weeds I scour along,
In distant chapels hastily to pray,
Scarce notic'd by a nod the passing throng,
" 'Tis but the Curate," every child will say.

Nor circumscrib'd in dignity alone,
Do I my rich superior's vassal ride,
Sad penury as e'er in cottage known,
With all it's frowns does o'er my roof preside.

Ah!

384 THE POLITE REPOSITORY; OR,

Ah ! not for me the harvest yields it's store,
The bough crown'd shock in vain attracts my eye,
To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
I pass the field, I hope, unenvied by.

When at the altar surplice clad I stand,
The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee,
The gift I take, but dare not close my hand,
The splendid present centres not in me.

And when the grave demands each last sad line,
Ordain'd the sport of Winter's frost and rain,
What rest for me? The lesson's only mine.
Which bids submission to penurious pain.

Sweet recollection 'midst a life remote,
That shares no good which life would see
The partner of my humble station, hope
No higher bliss on earth than care for me.

Unenvy'd, patient, midst a life of woe,
Still round my bosom Heav'n's comforts move.
Blest Immortality ! where the pain below ?
Shall gain eternity of ease above.

FANNY WILLIAMS,

OR THE

VICTIM OF CREDULITY.

(FROM HERMIONE.)

WHEN this packet is delivered to my dear girls, I shall not have to blush for its contents ;—I shall then be no more ; and, as it is essentially requisite that they should one day be made acquainted with their real situation in life, I have, for two reasons, preferred that awful period for this painful communication. In the first place, the information I am about to disclose is attended with circumstances of a nature so mortifying, humiliating, and severe, that at that solemn period only can I support the idea of presenting myself to the astonished view of my children, in a light so different from that in which they have ever been accustomed to regard me ; and, secondly, when their soft and affectionate hearts are subdued by affliction at their recent loss, only can I flatter myself they will look with candour and indulgence on errors,—nay crimes,—of which, till that instant, they had believed me incapable.

Be not overwhelmed with horror, my beloved children, on perusing these words ; — words of an import so dreadful, and which you never could have conceived connected with your father's name. Heaven has, I trust,

No. 11.

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accepted

accepted the tribute of sufferings, which heaven alone could have enabled me to endure; and, ere these lines are submitted to your knowledge, as all my sorrows will be laid at rest, let the consideration of that felicity which I humbly hope will then be my portion, console and sustain you under the shock your sensibility must receive from the tale of woe I am about to unfold. You must often have regretted, I am convinced, the solitude in which I have obliged you to live; and, I make no doubt, in secret condemned that averfeness to all social intercourse, which I have uniformly testified as long as your remembrance can trace back. This, and many other particulars, which perhaps may have at times proved matter both of surprise and concern, I mean here fully to explain; and, in particular, that question will at length receive a satisfactory reply, which has been hitherto productive only of vague, evasive, and embarrassed answers, viz. how I, an Englishman, apparently attached to my own nation, and partial to its customs, should have voluntarily exiled myself from my country, and, secluding myself from my family, my friends, and the world, formed the singular resolution of terminating my days in a retired spot in the South of France.

I hasten therefore to inform you, that even your name has hitherto been a secret to you.

My father, though my misconduct has cast a cloud over his days, I hope, and believe, is still alive; at least, I had intelligence of his being in good health within a few days from this date. He is Earl of Belmont, a nobleman of extensive interest in his own country; and I am the eldest of two sons, which, with one daughter, whose birth occasioned the death of her mother, is all the family he ever possessed.

I pass over the early part of my life, which I spent at home, and generally in the country, under the direction of a very worthy man, who presided as tutor over my brother and myself. My father, who was violent in prejudice and rigid in principle, allowed us few indulgencies, and had made choice of our preceptor rather for the integrity of his heart than on account of the superior abilities of his mind, which had been narrowed by the retirement

tirement of life and total ignorance of the world; but my Lord, whose knowledge of men and manners had not rendered his notions less contracted, imagined we could no where so effectually imbibe the first sentiments of virtue, as under the tuition of a man, whose purity was such, that he seemed to know little difference between an error and a crime. The system by which we were educated was, of course, strict in the extreme; but the austere principles that had been early implanted in our minds, our companions at College found it no difficult matter to extirpate; and a slight acquaintance with society soon convinced us, that we were incapable of adhering to habits, absurd in themselves, and of no assistance either to religion or morality. Having once deviated from prejudices, however weak, which the mind has been accustomed to regard as sacred, to stop exactly at the proper limits of rectitude requires a portion of steady fortitude, even superior to that which preserves us firm in our first impressions; the reformation is indeed but too often followed by a total revolution of principle, and even virtue herself is not unfrequently overturned under the appellation of confined ideas. Such, at least, was in part the change my mind underwent after having resided some time at the university.

When the part of my education to be there attained was completed, I set out on my travels; and, immediately after my return from the continent, that busy period of my life commenced, the bitter recollection of which almost incapacitates me from relating the many painful occurrences it produced.

My brother had chosen a military life, and we had not met during three years which I spent abroad. We kept up a constant correspondence however, and he was with his regiment in Ireland at the time of my arrival in England. I received a letter from him soon after, intimating his having lately married a young lady, of whom he seemed passionately enamoured, but who did not possess any of those advantages, either of family or fortune, likely to reconcile my father to a step in which he had not been consulted. Conscious how tenacious my Lord ever had been of his authority, added to an invincible prepossession

sion which he had long entertained against the Irish nation, my brother, in the height of his nuptial felicity, could not avoid suffering the severest apprehensions for the consequences of his imprudence, and besought me to exert all my influence with my father to soften his wrath at this unexpected intelligence.

My endeavours, however, were on this head ineffectual; my Lord was overwhelmed with a rage that did not evaporate with its violence, but subsided into a determined, inflexible resentment, by which he allowed himself to be so completely governed, that he resolved never more to behold his disobedient son; who must have found himself extremely embarrassed in his finances, had not my purse supplied his necessities to the utmost extent of my ability. In vain I represented to my father that the alliance, though neither splendid nor desirable, was equally removed from what could be deemed disgraceful: he silenced me with vehemence, and solemnly declared, that never more should my brother receive the shadow of his countenance.—A resolution, alas! which my superior misconduct alone perswaded him to relinquish.

I passed the summer, after my return, at my father's country seat, and spent great part of my time in hunting, my favourite amusement. Returning one day from the chase, the weather being extremely sultry, my fatigue occasioned an extreme thirst, which induced me to dismount at the door of a farm-house possessed by one of my father's tenants, not many miles from the castle.

As I knocked, the farmer himself appeared; and, upon mentioning my name, and requesting a draught of something to refresh me, he conducted me, with the utmost hurry of civility, into a small rustic parlour, where were sitting his wife and daughter. The latter astonished me with her uncommon beauty; which was rendered still more interesting from having surprised her in tears: she allowed me no time, however, to contemplate her charms; for, ashamed of being caught by a stranger in that situation, she made no return to my salutation, but ran hastily out of the room.

I made a thousand apologies to the farmer's wife for my intrusion; and so greatly was I struck with the daughter's

ter's appearance, that I could not help expressing my regret at beholding her in such affliction, which I intended as the least inquisitive method I could devise of enquiring the cause.

Oh ! nothing in the world, my Lord, said the farmer ; your Lordship does her too much honour in observing her. It would be very far either from her mother's wish or mine to vex her, if she would be persuaded to listen to her own interest ; but girls are so wilful —

From this I conjectured what I afterwards learned was the case,—that the old people were teasing their daughter to dispose of her hand contrary to her inclination. But, though I felt myself unaccountably interested in what I had seen, it was necessary that my enquiries should immediately end, as the good woman came at that instant to supply me with what I had asked for, and I was constrained unwillingly to depart.

This beautiful girl ran in my head the whole day ; though, I make no doubt, but I should have forgotten that she existed in a week, had not my infant-passion been nourished by several circumstances which afterwards occurred.

When I returned to dinner, I found a large party of neighbours, who were paying visits of congratulation at the Castle, on account of my sister Lady's Ann's marriage with Mr. Vere, an event that had taken place a few weeks before. In the course of conversation at table, I mentioned my little adventure, particularly dwelling on the extreme beauty and distress of the tenant's daughter.— Yes, cried the curate, who happened to be present, Fanny is the prettiest girl in the parish, and one of the best ; but her parents have carried matters much too far, and have rendered her quite miserable, by insisting on the poor young woman's disposing of herself to fat Robin, your lordship's game-keeper. They have teased and tormented her till they had almost driven her to venture on a very alarming step ; to get rid of their importunities, she had privately determined to leave home, and take her chance of finding a service in town ; but my wife, suspecting her intention, deterred her from a scheme so fraught with danger,

ger, by representing the hazards attending such an exploit.

The conversation shifted to other topics, but Fanny and her distress frequently occurred to my mind. I wished much to deliver her from it; but I distrusted myself so little, as never once to suspect I was actuated in my wishes to relieve her by any other motive than that interest which youth and beauty, even without having produced any particular predilection, seldom fail to excite in hearts of common sensibility. She appeared so amiable and so innocent, that, free as were my notions on certain subjects, the idea of deriving any sinister advantage to myself, by releasing her from her present persecutions, never entered my imagination.

I contrived, as the best method of succeeding I could devise, to interest Lady Ann in the affair; who, during her walks, called at the farmer's, and represented so strongly to his wife, who had been an old servant in the family, the cruelty and injustice of forcing her daughter into the arms of a man she detested, that the old woman was prevailed on to give up the point herself, and faithfully promised to use all her influence with her husband to persuade him to relinquish the plan likewise. In this visit, my sister was so much pleased with the bewitching simplicity of Fanny's manners and appearance, and the unbounded gratitude she expressed for this obligation, that she made her an offer of supplying the place of her maid, who was just leaving her. Fanny thankfully accepted the proposal; and the old people, happy in thinking their daughter settled under the protection of Lady Ann, consented with eagerness to the measure; so that, on my return from a short excursion I had made about that time, I found Fanny actually residing in the castle.

The frequent opportunities I now enjoyed of seeing her, in a short time convinced me I was not proof against her charms. Far, however, from stifling this flame in its progress, I allowed it every encouragement and indulgence. Some similar amours abroad, into which bad company and ungoverned passions led me, had already blunted, though not eradicated, my first feelings of repugnance at the idea of seduction; and I retained merely
virtue

sufficient to undergo that penance, which conscience, except where the heart is hardened into iniquity, never fails to exact from vice upon every new violation of her laws. But these transient scruples were not sufficiently powerful to enable me to listen to dictates so austere; I had little fear of being unsuccessful with a young country girl, who had not as yet, I imagined, formed any attachment, and whose heart, I concluded, would easily yield to the vanity of having engaged mine. I therefore assailed this amiable and unfortunate girl with all the warmth and force of the most persuasive passion; but I soon found that an innate love of virtue and sentiments of pride, superior to her condition, induced her to reject my offers and advances with horror and disdain. I was not, however, repulsed: the success attending former pursuits made me still confident of prevailing in the end; but the resistance I met with so inflamed and augmented my affection, that, from an insinuating inclination, which might have been in its infancy easily subdued, I found this attachment was become a violent and unmanageable passion, that, in its consequences, involved both its innocent object and myself in misery and ruin.

I became at last alarmed, on perceiving how essential this affair was grown to my repose; that Fanny was every hour gaining ground in my heart and rising in my estimation, while I seemed as far as ever from making any progress in her's; and I began to think her worthy of a more honourable flame, and to compassionate the uneasiness into which my sollicitations had thrown her.

I soon perceived, that, for my own happiness as well as her's, my importunities had been carried greatly too far, and I determined to make one great effort to restore my own tranquillity and her peace; but I did not consider how difficult the task would prove: unused to constraint, accustomed to give inclination full swing, to conquer at once a predilection so formidable was an undertaking much too violent, with which to begin my first essay of self-denial. I resolved, however, to try the effects of absence, a medicine of wonderful efficacy in diseases of the heart; and accordingly proposed to make an excursion of
a few

a few weeks, accompanied by some friends who were at that time my father's guests.

On the evening previous to our departure, fatigued with the exertions which the attentions due to a large company of ladies exacted, exhausted by overacted endeavours to appear in spirits, and sick of a frivolous conversation, which amused minds at ease within themselves, and who willingly laid hold for entertainment on every little trifle that occurred, I contrived to slip away in the height of their mirth, intending to stroll out towards the wood, to sooth my uneasiness by giving way to reflexions which oppressed and overpowered me.

The night was uncommonly delightful, and the full moon shone with a clearness which reflected a pleasing serenity on every object around. I gave way to a train of ideas, that filled me not only with anguish but alarm; I found that my passion for a girl, so every way beneath me, possessed not only the power of destroying my peace, but even, in some measure, had weakened my reason; for, so entirely had my heart surrendered to its influence, that the thoughts of relinquishing every prospect of preferment and dignity in my future establishment, and the certainty of ruining myself with my father, were less dreadful to my imagination than the resolution of thwarting an attachment to which seemed annexed every hope of happiness and enjoyment. In a word, that the possession of Fanny, in a legal manner, was more than a recompence for the many evils which I knew must follow such a step.

I started from my reverie, when I found how unjustifiably far my imagination had carried me, and endeavoured to represent to myself the weakness and folly, as well as the danger, attending the indulgence of such reflections. Perceiving how fatally solitude and musing enfeeble fortitude and nourish the foibles of the heart, I was about to return back to the house, when a voice which I heard at some distance induced me to stop for a moment; and, instantly recollecting it to be my dear Fanny's, my intention of returning was immediately converted into a resolution of approaching as softly as possibly to the place where she sat, in order to overhear her conversation.

This I effected with great caution, and found she was enjoying the cool of the evening in company with one of her companions, and that, not fearing interruption from any of the family at that hour, they had ventured to seat themselves at the side of some bushes in the shrubbery.

I heard the friend, in a voice of compassion, endeavouring to sooth Fanny, in consequence of some complaint which I concluded she had been confiding to her, and to which the most mournful sighs were, on her part, the only replies. Her arguments of comfort were not indeed the best calculated for consolation, but they were designed for sympathy, and expressed with much simplicity.

Indeed, my dear Fanny, said she, could you have been persuaded to have accepted of my cousin, you would have escaped all this trouble and vexation. Time goes a great way in conquering people's dislikes. What one likes at one time, one cannot bear at another, and the contrary is just as common. When once Mr. Robert was your husband, you would have been obliged to have loved him; and he loves you so well, you know, that it must have come of course. If all this had happened now, and I am sure I always told you that you never would do so well elsewhere, there would have been no word of his young Lordship, and your heart would have been as light as mine is at this instant.

Talk not to me of your cousin, cried Fanny, in a tone of impatience mixed with despondency; I hate and detest him. What have I not suffered, added she, melting into tears after a short pause, within these last sad six months! tormented by that hateful man, teased by my mother, terrified by my father. No sooner had I got rid of that persecution, than I came hither to endure another a thousand times more insupportable; and what course can I possibly now pursue, which is not loaded with difficulties, and attended on all sides with danger? If I return home, I dread reviving the old story; if I remain here, then certain misery awaits me; and, oh! at times, my dear Jenny, at times I am almost terrified for myself; for, though, from my heart, I abhor my Lord's insulting offers and

proposals, yet, alas ! my heart is weak, and I find it impossible to abhor him.

I often wish, continued she, in the same mournful accents, that I had either died last year, when I was so ill, and all my friends were weeping round me, (ah ! what anguish had I been spared !) or that it had pleased God to have placed me in a situation less beneath the only man who ever made the slightest impression on my heart. But this is a wish which carries me so far, and softens me so sadly, that I dare not allow myself to dwell upon it. Yet, Jenny, I cannot resist sometimes indulging the idea of what unspeakable happiness must have been my lot, had the Almighty lessened the immense distance between us, and I had still possessed the blessing of being agreeable to him. Had it so happened, had I been placed in his station, and he been in mine, I am certain I should have joyfully overlooked every objection to have made him happy ; and I often think, if his Lordship professes to love me so well now, when I use my utmost endeavours to conceal my fatal partiality, surely he would not have loved me less, when all my happiness centered in the wish of being agreeable in his eyes : yet, as matters go with great people, he will probably marry some rich lady, continued she, her tears flowing abundantly, who may regard nothing but his fine estate and splendid titles, and one besides whom he may not even himself love, for great people do not marry as we do.

What a sad thing it is, that all great gentlemen are such rakes ! cried the friend. But could you not contrive to give your lady warning ? I'll warrant a few weeks absence will put all to rights.

That is what I have often thought of, cried the other, and what I am afraid I shall be constrained to do at last ; but, O my dear Jenny ! what will not such a step cost me ? Shall I be able to live after I quit the castle ? But, to be sure, quit it I must, and the sooner I die the better.

Nay, for my part, I know nothing half so frightful as dying, I promise you, cried the friend. How can you talk so wildly ! But you will think better of that, I trust, before long. You are not the first, God knows, that has
been

been crossed in love, and people do not always die for all that.

Melted beyond expression by what I overheard, I scarcely breathed, from the fear of losing one word of this artless interesting conversation. When the friend arose, and proposed returning home, I heard Fanny offer to accompany her part of the way to the village, saying she was not afraid, though alone and so late, as the moon shone bright, and she would return by a private gate which led from the park into the fields, and was a near cut. They immediately walked away, and I remained in a state of mind not to be conceived but in similar circumstances.

The discovery I had made of my gentle Fanny's amiable partiality, in the very moment that I was exhausting every source of fortitude to enable me to renounce her, threw me into a state little short of distraction, and determined me at once to overleap all the bars that laid in the way, and to offer her my hand and heart in a legal manner. This resolution, the offspring of an over-heated imagination, and of that impetuosity of temper, which, in a thousand instances, I have had such cause to deplore, I resolved instantly to make known to her, and to wait her return at the little gate, in order to communicate it. During this interval, instead of recalling my reason to my aid, and maturely weighing the consequences of so imprudent a determination, I gave way to the delirium, and indulged in a train of the most pleasing and flattering illusions: I imagined I was beginning to enjoy a foretaste of that happiness from which an absurd prejudice had too long precluded me; and I carefully checked every rising objection to a measure which already diffused such infinite satisfaction over my mind.

I walked backwards and forwards, anticipating that delight, in the possession of the dear object of my affections, which with such amiable simplicity she herself had described but the moment before, and dwelt with particular pleasure on the soothing idea of the height to which gratitude must raise her attachment, when she came to know what proofs I meant to give her of mine.

At last Fanny appeared in sight, and I flew towards her. I acknowledged the enchanting discovery I had made,

and the effect that discovery had produced upon my heart, till, wholly overpowered with my vows and protestations, she wept in my arms, and confessed that she loved me above all men. We were in this situation, when the supper-bell obliged us to separate. Fanny, agitated and bewildered by this unexpected event, and apprehensive of detection, at length prevailed with me, though not without difficulty, to leave her, having promised to meet me in the wood early next morning.

On my return to the company, I found my brother-in-law had received letters from town which required his immediate attendance there. As my sister of course accompanied him, I knew Fanny must be of the party; and to leave her now was as far distant from my thoughts as it had been fixed in my determination three hours before. I therefore pretended to have had dispatches by the same post, which obliged me to visit London likewise; and without much difficulty got myself excused from the excursion which had originally been planned by myself.

When I retired to rest, I had leisure to reflect on the events of the day. My mind having time to cool, I began clearly to see that I was standing on the threshold of danger. Fanny's image however, which perpetually presented itself to my view, and the recollection of the scene which so lately had passed between us, the vows that had proceeded from my lips, warm from my heart, and the soft gratitude she had expressed in terms so endearing, all fixed me immoveably in my determination; though I perceived through the cloud which passion threw over my reason a source of innumerable troubles and objections; but these gloomy suggestions a lively imagination and sanguine hopes enabled me quickly to chase from my thoughts.

I began at last to form a scheme, to which I hoped my dear Fanny would easily be induced to consent. This was, to be united to her privately, and carefully to conceal the connexion till my father's death should leave me at liberty to avow my choice, and this, with extreme caution, I concluded might be effected.

On meeting next morning, I communicated my plan, which met with my dear girl's approbation: one circumstance alone

alone gave her uneasiness, and held her determination for some time suspended ; this was, how she should conduct herself with regard to her parents, to whom she was tenderly attached, and who, she said, she well knew must receive a mortal wound, were they to imagine her capable of consenting to any step prejudicial to her reputation. It was impossible for me to agree to their being informed of our private marriage, as so many reasons required it to be kept an inviolable secret, and there was so little probability that two old people, of their condition, would preserve concealed what a due regard to the honour of their only child must prompt them to divulge, when her elopement and concealment should call her fame in question. This was so apparent, that Fanny was easily convinced of the necessity, however disagreeable, of leaving them in ignorance. The idea, however, of embittering their days with the belief of her seduction drove her almost to despair ; yet, it is not surprising that my arguments and endearments, my promises and professions, should have gradually reconciled her to inflicting this blow, as I did not fail to suggest the triumph they would one day experience in the discovery of her exaltation and innocence ; besides that, I proposed to soften their anxiety by dictating a letter, which Fanny actually wrote to her mother, acquainting her, that, for reasons she was not at liberty to reveal, she was forced to conceal herself for a season from them and the world, but that a period would certainly arrive when she should again embrace them ; adding many assurances, that, when she should have that happiness, it would be without a blush for her past conduct, which ever had been, and ever should continue to be, conformable to the principles and instructions she had early imbibed from them. Fanny likewise promised to give them intelligence of her welfare from time to time, if they would have the goodness still to interest themselves in their child's happiness, while appearances were so unfavourable to her. This method, together with an annual sum, which I promised to remit to them without a possibility of their tracing from whence it came, made my Fanny tolerably easy ; or, rather, the softness of her nature, conspiring with her tenderness, overcame her

her

scruples, and she listened to a plan she knew not how to improve.

Business at this time called my brother and sister to visit an estate lately left him in Scotland by a distant relation. I immediately proposed being of the party, pretending an inclination to visit that part of the island, conscious that I could there complete my scheme with the most security from suspicion.

We accordingly set off, and, on our arrival at Edinburgh, Fanny, who was innocence herself, allowed me to conduct her to a private part of the town, where a clergyman, whom I had engaged to secrecy both by bribes and the most solemn oaths, performed the ceremony which united her to me by laws both human and divine.

I will confess to you, my children, humiliating as is the avowal, that the confidence placed in me more than once tempted me to betray it ; and that the facility with which it was in my power to have deluded my artless bride with a false marriage, held the execution of my project for sometime suspended ; but, though the whole transaction confessed an unpardonable weakness, in this instance it was unstained with guilt.

Our journey down gave me opportunities of meeting with Fanny, and conversing with her more unsuspectedly than I could otherwise have hoped for ; yet I could perceive that my sister was not without her suspicions of my partiality for her maid, and very often rallied me on it, though she could not possibly have conceived the slightest idea of the imprudence into which my fatal weakness had involved me.

That my wife should continue a moment in her present humble situation about my sister was what I could by no means brook. Two days, therefore, after our union, which had taken place on the day of our arrival, by my contrivance she pretended to have received accounts of her mother's being dangerously ill, and requested leave to return home with all expedition, in order to give her the necessary attendance. It was not without infinite reluctance that the dear girl was prevailed on to adopt this little artifice ; and the tears she shed at parting from Lady Ann, to whom she was tenderly attached, must inevitably

bly have excited some suspicion that she meant to return to her no more, had not the occasion of her departure furnished an apparent excuse for them.

As I had time to digest my scheme before it was put into execution, I had provided a small house, in a private street in London, for the residence of my wife, under the name of Mrs. Smith. There I hoped to visit her frequently, unsuspected by the world, and thither I was eager to follow her. Prudence however required that I should remain behind with my sister and her husband; but as they continued only a few weeks at their new estate, my impatience was soon gratified by our return to London, where I met my lovely bride with all the ardour and impatience natural to my disposition.

For some months my passion, far from suffering any abatement, rather seemed to increase. At this time my father came up to town, and, as I lodged with him, I was constrained to visit less often in the city, and with redoubled caution; but the difficulties which retarded our meetings, and their consequent unfrequency, gave them an unspeakable charm, — a charm, alas! the warmth of which a short time diminished.

The entire solitude in which my wife lived (for I was her only visitor) made my society and conversation her only happiness and amusement. Her education had totally unfitted her for mental entertainments; nor had she been taught those accomplishments which fill up agreeably the leisure hours of a woman of fashion, and, from the unavoidable retirement in which she lived, little variety of conversation was possible; when, therefore, the mist of passion began to dissipate, I found her still lovely, amiable, and innocent; but unfortunately perceived that these alluring qualities were not in themselves sufficient to retain my wandering affections. Her conversation soon became insipid to me, and the desire of embellishing her mind by directing her studies (at first my most pleasing amusement) now ceased to interest me. The tenderness of her affection long prevented her from expressing even a murmur at my too-apparent neglect, although I could not but perceive that her spirits were visibly affected by it;

it ; and she always received me, after a fortnight's solitary absence, with the most lively expressions of joy.

It was not immediately however that this unhappy change took place ; and your birth, my Hermione, which happened not till three years after our marriage, supplied your mother with a pleasing source of amusement, sufficiently interesting, I hope, to prevent her thoughts from brooding over the mortifying and painful alteration in my behaviour.

At this period I became acquainted with a set of companions of the most dissipated character. My particular friends were two young men of agreeable and insinuating, but of profligate, manners. In their company I led the most irregular life, and soon began to consider the hours I spent occasionally with my wife as a point of duty rather than of inclination ; and, with regard to the discharge of duties which interfered with my pleasures, I grew every day less solicitous : this therefore, among the rest, became extremely neglected, and I heartily regretted the indissoluble knot which had placed your mother in a situation that rendered my attentions absolutely necessary to her happiness. The seclusion of her life not only affected, but it also chagrined, me ; and her dependance, once so pleasing, seemed now a burthen that I endeavoured to shake off, flattering myself that her child would amply compensate for the loss of my society. -

Twelve or fourteen months passed on in this manner, till my wife at length, wounded to the soul, began to adopt the worst of all methods for recovering a lost attachment, by complaining of my coldness. This she did with her accustomed softness, and by tears rather than reproaches ; but it was a subject which embittered so extremely the short intervals I spent with her, that they grew less frequent than ever, although the birth of her second child (you, my dear Fanny) ought to have proved an additional tie towards cementing my affection.

My father, who regarded himself as exceedingly unfortunate in my brother's marriage, often proposed to me to marry, and had at different periods pointed out several advantageous connexions, among whom he wished me to choose ; but, as my heart was not interested, though the
subject

subject embarrassed, it did not wound, me, and I evaded it with little difficulty.

My sister, one evening at her house, introduced me to a young lady with whom she had been on a footing of the strictest intimacy whilst I was on my travels, but whom, till now, I had never seen, owing to her having accompanied her father to the court of Turin, where he resided in a public character, and from which place she was but just returned.

Miss Marsdon was uncommonly beautiful; and her manners and address, though highly cultivated, preserved an interesting simplicity, which rendered her perfectly irresistible. Her conversation, refined by an admirable understanding, embellished by education, and polished by an early introduction into the most polite company abroad, possessed an ease and delicacy of good breeding almost as striking, at first sight, as the charms of her figure.—I felt the full force of both, and was conquered at once. With the blind impetuosity which marked my character, instead of exerting my utmost efforts to resist and avoid a temptation I found too insinuating, I gave way to this seducing passion, and shut my eyes on its unhappy consequences, so fraught with misery, remorse, and guilt. It was then that I cursed my folly, and that infatuation which had before guided me. Ever violent and untractable, I was almost driven to despair at the recollection of the weakness which had placed a bar so insuperable between me and my wishes. But there soon arose in my breast a ray of hope, the production of ungoverned passions, selfishness, and treachery, which first suggested an action that has thrown the gloom of the bitterest self-reproach on all the succeeding years of my life.

The lovely Miss Marsdon, an only child, and heiress to an immense fortune, possessed a considerable estate which she had inherited from her mother, and which laid contiguous to Belmont-castle. This circumstance, though trivial in itself, had induced my father often to express his wishes that a marriage between the young lady and myself might take place. Her absence had hitherto entirely frustrated this plan, and given birth to other schemes; but her unexpected return at this juncture made him directly

renew the old topic of matrimony, to which, hitherto I had never been prevailed on to listen. Far from being averse to this match, he said he saw with pleasure it was an union into which I would enter with avidity; and that, as the young lady herself seemed, if he might judge from appearances, to receive my attentions with all the modest approbation I could wish, he thought the next step was to apply to his old friend, Lord Emden, for his sanction and consent.

The mention of such a transaction made my blood run cold, and I received it with an embarrassment which not only astonished, but extremely displeased, my father; though, at the very moment that I half declined what my heart panted to obtain, I was revolving in my mind the means of bringing such a scheme to bear. The success hitherto attending my attempt of concealment, encouraged me, and I began to flatter myself that my engagements with your mother might remain an eternal secret to the world, which would leave me at liberty to form what new ones I pleased with the amiable object of my present affections; this, I imagined, might for many years remain unknown to my real wife, who saw only her own servants, none of whom had been informed of my name, and who, being perfectly unacquainted even with the meaning of the word politics, had ever declared that newspapers were the dullest of all reading; and I knew she received none of the daily prints into her family. All these circumstances induced me to hope that she might long continue in ignorance; and that, when the fatal intelligence, that I had connected myself with another, should at length reach her ears, and she knew my heart was totally alienated from her, I believed, or rather I forced myself to believe, that the gentleness of her nature would never allow her to plunge me at once into infamy and contempt by detection, but that she might without difficulty be persuaded, as the calamity was without remedy, to rest satisfied in obscurity, with conscious innocence and affluence, all that had hitherto been her solitary portion. This certainly was a design which a thousand unforeseen accidents might disclose to the world, and, at best, extremely improbable to effect; but I was willingly blind to the future, and solicitous

citous only for the gratification of the present moment. I considered also, that, should your mother's just resentment prompt her to divulge the truth, the measures I had taken, though not with that intention at the time, had all conspired to prevent any credit from being given to her assertions : the ceremony had been performed in Scotland ; the clergyman's abode she knew not, nor was she acquainted with his name but from the certificate of our marriage, which, indeed, still remained in her hands, and which I regarded as the only bar. I often, therefore, revolved on the means of getting it into my possession ; and most undoubtedly should one day or other have effected it, but conscious guilt prevented me at the time from venturing on any steps towards this end, terrified to awaken suspicion while my plot was but in agitation.

It was not without extreme anguish that I considered the felicity I was purchasing for myself must be at the expence of an amiable young creature's happiness, who had once been the object of my warmest affections, and who still loved me passionately ; who regarded me as her guardian and protector ; who lived in a manner on my smiles ; whose countenance ever betrayed dejection on the slightest appearance in mine either of indifference or ill humour, and who had brought me two lovely infants, pledges of her tenderness and of my treachery. But I quickly chased away those painful suggestions of conscience, drowned them in wine, or forgot them entirely at the first glance of my beloved Julia.

In a word, I made my addresses to Miss Marsdon, and was accepted. My Lord, overjoyed at finding me willing at last to close with his wishes, hastened the preliminaries ; and Lord Embden, happy in settling his daughter to his satisfaction, (as there had ever subsisted the strictest friendship between him and my father,) insisted on celebrating our marriage, at his country-seat, in the most sumptuous manner, where a number of relations, on both sides, were to be present.

During these preparations, my heart, though so near enjoying its utmost wish, was weighed down with a burden of guilt, the sensation of which let none call themselves miserable till they have endured ; for perfect

misery cannot subsist without the feelings of remorse. As the time approached, my agitation became more violent; in the presence of my lovely Julia they were annihilated, but alone they were insupportable.

Miss Marston and her friends had already left town, and I was to follow the next day, and the ensuing one was to determine my fate. On the evening previous to my departure, being uneasy in my mind, I resolved to pay your mother a visit, while I had not as yet actually injured her: you will imagine this a strange step in such circumstances, when on the eve of inflicting a wound which must for ever destroy her tranquillity; but, in fact, I was so oppressed with a load of secret sufferings, that it fell to me like the discharge of a duty to which was attached some degree of merit from the pain it occasioned me. I found her low spirited and indisposed; shall I add another circumstance calculated to have awakened every sentiment of tenderness and compassion, had not my heart been hardened, and every feeling warped in selfishness?—She was with child, and had suffered much from the attendant circumstances of her situation: this, together with the air of *sombre* seclusion which every thing wore, and which had never before struck me so forcibly, softened and affected me. Your mother was ill and alone; no parents to soothe, no friends to attend, her; all was gloomy and dejected around her; it was I that was the occasion of what she now felt, and what she had further to endure; yet,—yet I was villain enough to persist in my intention to destroy her! not but that a violent tho' transient remorse made me hesitate for a moment; but I presently laboured to satisfy my conscience with this sophistry, that I had gone too far now to retract, and that, as I had probably engaged the affections both of my wife and of my mistress, and rendered their felicity dependant on mine, since one must suffer, it was at least allowable that I should spare regret and disappointment from being the portion of her who had it in her power to confer unspeakable happiness on me.

As to your mother, the joy of seeing me, and the unusual tenderness with which her situation inspired me, made her dissolve into tears that silently reproached my perfidy.

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Fanny Williams's Meeting with her Husband.

Vide Page 406.

I pleaded an excursion from town in excuse for my long absence, and informed her of an unavoidable journey I was on the eve of taking, which must deprive me of the pleasure of seeing her for a still longer time. She did not utter a complaint, but, drying up her tears, You have deprived yourself of much pleasure, my dear Lord, said she; and, instantly ordering the maid to bring the children to me, began, with all the tenderness of a mother, to repeat the improvements you had both made since my last visit, which was about three months before, with many innocent expressions of anxiety to see me, and wonder at my absence, that had fallen from the infant-lips of you, my dear Hermione, then scarcely three years old.

My children are my only consolation in your absence, my Lord, said your mother, tenderly pressing my hand; but, I thank heaven, I have them. To be sure I cannot expect, in our present situation, to enjoy much of your company, but I live in the hope that the day will arrive—.

The entrance of the maid, with Fanny in her arms, and leading in Hermione, left the sentence unfinished which was a dagger to my heart. I think I was hardly ever more affected than when you, my Hermione, rejected my caresses, and, seeing your mother's eyes red with weeping, asked me, with a resentment which was immediately followed by tears, why I made mama cry? This innocent reproach, under which lurked a meaning conscious only to myself, made me heap expressions of tenderness on both the mother and child, while I was preparing a blow for the former that laid her in the dust.

I left the house in a state of mind not be expressed. I spent the first part of the night in misery; but the idea of what next morning was to bestow removed the image of your mother in tears, and presented to me that of a lovely and beloved bride, ready to give herself to my wishes.

I accordingly set out next day with a large suite of friends, was married immediately on my arrival at the Hall, and had all my conscientious scruples soon drowned in an intoxication of happiness.

After spending some weeks in great gaiety, I carried my amiable bride to my father's country seat, to which place we were accompanied by most of the party; and here

we

we continued the same round of amusement for a fortnight longer. My soul, however, was soon to awaken from this dream of joy, and to receive the due reward of its crime in the shame and remorse which succeeded.

The company had just returned one evening from an agreeable excursion on the water, and the ladies, being in high spirits, had insisted on fiddles being sent for, so that a kind of ball was going forward on the lawn before the house, the weather being uncommonly delightful, when my servant, calling me aside, delivered into my hands a letter, the superscription of which made me tremble. I hastened instantly to my own apartment, where, securing myself from interruption, I found it, as I suspected, from your mother, and the contents as follow :

TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD LINROSE.

IF your heart ever felt, for one instant, the affection you have a thousand times sworn to me; if, during the whole course of your life it has once been awakened by compassion, think what she who writes to you feels at this moment; think, that, to the ruin of that same which you have clouded with seeming guilt, and to the total alienation of that affection which has cost me so dear, is super-added the insupportable misery of knowing you to be treacherous and inhuman. Ah, my Lord! if your bosom still retains one vulnerable spot, where pity is not debarred an entrance, come to me instantly. The Almighty has lent a gracious ear to my petitions, and shortly shall you be relieved from the infamy of your present state. My fatigues and agitations have accelerated my pangs; I am even already ill; deny me not therefore this last sad dying request, and deny not yourself the satisfaction of receiving my forgiveness; a circumstance to which you will one day most assuredly attach some degree of importance. Think of me as the mother of your children: come at least and contemplate your own work, and behold me, in this dismal cottage, expire in giving birth to an infant whose premature existence must throw an eternal stain upon its father's name.

I will

I will not pretend to describe my agonies on perusing this pathetic letter, every word of which gave me a mortal wound. All the terrors of my perfidy (till that instant too fatally lulled by opposite passions) at once assailed me. The misery in which my crimes had involved her who had once been the object of my tenderest affections, the despair into which I was about to plunge her who at present engrosses them with so much fervour, the grief and astonishment of my family, my treachery exposed, my character blasted for ever, altogether excited such sentiments of horror as overpowered my senses, and almost bereaved me of reason.

Having fortunately secured myself from interruption, I had a little time, after the first shock was over, to consider what steps I ought to pursue in a moment so replete with alarm. In the present exigency no time was to be lost. I therefore determined to write a short billet in answer by the return of your mother's messenger. It was not an easy task : to offer any thing like an apology, especially on paper, was impossible ; to work on the softness of her nature was all my trust, and the only circumstance on which I could build the slightest foundation for hope. I made no attempt, therefore, to vindicate myself, but, reserving that till I should see her, I only intimated in a few lines the anguish her note had given me, confessed appearances were against me, but faithfully promised to pay her a visit next morning, at which time I should exert my utmost endeavours to satisfy and relieve her ; concluding with the most earnest prayers and intreaties, that she would preserve, as a profound secret, her name, her abode, and her connexion with me, which, I added, would plunge us both into immediate ruin and destruction, were they to reach my father's knowledge.

I then enquired, though not without much perturbation, for the person who had brought the letter, and was told that a country girl had given it into the hands of the housekeeper early that morning, but the party in which I had been engaged had prevented my receiving it till the evening, and the girl had left no message to what place an answer might be sent.

I was

I was grieved to the soul at this information ; for, as it was impossible for me, without exciting surprise and perhaps suspicion, to quit the house at so late an hour, I was constrained to leave your unfortunate mother in the dismal suspense of fruitless expectation.

My answer indeed, had she received it, was little calculated to have afforded her consolation, and my visit could only have confirmed her despair. I caught eagerly, however, at a faint ray of hope, which I cherished even against reason and conviction, to prevent me from absolute frenzy, and I could not help resting with some slight degree of comfort on the mildness of this letter, though written in the heat of a resentment so justly excited. Her gentle bosom thought not of revenge : on the contrary, her visit to see me seemed prompted by the desire of according me forgiveness.

But, before I proceed in the recital of my own sufferings, and the horrid scene that awaited me on the dreadful day that succeeded to this miserable evening, let me previously inform you, with as much composure as I can assume, of the hopeless fate of your innocent, your injured, mother, whose calamities I shall ever, with the bitterest remorse, to my latest moment deplore, and the relation of which recalls feelings so acute as to tear my bosom while I transmit them to paper.

In what manner she became acquainted with the circumstance of my marriage, I have never been able to discover. The person to whom I owe the following particulars, which, however horrible, I was afterwards anxious to learn, and which, as a just and penitential humiliation, I force myself minutely to relate, had not informed himself in that point ; but the fact a thousand ways was ever liable to detection. The instant the report reached your mother's ears, the cold neglect of my past behaviour gave it an apparent credulity that distracted her. Determined to be at once either plunged into despair, by the confirmation of my guilt, or relieved from the agonizing suspicions of her mind, she left London, and set off for Netwall, from which place Belmont is but three miles distant.

Afraid

Afraid to be recognized so near the abode of her youthful and happier days, she borrowed of the woman of the inn a large cloak and hood to disguise her; and, terrified to intrust a messenger, ordered a chaise to convey her within half a mile of the castle; where, having discharged it, she walked forward with a note in her hand, intimating that she waited for me in the wood, where she intreated me, in the most earnest manner, by all my vows of unabating tenderness and by every motive of humanity and compassion, to meet her immediately.

These few lines she meant herself to deliver to any of the servants she might meet; but what, alas! were her emotions, when, on approaching the park-gate with timid and hesitating steps, she perceived from behind some bushes, where she hastily concealed herself, a train of carriages, among which she instantly singled me out, seated in my phaeton with a lady whose appearance at the first glance confirmed all her apprehensions?

Some little interruption (for she afterwards related every particular to her mother, who, in the bitterness of despair, recapitulated them minutely to my informer) obliged me to stop so near, that she observed, or fancied she observed me address my companion with a look of affection; I even kept her hand for an instant; and my voice, which reached her ears, though imperfectly, seemed softened by tenderness; while that sound, which hitherto had ever conveyed joy and exultation to your mother's bosom, produced now on her heart the effect of a sudden stroke of lightening.

My countenance, however, wore a look of gaiety, which accorded so ill with the consciousness of secret guilt, that the next moment she condemned the injury she imagined her suspicions did me, and even endeavoured to accuse her own hasty jealousy, which had inflicted such misery without any foundation for actual despair. Momentary, alas! was this illusion; for, as the equipages, attended by several gentlemen on horseback, passed the spot where she had concealed herself, she plainly overheard one of them say to his friend, 'How divinely handsome Lady Linrose looks to day!' Her heart died within her at these words, and she sunk insensible on the ground.

Her senses were quickly restored, but returning recollection brought with it such a weight of anguish and despair, as made her lament the tediousness of death, from whence alone she could now hope for relief to her wretchedness.

She endeavoured, however, to suggest a feeble hope almost against conviction, to enable her to exist till my return should explain all; for, having heard one of the footmen mention that the company would be home to dinner, she concluded we were upon an excursion of pleasure.

Her health having been declining for some months, had much impaired her strength; and it would have been impossible for her to have undergone the fatigues she had that day endured, had not the agitations of her mind supplied a false power of exertion, not unlike the delusive support of a fever, which bestows for a moment an additional but destructive vigour; for she perceived not that she was feeble and exhausted while her spirits and her feelings were all in conflict.

At length she formed a plan to wait my return on the spot where she was, and to seize the opportunity of giving her note to one of my attendants after I should have passed on, with injunctions to deliver it privately into my own hands. Finding she had probably several hours to wait, she endeavoured to compose her mind, and employed herself in offering up prayers to the Almighty to avert her misfortunes, or to enable her to endure them with humble and becoming submission; and that, if it pleased his gracious Providence that she must live and suffer, that her reason might not prove a sacrifice to the agonies she might be doomed to sustain.

Long and tediously the hours rolled on; but at length the carriages came in sight once more, and your unfortunate mother resumed her concealed post. My phaeton accidentally stopping to allow a chariot to pass, she heard more distinctly than before the merriment of the whole party, and perceived the criminal author of her miseries with a voice of pleasure pointing out to his beautiful companion the romantic charms of the surrounding prospect. The instant we were gone, she besought one of my servants

vants to take charge of her note ; but this the fellow refused, declaring with an oath that his lordship was not to be troubled with petitions at present.

Wound up almost to a pitch of distraction, she then followed me even to the gate of the castle, her fears, or rather her frenzy, having arisen to a height that gave defiance to her apprehension of being known, though, such was her disguise, that it must have concealed her effectually. Unfortunately she again encountered the same inhuman footman, and again intreated him to deliver her letter ; but her solicitations only produced some brutal jokes, and she was about to crawl from the door, when the anguish she betrayed induced a maid-servant, who accidentally passed at that moment, to enquire into the cause of her distress ; and who, reproving the footman's indelicacy, compassionately undertook to take charge of it. The fellow pulling it from her hand, it was torn in pieces in the girl's struggle to recover it ; but, delivering the fragments to your mother, she faithfully engaged to present any other she should write. I shall give it, said she, to her Ladyship's maid, who will deliver it into my Lord's own hands. What lady ? cried the disconsolate Fanny. Why, Lady Linrose, to be sure, said the girl ; my Lord's new-married lady.

Is then my Lord married ? returned she, in feeble accents.

Oh ! several weeks ago answered the other ; who, from her uneasiness and the situation in which she beheld her, began to suspect that she was some poor deluded creature ; —but his Lordship is very generous, and, if he has injured you, he will make it up beyond your expectation.

Though your mother's apprehensions had before almost amounted to certainty, yet, to hear the truth pronounced beyond a flattering possibility of doubt, made her fall senseless into the arms of the humane girl, who instantly called some of the female servants to her assistance ; and, when your mother opened her eyes, she found herself in the housekeeper's parlour, whither she had been conveyed. On looking round, and perceiving her situation in the very room where every object was as familiar to her as if it had been her own apartment when she resided in

the castle, the recollection of what she had suffered since that period wholly overpowered her; and, to know herself surrounded by my domestics, and under the same roof with her husband, yet not daring to solicit that support and protection from his care and tenderness to which, particularly in her present situation, she had so just a claim, she found, at that instant, that shame predominated in her bosom even over despair; and, terrified every instant lest accident should present some of her old companions to her view, she thanked her charitable assistants, and made a feeble effort to rise as soon as she had swallowed a few drops that had been given her.

The housekeeper, however, insisted that she should remain till she was somewhat more recovered; and, a general sympathy and curiosity having been excited, she was almost stunned with interrogatories; but all she could be prevailed upon to acknowledge was, that she brought a bill for Lord Linrose to discharge, and, being liable to fits, had been suddenly attacked with one just as she was delivering it to the maid.

Her too apparent distress, her hesitating and embarrassed replies to many distressing enquiries, and her tears, which now began to yield a mournful relief to agitations her utmost efforts could not conceal, made little credit be given to this assertion; and the circumstances of her situation could not fail to suggest suspicions of a nature the most injurious; yet their compassion left no room for contempt; and the good housekeeper, perceiving her scarcely able to answer the flow of questions that poured in upon her from every quarter, had the humanity to send away all those whom curiosity had drawn round her, and promised to deliver privately any letter she should confide to her care.

Your unfortunate mother then departed with fatigued steps from the castle, her mind torn by inward struggles and distraction, and her exhausted limbs unable to convey her farther than to a cottage just without the extremity of the park, whose charitable owner allowed her under its roof to court that repose which fled equally from her eye-lids and her bosom.

She

She instantly enquired of the good woman if she knew farmer Williams and his wife, and how they kept on in their old days? To this she was answered, that they were in tolerable good health, but that they had received a shock some years before, from the misconduct of an only and beloved daughter, which it seemed too probable they never would recover.

My dear Fanny burst into an agony of grief at these words, which instantly infused a suspicion into the country woman that her guest was in fact the deluded daughter of the farmer, whose elopement had occasioned such various reports and conjectures among her relations. The situation in which she beheld her, on the eve of bringing an infant into the world, confirmed this idea; yet, though that circumstance was but ill calculated to invalidate the unfavourable rumours circulated at her expence, the too-evident distress she endured made her appear so just an object of compassion, that the woman proffered her every assistance in her power: your unfortunate mother, however, whose only consolation laid in the free indulgence of sorrow, having asked for pen, ink, and paper, which fortunately were to be had, requested to be left alone; and passed the night in tears, and in writing that melancholy letter which so pathetically implored my pity, instead of breathing the vengeance due to my crimes.

It was yet unfinished; when, finding herself taken violently ill, she hastened to conclude it, and enquired for a messenger, to whom she intrusted it under cover to the housekeeper. Though not within some weeks of her expected time, fatigue and agitation soon brought on the pangs of child-birth; and, having only received what assistance the country-woman could bestow, she was delivered of a boy a few hours after, without one friend to support or console her, at a period when the agonies of her mind surpassed what nature has allotted the female frame to sustain in these severe circumstances.

No answer having been returned to her letter, (owing to the cause I have already mentioned,) she immediately concluded herself totally abandoned; and began most fervently to hope she should not long endure that accumulation of woes under which she laboured. An uncommon
sensation

sensation of weakness, bordering almost on a state of infancy, convinced her of her approaching dissolution; and she regarded her release not only without dismay, but with eagerness and satisfaction.

In this situation, her most earnest wish was to embrace her parents before her death; to explain whatever appeared criminal and unaccountable in her conduct; and, having committed her children to their care, from whom alone she now expected justice and protection for them, to breathe her last sigh in their arms.

She therefore besought the country-woman to carry a message to her father and mother, imploring them to deign to visit her before she expired. To this woman she likewise confessed all the particulars of her unhappy story, and besought her to tell them, that could she accuse herself of one crime, excepting that of having deserted them in their old age, for which she hoped she had been sufficiently punished, she should not have dared to request that satisfaction, the only one she would probably live to enjoy; and intreated them to believe, that the infant she had just brought into the world owed its existence to an event neither criminal nor disgraceful.

The old people, stunned with this unexpected intelligence, knew not what to determine. They had long concluded their daughter lost and deluded; but their grief for her elopement was not unmixed with resentment at her misconduct. The circumstances, in which she was restored to them, were far from arguing her innocence, and their first resolution was to abandon her to the fate they concluded she had merited; but parental tenderness almost instantly converted this unnatural intention into the most earnest desire of seeing her once more. To her protestations of purity they gave little credit. But, guilty as she is, said the old man, she is still our child, and her present misery obliterates her past crimes; miserable have been our days since her fall, — the sufferings are now become her own.

Nature, however, pleaded so powerfully for their daughter in the breasts of the good couple, that, as they hastened to the cottage, they could not help indulging some faint hopes, that, though appearances were so much against her,

her, some alleviating circumstances might turn out in her favour.

It may not then be difficult to imagine what must have been their feelings, when, on being ushered to the side of the bed where she laid, their beloved child, unable to see them after a separation so melancholy, for almost six years, gave a feeble shriek, and fainted away.

In this state of insensibility she continued so long, that they gave her up for gone; but, having sent for a neighbouring surgeon, who administered every assistance possible, they had at length the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes once more. They immediately found, however, that, though life was restored, it was not in human power to recover her from a violent delirium, with which she was instantly seized. The doctor declared her in a high fever, which, being attended with mortal symptoms, gave the most alarming cause for apprehending the worst.

The situation of the unfortunate parents, who saw themselves on the point of losing their daughter, almost in the very instant that they had recovered her, cannot possibly be described. She was perfectly insensible to them and all about her during the whole day, and raved with a frantic wildness which it was horrible to witness, often calling on my name, and imploring my compassion in the most piteous manner. Her father having at one time approached her, the disorder of her imagination made her instantly conceive it to be the accursed author of all her miseries; and, throwing herself suddenly out of bed, in spite of every opposition, she fell at his feet, imploring him not to murder her nor her infant; her angelic temper never once breathed an expression of resentment or revenge, but her lips muttered unceasing complaints, and she perpetually repeated, I am just going to die; my Lord; will not that satisfy you? Ah, spare my children!

The woman of the house being unable to manage her, and her weeping parents totally disabled by grief from assisting, she was obliged to call in some of the neighbours, who could only constrain her by force to remain in bed.

Nature could not long sustain a conflict so violent; nor can I, my children, force myself to dwell upon a scene, the idea of which inflicts unmitigated torture.

A few

A few hours wore entirely out what little strength remained; and, after having laid some time quiet, her senses were restored to her. She recollected the message she had dispatched to her parents, and enquired composedly, though with a voice almost exhausted, what answer had been delivered.

They, who were no farther than at the foot of the bed, could not any longer restrain themselves from rushing into her arms, and embracing her as she laid. Their tears prevented them from articulating; but their daughter, who approached her last hour, was too feeble even to weep.

O my beloved parents! cried she, with a hollow voice, which her breathing often rendered interrupted, I shall now die contented, since I have the satisfaction of expiring in your arms. I hope God will forgive my undutiful conduct towards you. Alas! you see how I have suffered for it. But I hope, — may I trust you never could believe that I had thrown a stain on the virtuous education I had received from your care. Indeed, indeed, I am innocent, and really married. My asserting it a moment so solemn, ought alone to convince you of the truth of this assurance; but, if more is necessary, I am in possession of the most certain and convincing proofs.

She then ordered the country-woman to deliver to her parents a packet which she had sealed, and committed to her charge, on being first taken ill: it contained the certificate of our marriage, and several letters, written and signed by my own hand, which plainly proved that I regarded her as my wife.

I trusted him because I loved him, continued she; but in spite of the strictest ties, you see he has abandoned and deserted me, and I am going to atone with my life for the anguish my rash step must have given you in your old days. Indeed, the idea of your uneasiness wholly embittered any short gleams of comfort I might otherwise have enjoyed; and transient indeed have these been since I left you. The only circumstance which yielded me any consolation in all my distresses was the delightful hope that the day would come when I should exultingly reveal all to you, and recompence you and myself by making the
old

old age of my beloved father and mother affluent and happy.

That day, repeated she, after a pause, will never arrive ; and perhaps it is a just punishment from Heaven for having deserted you ; in which case, as my repentance is most sincere for that and all my transgressions, I trust in God it will be graciously accepted, and that I shall find in the grave that peace to which my bosom has been so long a stranger. But, O my dearest father and mother ! all my fears are for you ; to me, death is a release from misery ; since I retain no longer the affections of Lord Linrose, I preserve nothing that attaches me to life. I feel, indeed, for my three infants, but, while my mother survives, I am certain they will never know the loss of their own ; and I hope they will neither inherit my weaknesses nor my misfortunes. Oh ! may it please the Almighty to deliver them from imbibing one particle of their cruel father's hardness of heart.

The old people folded her alternately in their arms, and, mingling tears with their blessings, assured her of their perfect forgiveness, and entreated her to live for their consolation.

O my dearest parents ! cried she, how can you wish me so ill ! Distract me not, I beseech you, with your despair. God knows if I am really so near my end as I imagine, but I feel myself inwardly gone, and so exhausted, that I think the struggle must soon be over. She then recapitulated the melancholy circumstances of her misfortunes, as well as weakness would allow her ; but, having wholly exhausted herself, she mentioned being extremely drowsy, and, kissing her infant, perhaps it may be for the last time, said she ; do not quit my bedside, my dearest mother, while I sleep ; and stretching forth her hand, already bedewed with the damp of death, she grasped her mother's with a feeble effort, and, recommending herself to Heaven, in that attitude composed herself to a repose from which she never awoke. Her sleep, at first agitated and disturbed, soon subsided into a lethargic stupor, and she expired at midnight without a sigh.

Think, my children, what this recital costs me. It is worse than death to write ! To think on such a scene !—

to think, God of Heaven! that I was the accursed murderer of that suffering angel! that my hands dealt the fatal blow which stabbed her to the heart!

O my daughters! be not overpowered with horror. Let not, at least, a compassion too just for your hapless mother's fate wholly obliterate from your bosoms that regard which your father has hitherto enjoyed. The benignant faint, I trust, accepts the tribute of that bitter remorse which has clouded the remainder of my days, and now rejoices in that blessed reward which her merit and her calamities so justly claim in a more glorious state of existence.

I now hasten to conclude the horrid tale, and return to myself on that dreadful evening when your mother's letter was put into my hands.

Her sufferings, unutterable as they proved, being unembittered with the agonizing pangs of remorse, could hardly surpass mine during that miserable night. My feelings were, if possible, heightened by the absolute necessity of concealing what I endured under a smiling countenance; this, however, I could only hope to effect by the assistance of wine, which I poured down in quantities, in hopes of drowning care and stifling conscience.

To augment my distress, which intoxication, without bereaving me of my senses, could but little allay, on returning to the company, I found them in all the enjoyment of mirth and innocence. The music had been conveyed from the lawn to the saloon, and the moment I appeared, I was solicited to join the dance. Too conscious to refuse, I was constrained to cover my anguish by assuming an air of gaiety, the most forced and unnatural. Happily the company were too much engrossed with themselves, and the amusement in which they were engaged, to observe me; but the dance being ended, Lady Linrose, my beloved Lady Linrose, approached me.

She enquired, in a tender whisper, why I had so long secluded myself from the company, and expressed her fears lest I were ill; for which apprehension, my pallid look, and an agitation not to be disguised, gave but too much cause. I answered her, as composedly as I could, that I had a severe head ach, which dancing had increased. She then

then besought me, with an anxiety that stabbed me to the soul, to fatigue myself no more ; and, carelessly repeating that it was a complaint to which I had been liable from my infancy, I turned from her the moment I could do so without appearing abrupt.

Good heavens ! cried I to myself, into what a gulf of misery have my ungoverned passions plunged me ! and what would your sufferings be, most amiable, most beloved of women, did you know the injury I have done you ! Were the fatal tale to reach your ears, how would your present tenderness instantly be converted into contempt and detestation !

These tormenting ideas made me avoid her the whole evening, and I dreaded the hour of retirement, lest, when we were alone, she should observe my distress, and renew her enquiries. My pretence of illness, however, was easily admitted by her unsuspecting mind, and I pretended to sleep, while my feelings were in a state which would admit of nothing like repose.

Next morning a party on horseback was proposed, and agreed to by all but myself. I excused myself on account of business, intending to take that opportunity to get rid of my friends and perform my promised visit to your mother, severe as was the task.

I knew not exactly the cottage in which she had taken up her abode, but, concluding it would not be difficult to find, I resolved to begin the search as soon as the company were set out.

One of the ladies, who was extremely gay, importuned me with eagerness, during breakfast, to postpone my business, for at least one half hour, and accompany her, with one or two more of my friends, in a walk to the extremity of the park, to give my opinion of a situation for a rustic temple, which she had advised my Lord to erect on a particular spot beyond the park-gate ; after which they meant to join the rest of the party, and pursue their morning rambles together.

Conscious guilt made me agree to the proposal, as I supposed I should be soon afterwards at liberty ; and I accordingly followed the young lady and my father, attended by Mr. Benfley, who was the friend to whom I was most

tenderly attached, and indeed the one who most merited my confidence and friendship, and accompanied by my dear Lady Linrose, who hung on my arm as we walked along, vainly endeavouring, by the softness of her attentions, to sooth an uneasiness, the cause of which she could not penetrate.

Just as we got out of the park, we observed a good-looking young woman, who suckled an infant, at the door of a cottage, which stood directly on the road side.

That little thing appears hardly out of the egg-shell, said Lady Linrose, in passing. How comes it, good woman, that you expose it to the air so early?

Indeed, madam, replied the woman, because it breaks my heart to enter the house. The mother of this child expired this morning, and her old father and mother are at this moment lamenting over the body in so piteous a manner, that it would melt a heart of stone to witness their distress.

These words made me shudder with the most dreadful apprehensions. But I was endeavouring to persuade the ladies, who were greatly interested by this mournful tale, to walk on, pretending great haste, when a figure presented itself to our view, which instantly arrested their steps, and rendered me motionless with horror. It was the old man himself, the father of your mother; who, having perceived me from the window of the cottage, in the frenzy of his despair, rushed out upon us. His aged withered face was pale with grief, and his whole frame shook with rage. Addressing himself instantly to me, — Come in here, detested wretch! said he; come in here, and contemplate your work! see here the fruits of your villany, in the destruction of my darling child, your true and lawful wife, who lies here, sacrificed by your treachery and murdered by your own hands!

I heard no more; but, uttering an exclamation of horror, fell insensible on the ground. Lady Linrose, shrieking with terror, threw herself by my side to support me, and Benzeley, who was more able for the task, held me in his arms as I laid.

I almost instantly recovered my senses; but, unable to stand the horrid explanation which I knew must follow;
unable

unable at that moment, when the keenest remorse began to pierce my bosom and wholly unfitted me for dissimulation, to vindicate my innocence, or even to attempt the slightest appearance of defence, while the old man's assertion was too strongly corroborated by the effects it had produced, I kept my eyes still shut, and pretended to remain in a state of insensibility.

My father stood in mute astonishment at this scene, too much confounded to unravel what it meant. The farmer's frantic violence he might have conceived to be the sudden consequences of insanity; but the situation into which his words had thrown me gave no small degree of credibility to what he had uttered, wild and extravagant as were his expressions.

What does all this mean? cried he to the farmer.

It means, returned the old man, that your son, my Lord, is a villain! yes, a perjured villain! He has married another, when my daughter has been lawfully his wife above six years, and she this morning expired a victim to his cruelty and crimes.

O horrible! exclaimed Lady Linrose; abominable wretch! How, my Lord, can you tamely submit to hear that frantic old man utter falsehoods so infamous and impossible?

Infamous it is! cried the farmer; would to heaven it had been also impossible! then had I at this instant rejoiced over a long lost and adored child, instead of mourning her miserable end in tears and distraction. O my Lord! continued the old man, subdued by grief, which now succeeded to rage and indignation, throwing himself on his knees at my father's feet, from your character I dare hope for justice: you shall speedily be convinced that my innocent child has been deluded in the most shameful manner; and, mean as is our rank, her fame must and shall be vindicated.

He then presented a paper to my father, which he entreated him to peruse. It was the certificate of my marriage with your mother; and my Lord, who by this time began to be somewhat staggered, appeared infinitely shocked on hastily throwing his eyes over the contents.

Farmer,

Farmer, said he, hesitating, and in much agitation, I believe my son may have injured your daughter ; in which case, all the reparation she could have claimed, or you can now ask, shall be granted to you ; but, as to his having made her his wife, that is an assertion which she has evidently invented to save her credit with you after her fall, and the falshood of such a pretence is enough to persuade you that she has not been without her share of the guilt. My son is, as you see, sufficiently affected with the unfortunate catastrophe, and I am very far from vindicating his conduct : on the contrary, all that can now be done to appease and console you is undoubtedly his duty ; but, in what manner this is to be effected, we must afterwards consider. I shall take another opportunity of talking with you on this subject.

Come, madam, said he to Lady Linrose, who, breathless with apprehension, had remained during this conversation in all the stupor of silent horror. Pray lean on my arm, and let us be gone from this place. Let us leave my son to the care of his friend. He is in no situation to justify himself at present. We ought therefore to suspend our opinion of his behaviour till he can explain matters fully. All that he is accused of is utterly impossible.

Young men, even the very best of them, continued he, as he obliged her unwillingly to walk away, supported by his arm, and accompanied by her companion, are but too prone to vices, which, in the more advanced periods of their lives, they reflect on with regret and remorse. As to the ridiculous story of the marriage, I hope it gives you not the smallest uneasiness.

I cannot leave him thus, cried Lady Linrose, whose voice now burst through the sobs and tears which had stopped her utterance. But my Lord urged her strongly, and her friend so earnestly besought her to leave me to Bensley's care, that she at last unwillingly attempted to go, though she often reverted her eyes, and was yet in sight, though at some distance, when Bensley saw her drop on the ground.

As soon as the ladies departed with my father, I opened my eyes. The farmer darted a look of enraged indignation at me, and walked sorrowfully into the cottage almost immediately ;

immediately ; before the door of which this dreadful scene had been transacted, and into which the woman and the child had retreated at the beginning ; though I perceived that she had brought more than one face to the window, to remark the consternation into which the company had been thrown.

Only my friend Benseley therefore remained ; and even him I dreaded to look on, though he laboured to sooth me with words of comfort. O Benseley ! cried I, as soon as I could find courage to speak, lead me from this spot, where every object conveys horror inexpressible ! I will explain all to you hereafter ; but at present my mind is incapable of talking, thinking, or acting for myself.

Would you return to the castle ? cried he.

O God ! any where but to the castle. Hide me for ever from all beneath its roof, and most of all from my amiable, my injured —

I dared not add *wife* ; my lips, at that moment of anguish, refused to bestow that appellation, except on the still more injured deceased.

I supported myself on my friend's arm, and shame supplying the place of strength, we were soon out of sight of the cottage, and of Lady Linrose.

Tell me, cried Benseley, as we walked slowly on, tell me, I intreat you, what all this means ? I confound myself in vain to unravel the mystery. What am I to think of the situation in which I see you ? I perceive you accuse yourself of the poor girl's death ; but country-girls do not break their hearts from having made a false step ; and it may have been with much more probability merely owing to the circumstances of her situation ; in which case, though you have certainly reason to reproach yourself, if she was innocent and seduced, yet there may be many alleviating circumstances to reconcile you to yourself, and to excuse you even in the eyes of Lady Linrose.

O Benseley ! mention not her name ! (covering my face with my hands, as if terrified at the idea of beholding her.)

Good heavens ! my Lord, what do you mean ?

I mean, that she has not, and never never could have had a title to that name.

God

God in heaven! what do you tell me? exclaimed he in horror. What is it you force me to suspect?

Talk not on this subject, cried I. I am unable to bear it. Would to God that the earth could open under my feet, and swallow within its bowels a wretch unworthy to crawl on its surface!

For heaven's sake endeavour to compose yourself, my dear Linrose, cried he. But where do you intend going?

I answered, to town; where I could more easily bury myself from the world, and hide my head from every eye that had a chance of recognizing me.

Benfeley then entreated me to moderate the transports of my despair, and to walk forwards towards a village where horses could be provided. This he could not for some time prevail on me to attempt; but, at last, the desire of secluding myself induced me to wish to be in London as soon as possible, and we made the most of our way till we approached near the village. My friend, though afraid to leave me by myself in that situation of mind, after vainly striving to calm the tumults of my distraction, and receiving my solemn promise to attempt no act of violence in his absence, then departed to provide a post-chaise from the inn. I confess, that, had not my oath withheld my arm when I was left alone, I was hardly enough master of myself to have resisted the temptation of putting a period to my existence; but Benfeley, who dreaded the wildness of my despair, hastened the execution of his orders, and soon returned to me in the carriage.

We travelled post, for my friend would not desert me in that moment of affliction, and procured lodgings the most private in an obscure part of the city. Instead of upbraiding me, he performed unceasingly the kindest offices of friendship; and, perceiving me sufficiently penetrated with a sense of the criminality and weakness of my conduct, and entirely overpowered by the calamities which had resulted from it, not to myself alone, but to those I passionately loved, and indeed to all who were connected with me, he not only forbore to probe my wounds too severely, but exerted himself to plan what steps I ought next to pursue; and I, who was unable to think for myself, received a feeble ray of satisfaction on finding I

still possessed a friend who would not abandon me, and that my crimes had not made this earth completely a desert to me.

Immediately on my arrival, I was seized with a violent fever, attended with a delirium, in the intervals of which I heartily wished the disease might prove the termination of all my distresses. My friend, who never quitted my bed-side, on this occasion wrote, by my desire, a letter to my father, acquainting him with my situation, and confessing to him every circumstance of my misconduct. This I had no intention now of concealing; and a full confession of the truth, in my situation, was the only virtue I could testify. Benzeley informed him, that, unable to shew my face to the world, or again to meet the eyes of the woman I had so unpardonably, so irreparably injured, from the violence of a passion which knew no bounds, and would give way to no restraints, and sensible that I merited only scorn and abhorrence from her, I was firmly determined, should I recover, which was an event he well knew I heartily wished never might take place, to spend the remainder of my days in a foreign country, and to bury myself in solitude and obscurity, where my name should be unheard of and my crimes unknown.

To this my father returned an answer, dictated by all that resentment I had so unjustly incurred. He desired Benzeley to inform me, that my offences were of a nature that reflected not only infamy on myself, but disgrace and contamination on all who had the misfortune of being allied to me; that he had endeavoured all in his power, not from regard to my fate, but from anxiety to preserve the family-honour untarnished, to persuade the father and his wife to silence, in hopes that the horrid train of iniquity which had led to such calamities might be, at least in part a secret from the world; but the old people, above being either bribed or soothed into this measure, held their determination unalterable, of vindicating the injured fame of their deceased daughter, and were in possession of sufficient evidence to prove the truth of that unmanly and detestable transaction; that, for his part, he could

not help approving their inflexibility, and was not even certain if he was justifiable in having attempted to screen a wretch, though his own son, from the assured consequences of blasted and irretrievable honour, which ever receives its due punishment in the contempt, abhorrence, and desertion, of the world; and which, being driven from society and shunned by mankind, is forced to hide its miserable head in obscurity, where not one ray of comfort alleviates the just though rigorous sentence.

Happy had it been, continued his Lordship, for his whole family, had he breathed his last, ere he cast so foul a stain on all connected with him. As to his present illness, all that can be wished for by his unfortunate relations is, that time may be granted him to repent of the many evils into which his misconduct has involved them and himself. He next mentioned Lady Linrose,—my dear Lady Linrose! At the sound of her name I shuddered. Let me know no further, cried I to Bensley, whom I had constrained unwillingly to read aloud the letter to me; yet the next moment, my anxiety being insupportable, I insisted on hearing all. She had been violently ill, had been given over by her physicians, and was still in the most alarming situation, though for the present the fever appeared to have given way to medicine. But what was even ten thousand times worse than this, and rendered me absolutely frantic with despair, her mind, no less than her tender frame, had suffered. She never had been herself since that fatal, that accursed day. If the wretch, said my father in his letter, is sensible to the many shocking calamities which his crimes have produced, you may add to the list, that of having driven to madness the loveliest and most amiable of her sex.

In the state I then was, it may easily be concluded that a severe relapse could not fail to be the consequence of this dreadful information; and it was more than once my intention to put a final period to my existence by my own hand; but heaven interposed to save me from an action which would have filled up the measure of my iniquities, and my friend at length brought me to a more temperate frame of mind.

During

During this period, an old servant, who is since dead, whom I had ever considered more on the footing of a friend than a domestic, as he had once known better days, and had attended me from my youth, contrived, by what means I know not, to discover the place of my concealment. He had been left with the rest of my attendants at the castle; but, on hearing of my misconduct, easily conjecturing my situation, his faithful attachment determined him to find me out, and to intreat my acceptance of his attendance in whatever part of the globe I should fix my residence. He had in some particular instances regarded himself as under peculiar obligations to me, and with a gratitude and fidelity rarely to be met with in higher and more refined spheres, resolved to attach himself to me. By his means I learned every minute circumstance of the death of your mother, and all the particulars which preceded that dismal event. He had gained his intelligence from the woman who possessed the cottage, and answered my interrogatories with an accuracy which I never should have received from other hands, and which must have augmented my despair, had that been possible.

As soon as I was able to reason or reflect with any sort of composure, Benfeley brought you, my beloved children, to me, which was indeed the only shape which comfort could have assumed to touch my heart. The sight of my Hermione, whose countenance recalled her injured mother strongly to my mind, and in whose infant-features the expression of her mother's sweetness and her virtues were strikingly marked, brought the soothing relief of tears, the first that despair had permitted to flow; and the only idea, which afforded any thing like satisfaction to my soul, was the resolution of retiring abroad with my children, and devoting the rest of my life to their education, to fortify their minds with such principles as might deter them from guilt, and deliver them from calamities like their father's. This employment I considered as the only satisfaction I could offer to the memory of your unfortunate mother; and I flatter myself, that, if she could look down, it would give her angelic mind pleasure, even in paradise, to behold me instilling into the minds of her children sentiments congenial with her own.

This determination my father approved, and informed Benfeley, who acted as agent between us, that he would settle an annal pension upon me, for which I was to sign a formal resignation of all claims to what might have devolved to me at his death, and which would spare him the mortification of dreading any litigation in future between me and my brother, who, on this dismal event, had been reinstated in his Lordship's favour, and with his wife and a numerous family was recalled from Ireland, the place of his constant residence ever since his limited finances had constrained him to leave the army.

I stipulated, in place of the pension, for twenty thousand pounds, which sum was placed in the funds, and the annal interest has been remitted to me by Benfeley since my residence here, with all the zeal of sincere friendship. Through his means I made enquiry about my little infant-boy, whose birth had been marked by events so dreadful, and had the misfortune to learn that he survived not above a fortnight, and the old people mourned their daughter's death once more in the loss of the child she had bequeathed to their care.

To that miserable old couple, whose days I had loaded with unmitigated sorrow, I remitted every year a certain sum by unknown hands, being conscious that from the hated hands of the murderer of their child they never would have accepted the gift. But, within five years after my departure, Benfeley informed me that the pension was no longer necessary, a fever having carried off the old man in his seventieth year, and his wife followed him a few months after.

My melancholy relation now draws towards a conclusion; for, as soon as my illness would admit of a removal, I bade adieu to England for ever. It was not, you may easily conceive, my children, without feelings unspeakably painful that I departed, nor without a tear which wrung my heart that I was separated from Benfeley. Though tenderly attached to you both, the only ties which connected me with mankind, you were but in infancy; and your innocent prattling, interesting as it was to the partial ears of a father, could yet but ill supply the society of a friend tried and approved. With a mind

so unfitted for reflection, my solitude must at first have been insupportable, had I not regarded every pang I endured as a just penance for offences hardly to be expected and never to be forgotten.

Submission to heaven, and a proper sense of that religion which leads even the greatest criminals to trust for pardon if penitent, has supported me, and my sufferings have now subsided into a settled melancholy, which at times has even something not unpleasing in it, and which admits of all the rational comforts of life, in the enjoyment of the society of my children, and even a delight in contemplating the success of my labours for their improvement; but these satisfactions must ever be mixed with that alloy which remembrance mingles with every rising consolation. This temper renders my company little amusing to those whom accident has introduced to my acquaintance, and on the other hand wholly unfits me for intercourse with the world, so that I have continued to live from choice in a retirement which has been only once enlivened by a kind visit of some months from my dear Bensley, and, within these two years, by the agreeable society of my friend Mr. Howard, whose acquaintance and friendship I regard as a signal favour from heaven to soothe and console me. He has indeed beguiled many a lonely hour by the mild good sense of his conversation,—hours which otherwise would have proved dismal and irksome; for, where reflexion gives no comfort, time fails of its usual power of lulling pain.

Immediately on my departure, I assumed the name of Seymour, that no trace might remain to lead any of my former acquaintance to the knowledge of my abode. Even the good woman, Mrs. Benton, whom Bensley procured to take charge of you as governess, knew me but under that borrowed appearance, and was ignorant to her death of the truth. That event, which happened some years after I settled at B——, obliged me unwillingly to send you to the convent of ——, for further instruction in the different branches of education, instead of supplying her loss by another tutress in the same line; for, though this might have been perhaps procured, I knew not where to apply. Bensley was not at that time in a situation, from
various

various circumstances, to exert himself in finding a person properly qualified, and he was the only one on whom I could rely in a matter of such infinite moment.

I did not think myself at liberty to deprive either of you of the little accomplishments of your sex, the principal advantages resulting from which are the amusement they bestow in solitude; neither did I consider it as allowable to seclude you from forming those soft ties and delightful connexions of friendship, with girls of your own age, which are the growth of that happy period of our lives, and almost belong solely to it; while, on the other hand, besides parting from you for so long a space of time, I was under great apprehensions lest your infant-minds should be tinged, during your abode in the monastery, with the errors of the Roman catholic persuasion.

I determined, however, to place you there for two years, and I bless heaven I have had reason in no respect to regret the sacrifice I made for Hermione's improvements, nor shall I, I trust, in future, for that of my dear Fanny.

I am now come to the conclusion of my painful recital. Adieu, my beloved children! When these lines are presented to your view, I trust you will draw that veil over my errors with which affection ever softens and obscures the perception of the faults of those we love. I do not wish you to excuse my conduct: do not attempt it, for of none will I admit. Abhor my crimes, but try to distinguish your father from his transgressions, and preserve, if possible, for my memory, that unabated tenderness and duty which have constituted the sole consolation of a life worn out with remorse, and devoted to repentance,—a repentance, the sincerity of which heaven, I trust, has accepted. Should the Almighty take me to himself before you have engaged yourselves protectors in the married state, my friend Bensley has faithfully engaged to be a second parent to you: to him, therefore, I bequeath you; and I desire that you may ever regard him as my successor in your obedience and affections. On him you may safely rely, who would have saved your father from destruction, had he profited from his example, and who saved him from despair, though he slighted and neglected it.

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I am not without hopes that your grandfather, though too justly irritated against me, may, through my friend's medium, receive you to his favour, when the idea of my existence no longer disturbs the repose of his declining days ; and I inclose a letter to him, which I desire may be presented by your own hands.

Once more adieu, my beloved children ! May the great God of Heaven graciously attend to the prayers I daily pour forth for your integrity and welfare ! and may he ever defend you under the shadow of his wings from harm and calamity ; but, above all, from those which result from misconduct.

LINROSE.

THE
HISTORY
OF
MR. FALKLAND.

[FROM ELVINA.]

I AM the only child my mother ever had, and consequently was reared with all the care and tenderness that an only child generally is. Yet, notwithstanding all maternal vigilance, I was either born with some inward defect, or by some hurt acquired it. I passed school, and then to college, with as much applause as any of my class fellows ; and, had I not wanted health, might have been happy, and the delight of my family.—But it was not
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to be! and, indeed, I have reason to think my situation shortened my father's days. I spent as much of my time at an uncle's as at home, — a brother of my mother's. There was a large family of young people; they were all fond of me, and I was happy when I was with them.

Among my female cousins there was one fairer than the rest; her it was natural for me to distinguish. In all trifling matters that occurred, I gave her the preference; — she was always my partner in the dance, and, in riding, walking, or any other amusement, we contrived to be together. In short, all our neighbours declared us to be lovers, and our family thought so too, and encouraged the idea. We were both very young, and had seen but little of the world. Louisa was the prettiest woman that I had ever seen, and I imagined that I was very much in love with her. My mother, who was a Clelia, or any other heroine of romance in her time that you are pleased to think of, rather promoted than suppressed our juvenile passion. About this time my health was in a very critical state, and, upon consulting all the first physicians in Ireland, it was pronounced absolutely necessary for me to go to a warmer climate for the winter, as the only chance I had for life. Louisa was in the utmost affliction. Our marriage had been talked of as a thing that was to take place, but no particular time had ever been mentioned; my going abroad brought matters to a crisis, and, in the presence of all our family, we exchanged mutual vows of love and eternal constancy, and at that time, I am sure, with the utmost sincerity on both sides. We joined hands, and considered ourselves as man and wife; the ceremony was not to be performed till my return. Gregory had been about me from my birth, and was the only person that accompanied me.

We sat off amidst many tears and embraces on all sides. I pushed forward, as fast as I was able to travel, to the warm baths in the South of France. I had been there some weeks, and thought I was receiving great benefit, — had written the most flattering accounts to my friends of the improvement in my health, and particularly to Louisa, to whom I poured forth a heart full of love and hope,

that the day was fast approaching on which I should call her mine.

As I constantly attended the baths and public walks, I observed there came every day an old lady, supported by one of the most beautiful young women that I had ever beheld. An air of fashion and elegance, with infinite grace in all the motions, (particularly of the younger,) and the number of attendants that constantly waited upon them, bespoke them of rank and fortune; and, upon enquiring, I was told they were the widow and daughter of the Count de Liancourt, one of the first families in Italy.

Insensibly, and by involuntary motion, I frequented every place that it was likely I should see the lovely De Liancourt, and flattered myself sometimes that I was not totally overlooked by her.

One day, as the company were walking, my eyes as usual rivetted on this fair one, I saw the Countess falling to the ground. I darted forward, and caught her in my arms; her foot had entangled in the train of her gown, and she sprained her ancle. I supported her to a seat, and, leaving her to the care of her daughter, called her carriage. While it was coming, she thanked me in the most earnest manner, and requested she might know to whom she had the honour to be so much obliged. I told her my name, and her carriage being come up I lifted her into it.

At parting she gave me a polite invitation to call on them. Their house was situated a little way out of town for the better air. In the evening I sent to know how the Countess did, and received a card of invitation to spend the following evening with them. My heart felt a transport and palpitation such as it never before experienced in the smallest degree, at the thought of visiting Mademoiselle De Liancourt. I dressed myself with peculiar care, and thought the hour would never come that was to take me there. At length I went, and was received by the Countess with the most flattering civility; her daughter's reception of me was not less gracious, but it was in a different manner; it was more expressed in her looks than by her voice. There was no other company, and I had an opportunity, though in so short a time, to know

that the beauty of Matilda (brilliant as it was) was her least advantage. The enchanting graces of her manners, and the charms of her truly elegant and accomplished mind, far surpassed any thing I could have formed an idea of. Time flew like lightning, and my carriage had been in waiting for me hours before I thought one had passed.

But, to shorten my story, an intimacy commenced, that I took every opportunity to improve to the advantage of my love,—and the sweet Matilda, in whose bosom ingenuous candour had placed her throne, did not conceal from me the favourable sentiments with which I had inspired her; and love soon drew the fond confession from her heart that I was dear to it. She however, at the same time, told me that our love was entirely hopeless, for that her brothers, who were also her guardians, were proud and revengeful, and my not being of nobility was quite sufficient to ensure their disapprobation; that my being a heretic was also an unsurmountable obstacle; but, however, she had no doubt that my love for her would induce me to change my religion, if the rest could be got over; which, she feared, was impossible, as they were entirely devoted to the interest of the Count d'Olivastro, whom they knew she hated.

That the time of attendance on her mother at the baths was a sort of respite from being married to the Count, but now, no power on earth should force her to be his wife. Her mother, she said, would do any thing to make her happy, but her brothers were absolute in authority, and she was obliged to acquiesce in their determinations. — However, she was sure she could never flatter herself that her mother would give her consent to her marriage with me, though she would not insist on her marrying the Count.

In this delightful intercourse we lived for some months, the Countess not suspecting me, nor doubting her daughter. When they were to bend their course homewards, I prepared to follow them, for not to be near Matilda was not to exist. When they arrived at Milan, (for they stopped to make a visit on the way) I waited upon them at their house, and was introduced to the young noblemen. I was treated by them with great civility, and
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even a shew of friendship, so long as they thought I had no design,—and six months more fled in the society of the woman I adored. My health was not worse, nor yet was it better, but to all enquiries from Ireland I returned the most melancholy accounts, lest they might expect my return, as the time I had purposed was long passed. When I thought of Louisa, it was a dagger to my heart; but the instant that I saw Matilda I was healed again, and forgot I was a villain.

The Count d'Olivaastro became pressing for his happiness to be completed, and Matilda, after having evaded her answers as long as she could, absolutely refused to receive him for her husband. Astonishment, succeeded by rage, burst forth from her brothers! Her mother intreated her, but she answered only by her tears.

I believe the Countess then began to suspect that I was the cause, though she said nothing; but, at last, the suspicions of the Count d'Olivaastro and Matilda's brothers fell on me. They stormed, and vowed to make an instant sacrifice of me to their revenge. Matilda found means to let me know it, and that, by the contrivance of her page, she could see me for five minutes, as she had a request to make to me.

I waited at the appointed place, and was conducted to a room when all the family were in bed. She told me again of her brother's resolution, and intreated me to leave Italy that night. I directly refused it, urging, that it would confirm their suspicions of my being guilty of something I was afraid to avow; and that, since matters had come to that extremity, I was determined to declare my pretensions to her love, and to brave the malice of all her relations; — that I disclaimed every idea of her fortune, but that her person I would assert a right to while I had life.

She fell at my feet, embraced my knees in a transport of grief, and implored me to yield to her intreaties; that her death must be the immediate consequence of mine, and that if I would live to be her protector I must leave her now; that we might meet again in some happier moment; but, if I staid in the way, she should certainly lose her senses, and then all must out. I raised her in my

arms, and attempted to sooth her, but in vain; — she would hear of nothing but my departure, and promised to let me know of their proceedings and her own, and to preserve her life for me, or not at all. After a great deal of persuasion, I consented. We had little time for adieus. She clasped me to her bosom,—"May Heaven and all its holy angels preserve my Falkland for his Matilda!"—then, breaking from me, ran into her closet and fastened the door. I stood unable to articulate or move, and might have remained there till morning, had not the page led me away.

When I came to any sort of recollection, I desired Gregory to put up a few of my clothes, and to tell the people where I lodged that I was going to a friend's, a few leagues from Milan. I took him into the carriage, and drove towards the Spanish side. I got off unmolested to the borders of the coast, and there stayed in all the torture of suspense for the fate of Matilda. Many times I was upon the point of returning. I had changed my name, and disguised my person, and lived entirely alone. Thus I passed six months, and there and at that time I met Sir Edward Hastings. We had been slightly acquainted in France, had often been in company together, but no intimacy.

He recognized me immediately, notwithstanding the disguise and secrecy I lived in. I strove to avoid him, but he still sought me out upon every occasion, and pressed his company upon me. I pleaded ill health for my wish to live retired, and, knowing him to be a gay man, we were very unfit companions for each other; indeed, by that time, with disease of body, added to that of mind, I was quite heart broken. The deep mourning I was in for my father gave an additional melancholy to my appearance, as well as increased the gloom of my mind;—his loss was a severe affliction to me.

One morning Sir Edward called rather early, and said that he was come to breakfast with me. We had been some time seated: "Falkland, (said he,) I seem troublesome and impertinent, by pressing my company on you unsought for, but I cannot be at ease while I see you a prey to grief in solitude. Something there is, I am sure,
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more than ill health.—Trust me, and tell me, can I serve you in any manner of way? My heart is open to friendship, and my fortune would be my torment, did I think there was one worthy man on earth that could dispose of it better than myself and had it not.” I grasped his hand,—I could not immediately answer him. The bursting heart, whose pent-up sorrow had met a friend unexpectedly ready to relieve and partake them, is perhaps more affected than it can possibly be upon any other occasion.—He saw the struggle of my feelings, and gave me time to recover. I then told him all my situation, from the time of my quitting Ireland, concealing nothing from him, and my apprehensions that Matilda had been forced into a marriage with the Count, or was dead, or confined; in short, all that my fears suggested; and my determination to go to Milan and learn some account of her. To this he strongly objected, but offered to go instead of me, as he could do it with safety.

We then arranged our affairs, and he was to set off in two days for Milan. In the interim, as we were sauntering through the least frequented paths of the town, a boy, with a letter in his hand, accosted Sir Edward, and asked if his name was Falkland. He said yes, and took the letter, directing the boy to his lodgings. I was agitated beyond measure. We opened the letter: it was from Matilda, in which she said, that she had suffered much from the persecutions of her brothers and the Count; that she had been closely confined, and the next week was to be shut up in a convent for life; that she had resolved to commit herself to my honour and protection; that she intended to escape in the boy's clothes that brought the letter, and desired me to meet her on the way.

Nothing could equal the joy I felt at this resolution;—it was beyond my most sanguine hopes. Sir Edward reminded me to compose myself, as we were in the street, to avoid notice. We repaired to his lodgings, and agreed to go together to meet Matilda, for fear of a surprise from her brothers or their emissaries. We set out the next day, but first sent the boy with my answer to Matilda.

We waited two days at a small village adjoining Italy, but no signs of Matilda. My uneasiness was so great,
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that, in spite of every effort or argument that Sir Edward could make use of, I was prepared to go forward to meet her, and to Milan, if I found her no where else.

As we were in this miserable state of suspense, two boys came to the door to ask if they could have a night's lodging. The woman said no, that her's were engaged, and was directing them to another house, when Sir Edward, passing the hall, knew the boy who had brought the letter. He instantly conducted them into the room where I was, and shutting the door left us. I was lost in thought, and did not look up till a voice roused me. "And does Falkland then refuse to receive his Matilda?" — In a moment we were locked in each other's embrace. My sweet angel was worn out with ill treatment, and harrassed with the fatigue of her journey, which she was obliged to make as she could, for fear of being discovered.

We all thought it better not to stay there, so we told the people of the house that, as the boys were going our road, we would take them with us. After procuring the best refreshment we could, we ordered carriages; Matilda in one with me, and Sir Edward took her attendant with him. The first place we stopped at we disguised ourselves as two peasants, and were married, and I should have been the happiest of mortals, could I have seen my loved Matilda so; but, though she every hour gave me new proofs of her affection for me, still I saw that something weighed heavy on her mind. I told her so. "Falkland, (said she,) I here solemnly declare, that my happiness could not admit of increase, if I had once received my mother's pardon and blessing; but the anguish that my flight must have caused her, and the pangs that I have planted in her heart, rebound back upon my own, and sticks there. The humblest dwelling and most scanty fare with you would be bliss to me, and a diadem, without you, wretchedness; but all our earthly enjoyments must have some alloy. Had I been permitted to call you mine, with the approbation of my family, I should have been too, too blessed!" Time, however, reconciled Matilda in some degree, and, as for me, in possession of the idol of my soul, I thought of nothing else but her: and within the year our happiness received great addition by the birth of
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of our little girl. I was doubly rejoiced, as I saw that Matilda's thoughts were engaged with her child, and the smile of happiness once more beamed on her lovely face.—We had at first settled in a very remote village in Germany, and still lived in obscurity under a borrowed name ;—but we were all the world to each other, and in some months more Matilda shewed signs of a further increase to our family.

As so much time had elapsed, we thought we might venture a little more into the country to a larger town.—My disorder was growing very troublesome, and my poor Matilda, terrified at the bare idea of losing me, urged for us to go where I might have assistance ; and I was the readier prevailed on, as I wished to procure for her many things in her present situation that the place we were in could not furnish us with.

I wrote to Sir Edward of our intention : he generously came to us directly to take our commands, and to do any thing for us that we wished. We agreed upon the place, and he went there and provided a house and every thing necessary, and came back to conduct us to it. Here we were as happy as possible. Sir Edward spent the greatest part of every day with us, and our little girl was our delight. But now, Elvina, how shall I tell you the rest ! It harrows up my very soul but to think of it ! Would to God that I had died on the instant !”

(Here Falkland sunk down on the sofa in a violent passion of tears.—After some time he proceeded :

“ As we laid one morning in bed, our infant having just left us to go into the garden with her maid, our door burst suddenly open, and in rushed two men, with daggers drawn in their hands, who stabbed Matilda in my arms, with these words, Die, wretch ! die, infidel ! They both gave the blow at the same moment, and as suddenly disappeared. The quickness with which it all happened, if I had had the power, would have prevented my saving her, or warding off the blow. I raved and tore my hair, rang the bell, and strove to stop the flowing blood from the wounds, all by turns, without knowing what I did ; my unhappy wife had just strength enough to articulate “ My brothers !” and fainted away.

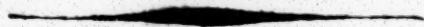
Gregory was soon acquainted with the whole, and had flown to Sir Edward. He came upon the instant, with the best assistance that could be procured. My dear Matilda languished two days, and then resigned her soul to heaven. All my powers had been exhausted at the first; the latter part I was quite delirious, and obliged to be tied down in my bed.

Sir Edward never left us. He was with my poor wife when she expired, and took her last commands for her miserable and distracted husband. He took the care of every thing on himself, both of the funeral and of my family, and stayed with me till I was restored to my reason. It was necessary for me to leave a place that presented nothing but horror; and, taking my child into my arms, I got into a carriage with Sir Edward, and bid him dispose of me as he liked: and if my life (which I sincerely hoped) was not to be of long continuance, I left him guardian to my little Matilda, who would inherit my fortune, strictly charging him never to let her mother's family know where she was.

It was impossible, as I was often confined to my bed, to keep Matilda with me, having no female with whom I could trust her; and we were both a great confinement upon Sir Edward. He said, "If I would allow him to begin his guardianship of the child now, he would dispose of her with safety." It was death for me to think of it. She was all that was left me that could give pleasure to my eyes for the short time I had to stay on earth. I was for some days endeavouring to gain fortitude sufficient to part with her. At last I did. I wept over my darling infant, and, clasping her to my heart, besought heaven to bless her, and to make her happier than her disconsolate father or her angelic mother. Sir Edward took her away from me; the conflict was almost too much for me, but once over I believe I was the better.—Matilda's prattle of her mother killed me.

At this time I had a letter from my mother, saying, that the accounts of my state of health were so dreadful, that she had resolved to make her way into France, that she might see me once more before death had deprived her of me for ever. I wished still to change the scene to any

any place but Ireland, and offered to meet her here at Bath, which was agreed upon. She has never known of my marriage, nor do I wish she should. She is romantic about her niece, and my health is a good plea for not fulfilling my engagement to her. And let me be a warning against making engagements before we know what we are about. I know that I never loved Louisa, and were I, from a point of honour, to offer her myself, what have I left to bestow but a shattered frame and a broken heart?



T H E

D R U I D.

A T A L E.

[FROM THE TALES OF IMAGINATION.]

WHEN the all-conquering sword of the Romans had penetrated into the southern part of Wales, and ensanguined the hostile plain with the blood of her most distinguished heroes, Modred, the sage, sought a retreat from the desolating rage of war. He was a Druid, renowned for his piety and wisdom; yet he had lived to see the holy altar besprinkled with the blood of its priests, and the sacred groves polluted by the crimes of a licentious soldiery.

The asylum he chose was a spacious cave, divided by the hand of nature into a variety of apartments. An obscure path led to it by a gentle descent, and by a variety of intricate windings seemed to pronounce it inaccessible, but to those whom the friendly hand of the Druid guided:

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thus sequestered, it formed a retreat for innocence and virtue.

Here the tender virgin fled to escape violation, and the modest matron insult; and here the widow and the fatherless sought protection and consolation: here too the hardy veteran, covered with wounds, oftentimes repaired from the battle, and, healed by the sage's pious care, returned with renewed strength and vigour to the fight. Every morn and eve Modred was seen prostrate beneath a venerable grove of oak, which graced the side of a hill, that rose at a small distance from his habitation; there he erected the sacred altar, and, agreeably to the custom of his revered ancestors, laid on it the sacred oblation of meal. Thus passed his days, in prayer, contemplation, and acts of benevolence. His drink was from a clear streamlet, that distilled from a rock out of which his rude dwelling was formed, and his food salubrious herbs, which grew within the precincts of his habitation. Such was Modred, the Druid; in whom the simplicity of childhood and the wisdom of old age were observed to unite.

One day, having wandered beyond the bounds he usually prescribed himself, in pursuit of medicinal herbs, he observed the ground to be distained with several drops of blood, and, perceiving, a few paces farther, that it widened into a tract of considerable dimensions, his humanity prompted him to follow it. It led him to a spot of ground, on which a person in armour laid extended: he appeared to be in a swoon, and, his beaver being up, Modred could discern that he was in the flower of his age.

The Druid perceived by his armour that he belonged to the Roman army; but compassion for the helpless state in which he beheld him caused him at that instant to forget all animosity; he raised him in his arms, and applied a sovereign cordial, that he always carried about him, to his lips, a few drops of which greatly revived him, but he was nevertheless so extremely exhausted, from loss of blood, that he in vain attempted to rise upon his feet. Modred, finding the stranger incapable of rising without other assistance than he was able to give, hastened back to the cavern, and returned with all speed, accompanied by Guiderius.

Guiderius

Guiderius was the most valiant of all the British youths who fearless lifted the sword in defence of liberty. Nature had formed his person in her most perfect mould, and given to his manners a polish which art often denies to her most favoured votaries. His courage had been manifest in many battles which he had fought with the common enemy, and it was united with clemency and generosity. By the assistance of this youth the stranger was supported to Modred's cavern; but, as he was a Roman, they first took the precaution to blindfold him, lest, being an enemy, he should make observations relative to the situation of the place, which might hereafter prove to their disadvantage.

Having conducted him into the cavern, they took the bandage from his eyes, unbraced his armour, and laid him on a couch of the softest moss; the Druid then examined his wounds, which he found by care might speedily be healed, and applying to them some herbs, which he knew to be of the most sovereign efficacy, left him awhile to his repose. An hour being elapsed, he renewed his visit, and found the stranger so much recovered by the remedies applied to his wounds, together with a gentle sleep, from which, on Modred's entrance, he awoke, that he was able, in a faint voice, to enquire into whose hands he had fallen; but, presently recollecting they were Britons, he testified by his countenance that he expected little mercy at their hands.

The Druid, guessing at what passed in his mind, endeavoured to dispel his apprehensions. "Youth, (said he,) you are in the hands of those whom your nation call barbarians; but, though strangers to the specious arts used by civilized nations to glose over the basest designs, the Britons are not unacquainted with the virtues of hospitality and humanity. They love victory, but they delight not in blood: dispel your fears therefore, and rest assured that, while you remain in the cave of Modred, the Druid, you shall be secure from danger or insult."

The Roman was much struck with this unexpected generosity, though he could not help giving it a thought, whether this behaviour might not be assumed to conceal more hostile designs; but, as with true Roman fortitude, he was prepared to meet the best or worst strokes of for-

tune with an equal mind, he suffered it not to affect the composure which, in his present state, was necessary to his recovery.

In the morning, the Druid found his guest wonderfully recovered, who informed him, that he was an officer in the Roman army ; that he had left the camp, which was stationed within a day's march of that place, in company with five others of the troop ; their design being, he confessed, to make discoveries concerning the state of the enemy ; but his men being, as he imagined, suborned by a brother-officer, between whom and himself there had been some trifling difference, they had basely turned their arms against him, and left him for dead on the spot where the Druid first discovered him. He expressed the warmest acknowledgements for the kind treatment he had received, and, at Modred's request, followed him to the outer part of the cave, where a number of persons, of different sex and age, were assembled, being that morning returned from sacrifice.

Among these, the superior beauty of the fair Elsimena arrested the attention of the young Roman. Her stature arose considerably above her companions, and, like her features, was formed with the most exact symmetry ; a thousand beauties played round her mouth : her cheek disclosed a tincture pure as the opening rose ; and her hair, which, to use the language of the poet, was "crisped like golden wire," floated over her shoulders in all the wild negligence of nature. From the playful hours of infancy, Elsimena had known no other parent than Modred ; to his care a mother's dying breath had bequeathed her, and the pious sage religiously discharged the sacred trust reposed in him. He watched over her with the attention and care of a fond parent, and received from Elsimena the grateful return of filial tenderness and obedience. Guiderius had long resigned his heart at the shrine of Elsimena's beauty, nor was the fair maid insensible of his merit ; on the contrary, Guiderius held her affections captive. She burnt with an equal flame, and a short period was to see them united.

Guiderius, not without uneasiness, beheld his mistress exposed to the rapturous gaze of the young Roman. He

observed that her charms touched his soul, and feared his noble mien and gallant deportment might cause Elfinena to draw between them a comparison not to his own advantage; but these modest apprehensions were dissipated, when he observed the coolness and reserve which she replied to his civilities, and how solicitous she was to disengage herself from his conversation. Claudius, for that was the name of the Roman, became every moment more enamoured of Elfinena. In the simple attire of a British maid, his heart confessed that she eclipsed the fairest Roman; but he had the mortification to find that she was insensible to every thing he could urge in behalf of his passion, and that her heart was solely devoted to Guiderius.

Three days insensibly glided away, which the enamoured Claudius, happy in the presence of Elfinena, thought no more than as so many hours; but the Druid, finding him restored to his former vigour, reminded him that it was time to depart. "We have now (said Modred) discharged the debt which humanity exacted from us in your behalf: we have received you beneath our roof, and the sacred laws of hospitality, which we revere, forbid us to exert to your disadvantage that power which we derive not from the strength of our arms or the chance of war, but by the private calamity of our enemy. But now, that you no longer claim our sufferance, it is time that you depart, since we can no longer entertain you but as the enemy of our country, the base enslaver of our rights and liberties: as such, a Briton cannot without reproach hold amicable converse with you."

The young Roman expressed the highest sense of the Druid's generosity, and lamented that he was constrained to bear arms against a country to which he was indebted for his life, and, what was still dearer, his liberty.

While Claudius thus expressed himself, the Druid tied a bandage over his eyes, in the same manner as when he first brought him to the cave, and then, with a generosity scarcely to be paralleled, consigned him to the care of Guiderius, who waited to conduct him in safety to the place where they found him.

During

During the time that Claudius was entertained in the cave of Modred, the Britons having received intelligence that the Romans were on their march to attack them, were making great preparations for a vigorous defence. On the third day the armies encamped within sight of each other, and on the morning of the fourth were drawn up in order for battle.

Ellimena having, with an aching heart, received the farewell of her beloved Guiderius, retired to the pious Druid, who, beneath the covert of a consecrated grove, (which, as it stood on a rising ground, commanded a distant view of the plain where the two armies were to engage) offered sacrifice to the gods for the success of the British arms.

The two armies engaged with equal fury, and for a long time it was doubtful on which side victory would terminate. Ellimena, from the confines of the grove, beheld her lover rush into the midst of the battle, with a courage and resolution truly heroic; but, when he leaped from the chariot, to engage the enemy sword in hand, she stretched her aching eyes in vain to distinguish him from the crowd of gallant heroes who united against the common foe.

The fight was long and desperate, but the superior number of the Romans at length prevailed; the flower of the warlike Silures were slain or taken prisoners, and the rest obliged to save themselves by flight.

Ellimena anxiously enquired of the Britons, who fled toward the hills for shelter from the victorious enemy, concerning her lover, and with anguish heard the gallant youth had fallen among the slain. Frantic with grief, she snatched a sword from one of them. "How, my brave countryman! (said she,) will you suffer the gallant heroes who fought with you this day, in defence of our liberties, to fall unrevenged? For my part, I am resolved to sell my life dearly, and not till I have myself had the consolation of dying a sword in the blood of our enemies." Saying thus, like an arrow from a bow she descended the hill, and, urged on by despair, rushed into the midst of the enemy, who had now gained the foot of it, in pursuit of
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the flying Britons, resolving, if she could not revenge the death of her lover, at least to perish in the attempt.

The Britons, animated by the conduct of Elsimena, once more faced the enemy. Ashamed of being surpassed in courage by a woman, they attacked them with redoubled fury, and, though the superior numbers of the latter rendered all hope of victory abortive, to the great loss of the Romans they fought till either they were slain or made prisoners. The Druid was in the mean while not an inactive spectator of this scene. Animated with a glorious enthusiasm, he seized the reins of a chariot, and, vaulting into the seat, drove with a desperate fury into the midst of the fight, cutting down all before him, and repeatedly discharging darts upon the enemy, till, overpowered by numbers, he was constrained to yield himself their prisoner.

But to return again to our fair heroine. Urged on by despair, she attempted to rid herself of a life which, since Guiderius was slain, could no longer afford her pleasure; but Claudius, the young Roman who had been entertained by the Druid, fortunately observed her, and made a sign to his men to surround and convey her prisoner to his tent; which was accordingly done, notwithstanding her efforts to prevent it, by endeavouring to put an end to her existence. But what was the excess of her joy, when in the tent to which she was conducted by the Roman troops, she beheld her beloved Guiderius! He was reclined on a superb sofa, and, from the wounds which he had received in battle, was extremely weak and faint; so that the unexpected sight of his mistress a prisoner, and in the tent of his rival, raised in his breast such violent emotions, that they were nearly fatal to him. Nor was Elsimena less agitated to behold her lover, contrary to her expectations, alive; yet a prisoner, and apparently on the brink of the grave. She sunk at his feet in a swoon, out of which it was some time before she was recovered by the attendants, who, by the orders of their master, treated her with the utmost respect and attention; but what afterwards contributed greatly to her recovery was, to find from the surgeon, who had examined the wounds of her lover, that they were not mortal.

Elsimena

Elfimena having, at the request of Guiderius, informed him by what means she fell into the hands of the enemy, was in return acquainted by him, that she was in the tent of the stranger who had sojourned with them in the Druid's cave; who, he had learned, was son to the Roman general. He also informed her that it was entirely owing to the humanity of Claudius he owed his life. "Overpowered (said he) by the enemy, I sunk down covered with wounds and faint with loss of blood, when the generous Roman hastily advanced to my assistance; his own soldiers bore me to this tent, where I have been treated with a respect rather due to the victor than the vanquished: thus has he rendered me his debtor for a life which must in future prove a burthen to me.

"Have better thoughts, my Guiderius," said Elfimena, supposing he alluded to the prospect of a tedious captivity; "who can tell but the grateful Roman may design the generous treatment we receive as a prelude to the freedom he means to offer you." "Indulge not that flattering thought, my Elfimena, said the youth, which, should it prove a true presage, can afford to me but small consolation. Could I enjoy the pleasures of liberty, while those of my gallant friends, who have escaped the hostile sword, linger in an irksome captivity, to swell the triumph of the insulting conqueror? Can I find joy in the life which must no longer be rendered desirable by the presence of my Elfimena?" "How! (said the fair captive,) does Guiderius suspect the faith of his Elfimena?" "Far from my breast (said the youth) be that ungenerous thought! yet my beloved Elfimena, do not I see thee captive to my rival? to one who is too powerfully awake to thy charms to forego the possession of them! O cruel thought, it wrings my very soul!"

I shall pass over the many tender melancholy things, which passed between the lovers on this subject, (which they could the more freely utter, as they found their attendants were not familiar with the Celtic tongue,) as also the solemn protestations which Elfimena made, to preserve the faith she had plighted to Guiderius inviolate, whether life or death awaited her, and inform the reader, that, the Romans having gained a complete victory over the

the Britons, Claudius returned to the tent where Elsimena and Guiderius were. He approached them both with the most obliging and respectful air, and, addressing himself to Guiderius, though his eyes insensibly inclined towards the fair captive, "Fortune (said he) is not always the friend to valour; if so, Guiderius would this day have been a conqueror. Blush not, gallant youth, (said Claudius) the Romans have little to boast of a conquest which redounds equally to the honour of the vanquished and the victor; but here, indeed, (said he, turning to Elsimena,) is a prize that may well swell the pride of conquest! Weep not, beautiful Elsimena, (continued he,) you are in the hands of one, who, though enflamed by your beauty, will not forget the respect due to your virtue and misfortunes."

Little more past at that time, Claudius being summoned to the tent of his father; who, having been in the action slightly wounded by a javelin, had ordered enquiry to be made among the prisoners for the Briton who threw it, and, further to aid the discovery, had offered life and freedom to the owner. The next day the javelin was exposed, in the tent of the Roman general, but, as the Britons fought for the most part with darts and swords, few appeared to review it, much less to own it.

News, however, was at length brought to the general, that one of the prisoners confessed himself to be the man who threw it. The Roman commander ordered him to be brought into his presence, and, having dismissed his attendants, asked him many questions concerning the manner in which he came by it. "Sir, (said Modred, for it was in truth that venerable sage,) it once belonged to a fair unfortunate, who has long since descended to the dust." The general, whose curiosity was excited by this reply, requested, with emotion, to know further particulars, which the Druid thus proceeded to relate. "When Aulus Didius (said he) succeeded the gallant Ostorius, who gained immortal honour by the conquest of our monarch, the valiant Caractacus, in the command of the Roman forces, Ethelda, the daughter of a gallant warrior, who has since fallen in defence of our liberties, was made captive by a young commander, who led a numerous le-

gion against our nation. The conqueror, struck with her beauty and respecting her misfortunes, strove to lighten her captivity by the most generous treatment; but, alas! in so doing, he imposed on her more lasting chains. She no longer viewed him but with the eyes of love, and a passion, too strong to be erased by time, took possession of her heart. The young conqueror, as I before observed, was not insensible of her charms; but Ethelda knew too well what was due to her birth and sex to yield on dishonourable terms; she repelled the sollicitation of her lover with a firmness that at once awed and increased his flame. Convinced of her merit, he at length offered her his hand, which the fair captive had not power to refuse. That very hour she became his wife, but a final separation in a short time after took place. On their march to join the Roman general, they were surprised by a body of our troops; led on by the father of Ethelda, they routed the enemy and rescued the prisoners which were taken in the former skirmish. Ethelda, from a rising ground, beheld the contest with inconceivable horror, not knowing for the success of which to direct her prayers to heaven; the liberties, and perhaps the lives of her father and countrymen, depending on the one side, and on the other, those of the man for whom she had estranged herself from both.

“The engagement was obstinate and bloody, but victory was on the point of terminating in favour of our arms, when the Romans were relieved by a troop of horse, but not before the unfortunate Ethelda had seen both her father and her husband fall.

“This reinforcement of the Romans, threw the Britons into confusion. They fled with precipitation, and escaped the sword of the enemy under covert of the night. Ethelda fled, not knowing whither, till, her strength failing, she sunk down at the door of a poor widow, who received her into her humble dwelling, and set before her some refreshment; but it was two days before she could be prevailed upon either to eat or speak. After this, she became more calm, and related to the good woman the calamities that had befallen her and caused her grief: she also declared it as her determination, never more to unite

with society, and joyfully accepted the poor widow's offer of abiding in her cottage, and partaking the small comforts her humble lot afforded. Ethelda died two years after, having first given birth to a female infant.

"I had often (continued Modred) observed her at our holy sacrifices, where she constantly appeared covered with a veil, which totally concealed her person from the eyes of men; curiosity prompted me to enquire into her story, which I learned first from the woman at whose house she sojourned, and afterwards from Ethelda herself; for it is necessary, Sir, (said Modred,) to inform you, that, although animated by the glorious cause of liberty, I for once ventured to raise the hostile sword of war in defence of my country, my office is to speak comfort to the afflicted, to utter divine mysteries, and to recommend universal peace and concord to mankind, being, to be plain, of the sacred order of Druids.

"My office gave me free access to Ethelda, who readily made me the confidant of her misfortunes, and with her last breath recommended her infant-daughter to my protection. On her death, I took the little lisper home to my abode; and, when the fury of war forced me to seek shelter in these mountains; she was the companion of my flight, and for eighteen years has been the solace of my declining age; but, alas! my Elsimena is either numbered among the dead, or must waste her blooming years in irksome captivity."

The Roman commander asked, with an emotion that caused Modred to suspect he was prompted by other motives than mere curiosity in his enquiries, what were his reasons for supposing that the daughter of Ethelda was either numbered among the dead or a captive. The sage then informed him of all he knew concerning Elsimena; how, on being told her lover had fallen in the battle, she rushed, sword in hand, into the midst of the enemy; how, by the intrepidity of her conduct, the flying troops were inspired with courage once more to face the enemy, and to revenge the death of their brave companions; and, lastly, that it had been rumoured she was a prisoner in the tent of Claudius, the general's son. Then, reverting to the former part of his discourse. "that javelin, my

Lord, (said he) with which it was my fortune to wound you, the wretched mother of Elfrimena, previous to the fatal engagement which bereft her of all she held dear, concealed in her garments, for the purpose of putting an end to her existence, should she live to see either her parent or her husband slain: but that Almighty Power, who permitted her affliction, endued her with fortitude to bear it. The weapon once belonged to her husband, and in her exile she preserved it as a precious relic, sacred to his remembrance. On her death it fell into my hand; since which, for the same reason, I have kept it, as belonging to one in whose misfortunes I was deeply interested.

"Yesterday, (continued Modred) instigated by an impulse for which I cannot account, I armed myself with it; and, when inspired by the example of my brave countrymen, I ascended the warlike chariot, resolving to yield up my life in defence of our liberties, having expended my darts, as a last effort, I threw the javelin."

"Wonderful and mysterious (said the Roman) are the ways of Providence! In me, venerable Modred behold the father of Elfrimena, and once the husband of the unfortunate Ethelda!"

"Mysterious heaven! (said the Druid,) can it be really so?"

"I fell, indeed, (said the General,) among the slain, but was not mortally wounded. The brave fellows who fought by my side bore me from the field of battle, and a short time restored me to my former vigour; but my blooming bride was for ever lost. I caused strict search to be made after her, but all was in vain; since, till this day, I could never obtain the least tidings of her. The javelin, with which I was yesterday wounded, I remembered once to have been mine, it having for several ages been handed down in our family, from father to son, as a relic of antiquity. I recollected the period when I lost it, and thought it might have been thrown by a Briton who had fought in that engagement which for ever separated me from Ethelda: I thought it might lead to a discovery of her, or at least inform me concerning the manner of her death. This, venerable Modred, was the cause

cause of my enquiry, and heaven, doubtless, inspired me with the thought, that it might restore to me the pledge of my Ethelda's love."

While this discourse passed between the Roman commander and the venerable Druid, a scene nearly as interesting was acting in the tent of Claudius. The grateful youth, having discovered to his father that the generous Britons, to whom he was indebted for his life and liberty, were among the prisoners, received his permission to offer them rewards suitable to the signal service they had done him.

"Generous Guiderius, (said Claudius,) it is time to convince you that ingratitude does not form a part of the Roman character. Abide with us, gallant youth; enroll yourself among the friends of Rome, and, in return, they will bestow on you the highest honours. You are silent, Guiderius; but your countenance tells me, you treat our proffered friendship with disdain. Well, then, since it is so, Claudius alone must pay the debt he owes: from this moment, gallant youth, you are free, and blush not to receive life and freedom from one, who, to your generosity is indebted for the power of bestowing either.—Guiderius, you are silent. I would do much to purchase your esteem, your friendship;—six British prisoners, whom you shall name, will I also add.—Still are you silent?"

"Claudius, (said the youth,) a Briton's heart must speak in his countenance; for the lives and liberties of his friends, Guiderius offers you the return of a grateful heart; but, for his own, Claudius, can he offer thanks for life and freedom, when robbed of all that can render either desirable?"

"Guiderius, (said the young Roman,) I understand you. This fair maid is the object to which we both aspire; we both love Elfrida, and the happiness of one (so say our passions) must be founded on the despair of the other. Must it then be so, Guiderius? No! You shall see that a Roman can soar above the low pursuits of self-gratification; that his pride and confidence rests not alone in the strength of his arms, nor in the conquest of cities, but in the subjection of his passions. You (said he)

he) possess the heart of Elsimena, fortune has given me a right over her person, but it is a right which I scorn to avail myself of. Take her, gallant youth; receive the fair Elsimena, even from the hand of thy rival, and henceforth remember that the Romans fight, not to tyrannize over and enslave, but to civilize, mankind." Saying this, he took the hand of Elsimena, and united it with that of her beloved Guiderius.

The joy of both was, for some minutes, absorbed in admiration. That Claudius, in the ardour of youth, when the affections are unused to yield to the curb of reason, in the height of prosperity, which is so seldom tempered by moderation, should thus nobly square his conduct to the most rigid rules of virtue; thus nobly yield up the object of his love into the arms of another, struck them with an awe, which for some moments deprived them of utterance. They threw themselves at the feet of Claudius, who, having once made the painful sacrifice, experienced from it a satisfaction infinitely surpassing that which any sensual gratification could have bestowed.

Affairs were in this posture when a message arrived from the General, requesting the attendance of his son and the two prisoners who were entertained in his tent; for, upon enquiry, he had learned that they were really Elsimena and Guiderius.

Claudius, who supposed his father's summons to proceed merely from a curiosity to see and honour those to whom he was indebted for the life and liberty of his son, immediately proceeded with them to his tent. When they entered, they were inexpressibly delighted to find the venerable Druid; who, in his turn, received no less joy at beholding the young pair. He presented Elsimena to the Roman commander, who embraced her with a warmth truly parental, and, with delight, scarcely to be equalled, viewed the beauties of her form, promising a mind equally noble and perfect.

Claudius and the young Britons, as the reader will conclude, were at a loss to comprehend the cause of this seemingly mysterious behaviour, till they were informed of it by Modred, who, at the request of the General, related to them the particulars of Ethelda's story. Elsimena
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then threw herself at the feet of her Sire, to testify her entire obedience to his will. The passion which Claudius lately entertained for her person was now changed into brotherly love ; he embraced her with the tenderest and purest affection, and rejoiced sincerely in having gained so charming a sister. Joy was diffused over every countenance, excepting that of Guiderius, who greatly feared Elsimena was once more on the point of being snatched from his arms ; but his fears vanished, when, at the request of his son, the Roman commander joined his hand with that of his mistress.

Such was the joy which pervaded the breast of the noble Roman, on receiving to his arms so lovely an image of his lost Ethelda, and such was his gratitude to the venerable Druid, who had for so many years cherished and protected her, and to whom he was besides indebted for the life of his son, that he promised to grant him whatever he should ask in favour of his countrymen. Modred availed himself of this generous offer, by requesting the lives and liberties of all who had the day before been made prisoners, which was accordingly granted.

Through the influence of the Druid, Elsimena, and Claudius, an honourable and advantageous peace was soon concluded between the Romans and the warlike Britons who inhabited that part of the country.

The eyes of the venerable Druid were, in a good old age, closed by his beloved Elsimena ; who, with Guiderius, lived a series of years in uninterrupted peace and happiness.

THE STORY OF
LADY FRANCES HENLEY.

[FROM VILLEROY.]

I Am the daughter of the Earl of E—, who, having no other child to inherit his vast fortunes, looked up to me as the support of his house. It is not then to be wondered

dered at, if I became almost the only object of his attention, and all his hours were spent in forming schemes for my future felicity, which I too fatally have blasted. As he wished to see me superior to every other of my sex, he lost no opportunity that could contribute to my improvement; his house was open to every person of extraordinary ability; his extreme fondness for me made him view each little accomplishment I possessed in a much more favourable light than it merited; the same fondness rendered him blind to all my imperfections, and I was early taught to look upon myself as one that could not err. — My mother, dear offended shade! to think of thee is to be plunged in an abyss of horror; but I will hope that I obtained your pardon; for, surely, if thou hast beheld the severe repentance and never-ceasing sorrows of thy wretched child, thou wilt think, though her punishment has been just, her atonement has been sufficient.—But whither do I wander? My mother was a woman of uncommon beauty, and possessed of various perfections, but of a temper violent in the extreme. The pride of birth had taken possession of her heart, and she boasted a long race of noble progenitors, whose public and private virtues had done honour to their country; and she often exultingly rejoiced that she had given a daughter to the world whose worth would spread additional lustre on her family.

At the age of sixteen I was looked upon as one who would fully answer the most sanguine expectation of my doating parents. As I was to be the inheritress of a splendid fortune, I received the homage of numbers of the young nobility; but, as my parents perceived I was equally indifferent to them all, they did not press me on the subject of marriage, though there were several, who made me offers of their hands, whose alliance would not have been displeasing to them. Thus had I, for the space of two years, continued the pride of every circle, and the leader of the fashionable world, when my father informed me he had been solicited by Lord Henley for permission to pay his addresses to me, and which, as his Lordship was in every respect what the fondest parent would wish to unite his child to, he had granted, at the same time request-

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ed I would look upon his lordship as my destined husband, to which, he thought, I could have no objection, as I had ever assured him, my heart was free from every engagement. I answered, that I was equally indifferent to all mankind, and if Lord Henly met with his approbation, mine should follow.

My father pressed me to his paternal bosom with rapture, declaring that every wish of his heart was now fulfilled. My mother, whose joy was as great as his, fervently supplicated heaven but to prolong her days till she should see me a parent, and then she should die contented, as the honour of her house would thereby be continued, by her having given birth to the most dutiful and accomplished of women. O thou most unhappy, most mistaken of parents! you knew not what you solicited; you knew not that the completion of that prayer was to involve you in insupportable calamity. Heaven granted your petition, but not in mercy. No: the Great Ruler of the universe made you an example to teach erring mortals how weak, how insufficient, they are to judge what is best for them.

But to proceed. Lord Henly was too ardent a lover to admit of unnecessary delays; and, engaged as I was in fashionable folly, I never thought of examining my heart as to its sentiments of the man with whom I was to pass my future days. At the end of six weeks I became his wife, without any other idea of the marriage state than that I was now mistress of all my actions, and at full liberty to pursue what line of conduct was most pleasing to myself; and in this I thought true happiness must consist. From this dream I was soon awakened, by my Lord Henly's requesting I would accompany him into the country; at the same time informing me of his detestation of a life of dissipation. He talked of the happiness we should enjoy at his seat at R——, as its distance from any habitation would secure us from the interruption of frequent visitors. I gazed at him with astonishment and without reply, till, tenderly taking my hand, he said he should then enjoy the company of his beloved wife, which, in the whirl of distraction in which we had lived, since our marriage, he had not been able to do. I hastily

withdrew my hand, and with cold contempt advised him to lose no time in putting in execution the Arcadian scheme his fertile imagination had projected; but begged, at the same time, he would make choice of some other Silvia to accompany him, as I preferred the whirl of distraction (as he was pleased to term it) in which I lived, to conversing with fawns, listening to purling streams, or even to the voice of so delightful a shepherd as I did not doubt he would prove. Lord Henly was struck dumb, but, recollecting himself, he urged me to consider, as what he was willing to ask as a favour he had a right to command as a duty.

Having said this, he retired, leaving me in a state of mind I had never before experienced. To avoid my own thoughts, I made a visit to a fashionable friend, who soon perceived that something had disturbed me, and, on her questioning me, I confessed every thing that had passed.—She highly censured my Lord's conduct, and as much applauded mine, advising me on no account to be reconciled to him, unless he atoned for his behaviour by giving up every idea entirely of taking me into the country, besides apologizing for having attempted it.

Determined to follow this pernicious advice, I returned home, when Lord Henly again renewed his entreaties, that I would consent to accompany him to R—, as he intended to leave London the ensuing week; but I was deaf to every solicitation. Accordingly, a few days after, I saw him depart without me. From this moment I felt no other sentiment for him than what mortified pride inspired. His wish to deter me from going into public only increased my desire for it. I thought it necessary to plunge into dissipation with double ardour, to convince the world and my Lord how much my mind revolted at restraint. I had been three months in this situation, when Lord Henly was appointed ambassador to the court of Spain, for which place he was to depart immediately. I saw the preparations making for his journey with pleasure, though he betrayed evident signs of a mind ill at ease. The day of his leaving me, he came to my apartment, and, after requesting I would dismiss my attendants, he pathetically lamented the unhappy turn I had taken, conjured

conjured me to reflect, with what evils it would be attended if pursued in his absence, and concluded by solemnly exhorting me, if I valued his peace, to take this opportunity of paying the earl, my father, a visit. I gave him no reason to suppose I would comply with his desire, and he left me with a countenance of displeasure and inquietude. I lost no time in going to the friend I had before mentioned, to communicate this fresh instance (as I termed it) of my Lord's unreasonable disposition; for, from the time of her having given me advice so suited to my wishes, I looked upon her as my only real friend. I found with her Sir Harry L——, a gentleman who had formerly asked me of my father in marriage, but had been refused on account of his immoral character. I was too imprudent to conceal even from him the manner I had parted from Lord Henry.

From this moment he became my constant attendant, devoting himself to me with the utmost assiduity; nor did I ever once reflect on the impropriety of my conduct, in thus receiving the attentions of a man who had been my declared admirer, and with whose libertine principles I was well acquainted; but I consulted my own vanity alone, and that was flattered by seeing myself distinguished by this leader of taste and gallantry, for such the frivolous of his own sex and the vain and giddy of ours had universally allowed him to be. One night, after returning home from the opera, (where he had more than commonly exerted himself to please me,) he complained of my coldness, and the long delay of his hopes, in such terms as left me no room to doubt of what nature his expectations were.

My pride was alarmed, and I resented the insult he had offered me by the most contemptuous expressions my heart could dictate. He heard me without emotion or interruption, until, seeing me quite exhausted with rage, he accosted me with an air of the most cutting indifference. He had thought, he said, we understood each other well enough to have rendered this explanation unnecessary; but he supposed it was a ceremony usual with ladies, who wished their lovers to know the value they would have set upon their favours; though he could not but think

that his long and ardent passion deserved to be rewarded, without his being loaded with such cruel and humiliating epithets as he had just heard; that, had not the encouragement I had hitherto given convinced him of my generous intentions in his favour, my conduct this night would have made him the most wretched of men, as he should have supposed he had been so unfortunate as to have really offended me.

I perceived he was approaching me. I rose precipitately from my seat, and, with a look of the utmost indignation, and a voice which rage and surprise had rendered almost inarticulate, I bid him stop his detested tongue, and leave my house that moment, nor ever more presume to enter its doors. He said, he could easily obey my commands, but, before he went, never to return, must beg to congratulate my ladyship on my present virtuous disposition. As for him, poor discarded man, he must content himself with the opinion of the world, which had long believed him in the possession of every favour, it was in the power of the wife of Lord Henly to bestow.

I repeated my desire, that he should withdraw, telling him, with an affected calmness, that it should be my business to convince that world he spoke of how greatly it had injured me, if it had ever entertained an idea that the wife of Lord Henly could fall so very low as to bestow one thought upon so poor, mean, and despicable a wretch as it must allow him to be. I now rang my bell: a servant appearing, I desired he would shew Sir Harry L— out. He went immediately, saying something of revenge, to which I paid no attention.

I will not attempt to describe the horror and confusion that filled my bosom: the virtuous mind alone can conceive what I felt. Mine was then virtuous; for, though it had been clouded and obscured by a life of folly, my heart was not naturally depraved; it shuddered at the idea of actual guilt. I retired to my apartment, where a torrent of tears gave me some relief, and for the first moment in my life reflected on my past conduct. Though I found nothing in it which could deserve the insult I received, yet there was nothing my reason could approve.

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I passed the night in making resolutions to be more circumspect in future; in these resolutions the following day confirmed me; for, while I was hesitating what to do, whether to go abroad or stay at home, Lady Lesly, a sister of my mother's, was announced. I could not avoid receiving her, though, in my present state of mind, I dreaded every eye. She accosted me with a look of severity, and, producing the paper of the day, bid me read (if I had not already done it) the infamy of two noble families brought on them by the imprudent and unpardonable conduct of one unworthy female. At any other time of my life, such an address would have been received with contempt, but I now felt myself humbled, and disturbed with fears of I knew not what. I took up the paper in silence, and, casting my eyes to where I was directed, to my confusion and mortification I read the following paragraph.

"Last night set off for the Continent, on a love expedition, the long enamoured Lady Margaret P—f—t and the gallant Colonel :—l—g—r. We are happy to find Lord P. bears this instance of his lady's infidelity as a thing, he, as well as the rest of the world, had expected. We are authorized to say, they were not accompanied, as is reported, by Sir Harry L—— and the beautiful Lady F—— H——. Her Ladyship having taken exception at some attentions paid to another last night at the opera, upbraided the intended companion of her flight with such spirit, as alarmed the Baronet, and made him judge it proper at least to defer their expedition; of which he acquainted the lady, and was forbid evermore to enter her house. It is thought this command will not greatly affect this idol of the female world, as he has been for some time observed to fail in his devotions at her Ladyship's shrine."

I tore the paper into a thousand pieces,—I raved,—I ran about the apartment, like a person in a fit of frenzy. My aunt, terrified at the situation I was in, entreated me to be composed, and inform her of the truth of this affair, that measures might be taken to prevent the consequences that would follow from Lord Henly's family, who would undoubtedly think it incumbent on them to acquaint his
 Lordship

Lordship with the disgrace I had brought on him. This, far from calming, added if possible to my fury. I spurned at the idea of regarding, even for a moment, what Lord Henly's family should do or think. I told her, I knew myself innocent, and that I had not respect enough for any of those she had named to be anxious about their opinion. She then mentioned my father, and asked, would I not wish to make him happy by proving my own innocence, if I were really so? This brought me to reason, and I assured her solemnly that the whole of the paragraph I believed to be false; but what immediately respected myself was an infamous libel. We now consulted what was best to be done. At length my aunt said she saw no better way, at once to shew the falsity of the report, than by appearing that very evening in public with Sir Harry; and, much as she had ever wished me to avoid him, she would now advise me to send and request his attendance. This was too much; I burst into tears, and declared she had proposed an impossibility; that Sir Harry was a wretch with whom I would never more hold converse. Lady Lesley replied, if this were true, the remainder of the paragraph would hardly admit of doubt. I saw no way of clearing her suspicions but by acquainting her with the truth. I therefore related the whole humiliating circumstance of my breach with Sir Harry, which she heard with the utmost indignation against him, and kindly assured me, that nothing in her power should be wanting to convince my parents how undeserving I was of the infamous attack which had at first been made against my honour, and, failing of success in that, had with the blackest malice fallen on my character. She proposed making a few visits among our acquaintance to observe in what manner the report had been received, to which I consented, and she left me.

I waited her return with impatience. I was amazed I had neither seen nor heard of Lady Margaret P—f—t; this is the female friend I have before mentioned. I concluded she must be taken up with confuting the slander with which she had been so unjustly loaded. Lady Lesley's entrance put an end to my conjectures. At sight of me she burst into tears, and assured me that this had been the

most unpleasant morning of her life, and that she dreaded giving me the particulars. I entreated her to relate every thing that had passed. She proceeded to inform me, that the report concerning Lady P—f—t was strictly true, and that concerning me as strictly believed to be so by every one except Lord Henly's father, who had given such a reason for his disbelief as had shocked her very soul. She said she had called upon several of our acquaintance, most of whom seemed surprised at seeing her. Some consoled with her, others pitied me; some advised her not to make herself unhappy, but forget she had such an undeserving relation; one cried, what would become of my parents! another, poor Lord Henly! but it appeared to be the general opinion, that all my friends must have expected what happened, as every one of them had long foreseen it. Tired out with their impertinence, she was returning home, when meeting with a particular friend, she ventured to communicate the affair to him, as it really was.—He heard her with attention, and then assured her, that he implicitly believed every word she had said, but he would not flatter her that the generality of the world would do the same, as he had ever observed, that malice and detraction were most completely gratified when the object of their vengeance had been placed on an eminence that precluded their ever being on a level by any other means than by pulling it down; that Lady Henly was young, beautiful, and noble, these made her a mark for envy; she was indiscreet and haughty, these left her open to its most envenomed shafts. He, however, advised her, disagreeable as it must be, to acquaint my father-in-law with all the baseness of Sir Harry's conduct. She accordingly waited on the Earl, who received her with great politeness.

As soon as she was seated, she addressed herself to him, by saying she had just left her niece, who was a good deal distressed at an infamous attack that had been made on her in a paper of that day. She was proceeding, when he interrupted her; "I perceive (said he) that your Ladyship is going to attempt a vindication of one, whose near relationship to you could alone make such an undertaking pardonable,

pardonable ; but, I beseech you, madam, spare yourself the mortification of repeating, and me of hearing, what cannot possibly obtain the smallest degree of credit. Lady Henly, as I am unhappily compelled to call her, has long been the mistress of her own conduct : she is still so, nor do I think myself authorized to take any step in this affair, until I have received instructions from my unfortunate son."

Lady Lesly again attempted to speak, and said, " My Lord, I assure you, the account of the quarrel between Sir Harry L—— and Lady Frances—" " is not true," replied the Earl ; " you, madam, may inform her ladyship, if that will afford her the least consolation, that I know it is not : " then, rising, and respectfully taking her hand, he continued, " I would not distrust you, Lady Lesly, but the dishonour, brought on our families by the too-glaring indiscretions of this imprudent woman, can no longer be concealed. I was not the only witness this morning to that villain stealing, like a thief, from her house at the approach of day. He was indeed disguised, but my sword should have acquainted him he was known, had I not thought his person sacred to the vengeance of an injured husband. Yes, Lady Lesly, I was witness to the infamy of your niece and the ruin of my gallant son. It was not until after repeated information of Sir Harry's constant and unseasonable visits, that I ventured to pay any regard to the report. I at length considered it was a duty I owed Lord Henly, to examine the conduct of his wife, that I might, if I saw occasion, warn him of his danger ; if not, that I might be able to attest her innocence. With this design, I condescended to act the spy. I saw them at the opera together, from whence he attended her home. I followed, and in a short time his carriage drove to her door. As I did not doubt but it was to take him away, I spared not to reflect on the censoriousness of the world, that would not permit a beautiful and virtuous woman to partake of the innocent pleasures of life in the absence of her husband. I could not but view this as a great hardship, that, because a woman was deprived of the greatest comfort, every less one must likewise be denied her. I resolved in future to discountenance

all

all those who should presume to insinuate any thing to her ladyship's prejudice.

With these sentiments I was going to leave the place, when, to my great mortification, I saw the carriage drive off without Sir Harry. It was likewise very visible that his servants intended it should be supposed their master was in it, for they stood with the door open and their hats off, as if attending his getting in, and then mounted behind. This appearance of deceit alarmed me, and I determined to await his departure. I accordingly placed myself in such a manner, that I must see every one that came from Lord Henly's house.

I had waited until the clock struck six, and now supposing I must have been mistaken, and that he had really been in the carriage, and being worn out with fatigue and want of rest, I was again preparing to return home, when I saw the door open, and a man come out, muffled up in such a manner as would have made it difficult to know him, had he not let something fall, in stooping to regain which, the loose cloak he wore fell off, and discovered who he was. He instantly fled, whilst I, with an almost broken heart, followed with intention to take immediate vengeance on the wretch. I had the confusion, as I passed, to find several others had been observers as well as myself, and of course reflected, that my son's shame must now be made public; I therefore thought, in justice to him, I should leave it to his arm to inflict the punishment. With this determination I returned home, and have just dispatched a letter, conveying this distressful intelligence to the Earl of E——. I hope Lady Lesly will do me the justice to believe, that I am a partaker in the sorrow of her and her noble family, and that I deeply feel the wound I have been compelled to inflict by giving this information."

Here the Earl was prevented proceeding further by the entrance of company, and my aunt, finding herself unequal to the task of conversing, thought it best to withdraw, and take another opportunity to attempt my vindication.

A thousand times, during this recital, I was on the point of interrupting her, to give vent to the rage that

oppressed my heart, and it was with inconceivable efforts I prevailed on myself so far as to remain silent until she had concluded her narration. I now gave a loose to the bitterest reproaches against my defamer, and asserted that the Earl had forged the whole of this infamous falsehood. To prove this, I desired the footman who attended Sir Harry to the door might be called. Upon his coming in, I enquired what hour it was when Sir Harry L—— left the house last night; he answered, that he believed it was near six in the morning, as he had waited in the dining parlour more than three hours for his carriage, but that he was obliged to walk home at last, as it never came. I desired to know why I had not been informed of this; the man said, Sir Harry had particularly requested I might not, as it would keep me up. I then demanded in what manner Sir Harry had departed; he replied, that he had refused any attendance, but had taken a hat and cloak from the parlour to prevent his being known, as he said he was fearful that it might be noticed, if he was seen to go from my house at that hour. I was now convinced the Earl had only related facts, and that appearances were strongly against me. A moment's consideration shewed me the whole to be a contrivance of this most artful and inhuman of men. I likewise saw his motive was not entirely revenge, as the scheme was evidently formed before I had given him any cause that he could use as an excuse for his malice; I should therefore have fallen, at all events, a victim to his pride or his resentment.

I cannot proceed, my Caroline, without first warning you, as you value your future peace, to fly the company of that man, whatever be his rank or station, his abilities or accomplishments, who makes a jest of religion and morality. Be assured, that every attempt to weaken your opinion of these sacred subjects has a design on your happiness. Listen not to his professions, he courts but to destroy. Avoid him as a wretch, who, either from the weakness of his head or the depravity of his heart, is unworthy of your regard. Such was the man of whose attentions I had been vain, and with the wit of whose conversation I had been delighted. It is not without horror I at this moment recall to my mind the mirth I have

joined in, when I have heard this being, devoid of every principle of virtue, exhaust talents that would have done honour to a better cause, in turning into ridicule the most solemn subjects and most essential duties. Heaven has made him a sharer in the punishment, which he has eventually been the cause of being inflicted upon me.—But to return. Lady Lesly wrote my father every particular I have related, and I awaited his answer, without any fears of his resentment, as I did not doubt but he would readily credit what I knew myself to be true. But how was I disappointed, when I received a letter from my mother, breathing nothing but the most bitter reproaches; accusing me of having brought infamy upon my family, loading me with the most cruel epithets, and renouncing all connexions with me. She concluded by telling me, that my father was too much incensed to trust himself to write.

I had now no friend but Lady Lesly, who easily prevailed on me to consent to retire into the country; but I would not hear of a proposal she made to me, to go to my father's, who, she said, would then be convinced of my innocence. My spirit was too haughty to supplicate him to receive me, and, after the letter I had received, I could not go without. I fixed for my residence upon the seat Lord Henly had importuned me to go to. At my request, my aunt consented to accompany me, and we left London in a few days; but, before my departure, I made an effort to regain my consequence, by appearing in public. Lady Lesly greatly disapproved of this step; but, as I was not to be dissuaded from it, she condescended to accompany me to the play. The mortification I there met with effectually silenced every regret I had felt at leaving town. On our entering the house, I was the object of universal attention; whisperings and smiles of contempt were seen in every box. Many females, who had formerly watched for an opportunity to pay their respects to me, now affected to avert their faces, and the disrespectful stare of the men confounded me. Soon after we had seated ourselves, Lady Lesly, perceiving Lord Henly's father and family in an opposite box, arose, and paid her compliments to the Earl and his lady, which were most respectfully returned

by both. I followed her example, but no notice was taken. My chagrin was infinitely great, but I was still to experience greater. At that moment Sir Harry L—'s places were called for, and, to compleat my distress, they were in the next box.

The greater part of the audience were now entirely engrossed by attending to every look of mine. It was more than I could endure: my powers forsook me, and I fell senseless from my seat. In this situation I was carried out of the house by a gentleman, who had been led by his humanity to my assistance. On my recovering, I found myself in the lobby, surrounded by a number of men, but not one of my own sex, except my aunt, had deigned to afford me any relief. The stranger, who had until then been taken up with my illness, now observed the crowd by which I was encompassed, and politely hinted, that, all danger being over, he supposed it would be more agreeable to the lady to be left with her friend. He then took directions from Lady Lesly, whose carriage he should enquire for, and withdrew. Some others followed his example, but the greater part pressed near me, and added to my vexation by their condolence and offers of service. I was considering in what manner to disengage myself from these importunents, when Captain Vileroy (for that was the stranger's name) entered the lobby, and, addressing Lady Lesly, informed her that her carriage was not in waiting, but that he had procured a hackney-coach, if she would permit him the honour of conducting her to it. I hastily addressed Lady Lesly, "Do, dear madam, go in any thing, or to any place, that will release him from this company." Lady Lesly on this gave me her hand. I attempted to follow, but those gentlemen not making way for me to pass, I was constrained to remain where I was.

[To be concluded in our next.]

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

S I C K N E S S.

A LAS! my spirits, whither are ye fled?
Where now is every heart-dilating strain?
The jests that oft to peals of laughter led,
And triumph'd o'er futurity of pain.

The blood, that late in tides of vigour flow'd,
And felt no ebb, whilst health prepared the way,
Through the choak'd channels scarce can find a road,
Or actuate the feeble pulse to play.

What now avails the youthful strength that taught
To scorn fatigues and dangers to defy,
The manly nerve with pow'r elastic fraught,
The quick-touch'd ear, and penetrating eye?

Sleep, gentle sleep, that once my lids enclos'd,
And lull'd, uncall'd, my fearless soul to rest,
Now leaves me, though invok'd with tears, expos'd
To the sharp anguish of a troubled breast.

No more the lark, ambassador of morn,
Greets me with tidings of returning day;
No more I hear the hunter's early horn,
Nor feel the sun's exhilarating ray.

The

470 THE POLITE REPOSITORY; OR,

The ruddy neet'rine fades upon my cheek,
Parch'd is the shining fluid of each eye,
And on my tongue, where freedom us'd to speak,
Unfinished accents in abortion die.

Yet still the mind, th'immortal mind remains,
And ruminates at large on folly past :
And, though she lov'd to sport on pleasure's plains,
Reflects, and turns a penitent at last.

Ah, me ! that man, so rationally made,
Careless alike in poverty or wealth,
Should court his misery, spurn reason's aid,
And disregard his soul's eternal health.

To thee, O God, thy suppliant lifts his eyes,
To thee, supreme, omnipotent, and just ;
On thee alone for succour he relies,
And in thy goodness places all his trust.

Teach me with patience meekly to submit,
To whatsoe'er thy wisdom shall think best ;
To say with humble Job, " The Lord judge fit,
" Giving or taking let his name be blest."

RESIGNATION.

[FROM CUMMING'S POEMS.]

WHAT sweet serenity o'erspreads the mind !
The mind so lately overwhelmed with woe !
What dear angelic hand thus deigns to bind
The wounds of grief, and wipe the tears that flow ?

'Tis Resignation !—O celestial Pow'r,
I feel, distilling, gently on my breast,
Thy ever-sacred sweets, divinely pure,
As those on which the faints and angels feast.

Now

Now keen Affliction wears a milder form,
 And Disappointment seems to press more light;
 Ills fly away, as clouds before the morn,
 And brighter prospects open to my sight.

E'en lov'd Alexis' tomb I now can view;
 Ha! there it stands.—Why drops that useless tear?
 'Tis Nature. Let it flow, a tribute due
 To sacred truth and genuine friendship dear.

Peace to his shade! Soft may the green turf rest
 Upon that gentle breast where glow'd the flame
 Of purest love; where Heaven's own hand impress'd
 Those living beauties which now mark his fame.

Tho' oft appears perplex'd the chain of Fate,
 Yet in each maze Benev'lence lies conceal'd,
 And marks its course through each revolving state,
 Till the great end in view's at last revealed.

Is then man's bliss decreed by Heav'n above?
 It is.—Nature and Reason speak it so.
 Then, O Eternal Father! perfect Love!
 Thy will be done! Wide let thy praises flow!

A L E X I S.

[FROM THE SAME.]

SERENE appears the blue-ey'd morn,
 And forth Alexis bends his way;
 The new-fall'n dews glance on each thorn;
 The gowans bloom on ev'ry brae.

Now softly blows the scented-breeze,
 And gently fans the op'ning flow'r;
 The tuneful birds sing from the trees,
 Sweet trilling minstrels of the bow'r.

Enraptur'd,

Enraptur'd, through the charming scene,
 He wanders where the green shade bends
 O'er a clear font, which, through the plain,
 To Tweed its crystal fluid sends.

Forth from a grove a form divine
 Glides cross his view ; pleasure, surprise,
 And all the gentle movements fine,
 Within his artless bosom rise.

" Why flies that form ? O Beauty, stay !"
 Exclaims the youth. " O sacred Love !
 " Lead, lead me where she loves to stray,
 " Celestial Goddess of the grove."

The gentle pow'r propitious hears,
 And leads his steps where dwells the maid ;
 The scene the face of pleasure wears,
 Beyond what fancy e'er display'd.

By Tweed, beneath a spreading grove,
 Not built, indeed, by magic power,
 Nor yet with Eastern produce wove,
 Stands gentle Mary's blooming bow'r.

Flow'rets and shrubs their beauties join
 To deck with charms its simple form ;
 The wild rose and the woodbine twine
 Their blossoms round the fragrant thorn.

The rose and lily meet in view ;
 Cowslips and daisies grow around ;
 The vi'let, with its azure hue,
 Diversifies the fairy ground.

" O blissful spot ! Were Mary mine,
 " Here would I dwell, and ever gaze,
 " Enraptur'd, on her charms divine,
 " And lead her through thy flow'ry maze."

Thrice

Thrice happy youth ! The pow'rs approve
His ardent pray'r.—She smiles consent.
Friendship sincere and tend'rest love
Their gentlest bosoms soon cement.

Far from the bustling scenes of noise,
He tastes the sweets which Nature pours ;
While the dear train of social joys
Inspires with mirth the jocund hours.

In rosy spring or summer gay,
His cultur'd fields around him smile ;
In autumn they their sweets display,
To crown his hopes, reward his toil.

His flocks disport on mead or hill ;
The shepherd, by the purling spring,
Tries on his pipe his rustic skill,
And nymphs their artless numbers sing.

The stranger seeks his friendly gate,
Nor needs to fear a churlish lord ;
The ready servants on him wait,
And Plenty loads the festive board.

E'en diffidence, with downcast eyes,
Forgets to blush when he is near ;
In the sad heart he bid arise
Each joy, and scatters every fear.

Strict truth and honour him direct :
He sacred friendship never wounds
By disappointment or neglect,
Or vain parade of empty sounds.

His blooming offspring round him rise,
Displaying all their growing charms,
Fair as e'er blest'd a father's eyes,
Or smil'd in a fond mother's arms.

474 THE POLITE REPOSITORY; OR,

To teach them virtue is his aim :

“ Oh ! follow Nature, still !” he cries !

“ She leads to joy and peace serene,

“ To bliss divine, above the skies.

“ Survey her nameless charms so fair !

“ ’Tis they alone the mind that grace ;

“ For art, with all its boasted glare,

“ Retires before her heav’nly face.”



A N

E L E G Y

O N

S P R I N G.

TIS past : the iron North has spent his rage,
Stern Winter now resigns to lengthen’d day,
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o’er æther western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course ;
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far from the North grim winter draws his train
To his own clime, to Zembla’s frozen shore,
Where, thron’d on ice, he holds eternal reign,
Where whirlwinds madden and where tempests roar.

Loos’d from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flow’rs, and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen.

Behold

Behold the trees new deck their wither'd boughs,
Their ample leaves the hospitable plain,
The taper elm, and lofty ash, disclose;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flow'rs the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun,
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peeps,
From her low nest the tufted lark up springs,
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers,
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, cloth'd o'er with golden blooms,
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the greensward, mark'd with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithful shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in virtue's flow'ry road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
And follow nature up to nature's God.

Thus Wisdom's sons, who study Nature's laws,
Approv'd themselves the wisest of mankind;
Trace heav'nly objects to th'Almighty cause,
And leave earth's dregs for pleasures so refin'd.

Thus beauteous Hervey gather'd lasting bays;
Thus gentle Thompson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing their great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walked along the dewy lawn,
 My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
 Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
 And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And e'en, when Winter chill'd the aged year
 I wander'd lowly o'er the hoary plain;
 Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
 Boreas with all his tempests warn'd in vain.

Then sleep my nights and quiet bless'd my days;
 I fear'd no loss, my mind was all my store;
 No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ways;
 Heav'n gave content and health, —I ask'd no more.

Now Spring returns, but not to me returns
 The vernal joy my better years have known;
 Dimm'd in my breast life's dying taper burns,
 And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th'inconstant wind,
 Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
 Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
 And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
 No art can stop or in their course arrest,
 Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
 And lie me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning dreams preface approaching fate,
 And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true;
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
 And bid the realms of life and light adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
 The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
 Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell,

Farewell, ye blooming fields, ye cheerful plains,
 Enough for one the church yard's lonely mound,
 Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of Eve,
 When sleep sets dewy on the lab'rer's eyes;
 The world and all its busy follies leave,
 And talk with wisdom where my Daphne lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
 When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
 Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
 Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

THE

SICK POET.

OH! what rapture to attend,
 While the earliest tints of light,
 Struggling through the clouds, ascend,
 Flowing softly o'er the fight.

Not with yellow beams that speak
 Heat approaching with the morn;
 But with rays that mildly break,
 White as blossoms on the thorn.

Oh! how sweet that plowboy sings,
 As he drives his little rounds;
 Pleasure sympathetic springs,
 Answering to the joyous sounds.

Hark ! what poet in the skies
 Loudly charms, and louder now ?
 'Tis the lark that sporting flies,
 Ere the hawk has left the bough.

Iffuing from the gothic wood,
 See the stream romantic pour,
 As the long descending flood
 Smites the lofty echoing tow'r.

See the reed-encircled fire,
 Where the nightly fisher lay,
 Scarcely smoke, and now expire,
 Fainting at the stronger day.

Oh ! what hours I here could pass,
 Slumb'ring with compos'd content,
 On the peeping flowers and grafs,
 Ne'er till then so rudely bent.

See the linnet from the sedge
 Picks the rush that's soft and light ;
 Hark ! she chirrups in the hedge,
 While she moulds her mansion right.

Oh ! what bliss to cross the heath,
 When the frozen grafs is dry,
 And the breath, in many a wreath,
 Smoaking, curls and spreads on high !

And the spots of green appear,
 Midst the frost where herds have slept ;
 While the earnest bleat I hear
 When the flocks from feed are kept.

Many an hour on yonder hill,
 While the air was fresh and cool,
 Pleas'd I'd muse, retir'd and still,
 Viewing landscapes on the pool.

Yet,

Yet, when ev'ry thought was warm,
Oft some fish, that rudely came,
Darting at the insect-swarm,
Shook the painting from the stream.

Thus, when Spring, with hasty step,
Tripping through the snows, came on,
When the salmon's airy leap
Told the seer the frosts were gone.

This was bliss, as nature gave,
Spirits, grace, and strength, to sing;
Now I slumber on a grave,
And now I touch a breaking string.

Starry nights and golden days,
Never visit where I tread;
Never let the vernal breeze
Glitter round my sinking head.

Let the storm's gigantic sons
Pluck and mighty climb the hill,
While the mountain torrent runs
Down the channel of the rill.

Let the spreading tempest long
Screen a wretch from mortal view,
As my melancholy song
Sounds beneath this dying yew.

Only let the clouds divide
Where I hear the village-bell;
For the abbey's ruin'd pride
Suits my meditations well.

Here may woeful hearts rejoice,
Here their mournful rites perform,
While the raven sends his voice
As unseen he beats the storm.



What

What is Spring, that boasted time,
 Wayward childhood of the year,
 Changing round to every clime,
 Parent of continual fear !

Give me Winter's stedfast gloom,
 When familiariz'd to pain ;
 Travell'd nature on a tomb
 Would a little rest obtain.

Silence suits the solemn mind,
 Darknefs is the friend of woe,
 Cheerful objects are unkind,
 When the eye with grief would flow.

With the abbey juft in fight,
 As his sober eye he caft,
 Here a bard could tafte delight,
 Such as bears the trying blaft.

Undifturb'd he might, unseen,
 Drop his tears, and ftrike his breast,
 Think of Heav'n and look ferene,
 Sing of nature, death, and reft.

THE PASSION-FLOWER.

SWEET Passion-flow'r, at ev'ning fearing,
 Why droop and hide thy lovely head ?
 Why clofe thy charms, till day appearing ?
 When all thy beauties are re-fpread.

So thus the lover, abfence mourning,
 Recounts the penfive tedious days,
 Until his love again returning,
 The prefent all the paff o'er pays.

THE
S T O R Y
O F
LADY FRANCES HENLY.

[Continued from our last.]

OUR conductor, looking back, perceived my situation, and, hurrying his charge into the carriage he had provided, in an instant returned, making his way to me, by indignantly pushing aside those that impeded him, at which they discovered no other sign of resentment than a loud laugh, and a few insulting winks and nods, with now and then an exclamation, "Lucky dog! a devilish fine woman! how I envy Sir Harry!" At length, my protector, darting a disdainful look around him, said, in an angry tone, "By what name shall I call you? for you are neither gentlemen nor men; but, such as you are, I shall return to you." I now proceeded without further molestation; and, after placing me with Lady Lesly, he took his leave, and we returned home.

I soon retired to bed, but not to rest. After a night spent in the most tumultuous reflections, (among which the idea of my amiable protector was too often present,) I arose, and found my aunt waiting for me. She was prepared for our journey, which she advised me not to delay. She assured me not a newspaper would be seen, nor a conversation heard, that would not turn upon the unfor-

fortunate business of the play. I needed not much persuasion to induce me to leave a place, made hateful to me by the unmerited insults I had received. We accordingly departed the evening of that day. Shall I venture to disclose to my Caroline that I had invented excuses to detain us some hours longer in London than were necessary, in the hope that Captain Villeroy would have taken advantage of the opportunity that the last night afforded him to have made a visit at my house. In this hope I was disappointed, for a card, addressed to Lady Lessly, enquiring after her's and my health, was the only notice taken by him.

On our arrival at N—, we were waited on by the neighbouring gentlemen, but, as I had given orders to be refused to every person, and did not return their visits, we lived in a state of absolute solitude. The want of other amusements induced me to spend much of my time in walking, an exercise I once thought intolerable, but which I now grew very fond of.

The season of the year was fast approaching in which nature appears in all its charms, when, one evening, induced by the uncommon serenity of the air, and the delightful songsters that saluted me from almost every bush, I lengthened my walk beyond its usual bounds. I once, on looking back, perceived a man at some distance, but he soon disappeared, and I concluded him to be one of my household, who on seeing me had retired. I paid no attention, but continued my walk until I entered a wood, when, hearing a voice pronounce my name, I hastily turned to see from whence it came, when, to my extreme terror and astonishment, I saw Sir Harry L—. He approached me, and, falling on his knees, desired I would at last look with pity on a man whose ardent passion for me neither distance nor ill usage had been able to subdue. I steadfastly surveyed him for a moment, then, summoning all the courage I was mistress of, said, "Sir Harry, if my countenance has any correspondence with my heart, it has told you the contempt I feel for you; but, lest it should not be a faithful interpreter, my tongue shall inform you, that, of all mankind, you are the lowest in my opinion, and, if I have ever bestowed any marks of fa-

your en you, it has been because I thought you thrown by nature at too great a distance from me, ever to receive them in any other light than as very great condescensions, for which you were bound to feel the most humble gratitude ; but, as I find you have mistaken my pity for kinder sentiments, and have dared to insult me with the offer of your love, it is a duty I owe myself to publish to the world, as well as to you, that, from the inmost recesses of my soul, I scorn you ; and must insist, you never more humble me by the offer of your heart,—a heart that I must ever despise.”

With a countenance distorted by rage and a menacing voice and manner, he bid me beware how I further provoked him, as I was in his power. I turned from him with contempt, and directed my steps towards the place I had entered at. He remained fixed for a moment ; then, suddenly pursuing, he clasped me in his arms. I shrieked aloud ; my pride now gave way to fear : I wept and intreated, but in vain. I gave myself over for lost, when a voice at some distance, crying, “ Desist, thou cowardly villain, or this moment is thy last ! ” made the wretch release me, and, taking a pistol from his pocket, discharged it at the person who had spoke, and who was advancing towards us. I waited not to know the fate of my defender, but fled with the utmost speed, until, breathless with fatigue, I sunk lifeless on the ground. On the return of my senses, I found myself supported by a man, who was using every means in his power for my recovery. I dared not to look up, dreading to find the vile Sir Harry the instrument by whose assistance I again lived ; but who can describe the joy and astonishment I felt, when I discovered the voice to be that of Captain Villeroy ? I threw myself at his feet in an agony of gratitude, but I could find no words that would do justice to my feelings, and I burst into tears. He raised me from the ground with the most delicate tenderness, and requested me to be composed, and allow him to conduct me home, as the night was advancing, and he feared greatly for my health after the illness I had suffered.

On our way, I begged to know if he had escaped being hurt ; he assured me he had. I then requested he would in-

form me, what he had done with the infamous Sir Harry. He told me that Sir Harry had received a wound from his pistol, which he had been obliged to discharge in his own defence; that he had given him to the care of a servant of Lord M——'s, who had attended at some distance with his horse while he had, most fortunately, walked round the adjacent country, and that the servant had conducted him to Lord M——'s house, it being the nearest. He likewise acquainted me, that he was on a visit to his Lordship, who was his relation.

We had now reached my house: at taking leave I expressed a wish that this affair might not be made public.—He desired me to rest satisfied it should not, as he had given the servant, in Sir Harry's hearing, room to suppose there had been a duel, which for his own sake he would never contradict; and that, as to himself, I might depend upon his silence. He said, he imagined I should be anxious to know the fate of this unworthy man, notwithstanding the baseness of his conduct; would I therefore permit him the honour of paying his respects to me with the information? Most gladly would I have complied with his request, but my having refused admittance to all company rendered it impossible. I acquainted him how I was situated, but added, that, such was my anxiety on this occasion, that I would request him (if the favour were not too great) to walk near a place which I pointed out, to which I would in future direct my evening visits. He replied, that I might depend on my commands being obeyed, and departed.

I found Lady Lesly greatly alarmed at my staying out so late.—The servants had been dispatched in search of me, but not entering the wood had missed me; I feigned some excuse, which satisfied her ladyship, who only chided me for risking my health by encountering the dews of the evening.

The gross insult I had received from Sir Harry, who was entirely forgot, or only remembered as the cause that renewed my acquaintance with the now ardently beloved Villeroy. I waited with the utmost impatience for the following evening, and began my walk earlier than was
my

my custom, endeavouring to persuade myself that motives of humanity impelled me to be thus eager.

I found my protector waiting my coming. He informed me that Sir Harry was not in any danger, and intended in a day or two to return to London; that he had eagerly embraced the hint of the duel, and was extremely anxious it should not be contradicted. It was again late before we separated; both seemed sensible of the impropriety of remaining together so long, but both wanted resolution to part. I at last tore myself from him, but with a promise to see him the next day. Thus, for several weeks, did I continue to drink of a delicious but deadly poison, that was destruction to my peace.

One morning, as I was returning from a visit to a neighbouring cottage, where I had been to alleviate the distresses of its inhabitants, for I was no longer deaf to the voice of misery, nor regardless of the calamities of my fellow-creatures; my heart was susceptible of every tender impression. I had a tear for pity, and a hand to relieve all, where misfortunes could claim compassion. — Villeroy had taught me the fine feelings of humanity, and I blushed that I had not known them before; but he had likewise taught me to know, from sad experience, that wealth and grandeur, dignity and power, were insufficient to insure happiness; and that a splendid wretchedness was all that lost woman could hope for, who had united herself with a man from no other motive than his being equal or superior in rank and fortune. O Caroline! I could dwell long on this subject; but I will proceed. As I drew near the road-side, I saw a person on horseback, at some distance, whose horse had taken fright. The rider vainly endeavoured to stop him: he flew with the impetuosity of a whirlwind, until he came near where I stood observing him; then, suddenly plunging, threw his rider to the ground. As I had only a female attendant with me, I desired her to hasten back to the cottage and procure assistance. In the mean time, I drew near the sufferer, when, O God! how great was my surprise at beholding the adored Villeroy stretched out, to all appearance dead! I threw myself beside him, uttering the most dreadful

dreadful lamentations, and imploring heaven to take a life that was no longer desirable.

Thus had I continued for some time, when, lifting my face from the ground, I perceived him gazing ardently at me; my joy was now as extravagant as my grief had been, until, recollecting I had disclosed the secret of my heart, I was overcome with confusion. He thanked me for the regard I had shewn, and assured me he had only been stunned by the fall. I did not dare to meet his eye. He perceived my distress, and, taking my hand, pressed it to his lips, saying, "If the happiest moment of my life is to be the cause of making one hour of your's uneasy, it will greatly diminish the exquisite rapture I feel at the knowledge I have by this accident acquired,—a knowledge which will cheer my future hours, and make me forget the misery of the past; for, O Lady Henly! I have long loved you; even in the arms of your husband I adored you: yes, before you were his, you were every thing to me."

I reclined my head upon his bosom, and exclaimed, "Before I was his! O Villeroy, why was I not before made acquainted with this? I should have been the most blessed, as I am now the most miserable, of human beings." "Say not, (he replied,) dearest of women, say not the most miserable; I cannot bear it. To purchase your peace, I would cheerfully resign my own. Had not fortune cruelly thrown a bar between us, I might now have been in possession of all my soul holds dear; but, beggar as I am, what hopes had I of success, had I made known my presumptuous passion? Had I even dared to think it possible I might obtain your heart, how could I have requested your father to have given his beloved, his only child, the inheritress of his vast wealth, to a man, who, though born of a noble family, was, through the prodigality of his ancestors, reduced to enter into the service of his sovereign for support? O Lady Henly! to have called you mine would have been to be happy beyond the lot of man; instead of which, no sun has risen, since you gave yourself to another, that I have not beheld with reluctance.

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My attendant now appearing in sight, we separated. I went to meet her, and, telling the people she had brought that the gentleman had received no hurt, I returned home. Our meetings were continued as usual, every one of which served but to increase the fatal passion that had now taken entire possession of my heart, and drove from thence every recollection of the past and care for the future; nor had I a thought that was not centered in this object of my fondest adoration. Happy, happy were those days, nor had I formed one wish beyond them, nor even recollected that they could not last; when, one evening, on my arrival at the place of our meeting, I found Villeroy waiting my coming; but, very different from our former interviews, he flew not to meet me, but appeared fixed to the spot: his face was pale, and his voice trembled as he spoke. I eagerly enquired the cause; he led me, without answering, to an arbour; then, holding a letter in his hand, "This paper, Lady Frances, (said he,) will do what I cannot; it will inform you why I am overwhelmed with wretchedness."

I hastily took it. It contained an order from his commanding officer to join his regiment with the utmost expedition, assuring him, he had already suffered in the opinion of his brother officers by his delay, and that nothing but his great friendship for him could have prevailed on him to screen him so long, as they were to embark in two days for foreign service. To describe the sensation this intelligence gave me is utterly impossible. I sunk into the arms of the afflicted Villeroy, and gave a loose to all the tenderness of my soul. Reason forsook me, and I became a lost guilty wretch.

Suffer me, my child, to draw a veil over the scene that followed. Suffice it to say, the partner of my infamy was not less miserable than your ruined mother. I at length gained fortitude enough to insist on an eternal separation, charging him, in the most solemn manner, as he valued my future peace or my affection, while he had life, never to attempt to see or correspond with me; protesting, by every sacred power, that the moment he did either, I would renounce him for ever, nor even remember him in my prayers when I petitioned heaven for mercy on our crime.

crime. We parted : I approached the house I had lately left ; but, gracious God ! with what very different emotions ! I hesitated at the door, fear of I knew not what prevented my entering. Night was coming on ; I knew not what to do ; the darkness terrified me. I found I must no longer trust myself with my own thoughts ; therefore darkness, which until this moment of my life had passed unnoticed, was now my greatest enemy.

I again attempted to enter, when the idea of my aunt enquiring the cause of my distress (which I felt no exertions could conceal) made me turn away with horror from the house.

I had wandered some distance, unknowing where to direct my steps, when I heard a voice requesting me to stop. It was one of my servants, who, out of breath, informed me he had been every where in search of me ; that Lady Lesly had fallen into a fit ; that she had, on her recovery, earnestly desired to see me, but that he feared she would not live until I reached home. I waited not to reply ; my own cares were forgot, and I returned to the habitation I had conceived such a dread to enter, with the utmost speed. I found my valued relation insensible to every thing around her, and to all appearance dying. This was a sight that, in my happiest moments, would have greatly affected me, as I had always born her the most unfeigned regard. Judge then what must have been my feelings at this time, when my mind was softened with a deep sense of my own wretchedness ! Oh ! with what joy would I have changed situations with this best of women, and should have thought my life but a small recompence, might I, by the forfeiture, have prolonged her's !

I remained by her bedside, absorbed in grief, until the arrival of several physicians, who had been sent for to the neighbouring towns, obliged me to withdraw. The use I made of this interval was to write to the destroyer of my peace and honour, enforcing the injunctions I had already imposed, and conjuring him to drive me from his thoughts, as I assured him he should no longer possess a place in mine.

I had just committed this letter to a messenger, when word was brought me that Lady Lesly had expressed a wish to see

see me. I flew to her apartment, where I found her somewhat recovered. My joy broke forth in the most extravagant caresses and congratulations, until warned by the physicians, that the violence of my transports would be prejudicial to the patient, who was still in great danger. Their opinion proved too well founded, for in less than an hour she relapsed, and for two months every human effort was deemed insufficient to preserve her. During all this while I never quitted her room, but when compelled by her earnest request, for her own situation, dreadful as it was, could not stifle her anxiety for my health. To my affection and tenderness for this worthy relation do I owe my now being able to write this narrative of my unhappy life; as my anxiety for her first drew me from myself, and saved me for a time from the horror of contemplating my fallen state. Nor was this all; her piety and resignation to the will of Heaven, her patience under her sufferings, which made even the beholders wonder, had deeply impressed my heart with a sense of religion and the duty I owed my Maker. I reflected with confusion on my past life, and determined to atone for the follies and crimes of it by my future contrition and amendment.

I had great struggles with myself, in regard to the conduct I should pursue with Lord Henly, whether to confess my crime, and throw myself on his generosity, or to conceal it from him, and, by dedicating the remainder of my days to his happiness, make all the reparation in my power.

There was a meanness in the latter idea that my haughty soul repulsed with scorn; but, in the former, there was distraction, — to declare myself infamous to the man whom I had treated with the most unfeeling contempt, to become an object of pity or revenge, was equally dreadful, for I felt it impossible, let his conduct be ever so guarded, but that in his heart he must despise me. Thus did I wage with conflicting passions, without being able to form any determination, until the idea of the disgrace and misery I should bring upon my family and even on the innocent, though injured, Lord Henly, made me resolve to bury the unhappy secret in my own bosom. I

had no sooner come to this resolution, than I found some relief from the load that had bowed me to the earth; but heaven, that is always just, did not suffer me long to enjoy that peace of which I was undeserving; for a short time too fatally convinced me that my shame was inevitable, and that my crime would be my punishment.

The horror of this discovery was more than I could support. My constitution sunk under it, and the deprivation of reason, which followed, was a state of the most supreme felicity to what I endured while I had the power of feeling my misery. I continued six weeks in a delirium, until at length, my strength being entirely exhausted, I sunk into a state of stupefaction, which, by calming my mind, was instrumental to my recovery.

I was at last pronounced out of danger, and was happy to find that my illness had been ascribed to the anxiety I had suffered on my aunt's account, and my too close attendance on her. A return of sense again brought all the horrors of my situation to my view. I saw that nothing but my death could conceal my infamy. This was within my reach, but I felt I was unfit to die. I found none of that pious resignation and cheerful hope that made death appear lovely in the dying Lady Lesly, inhabit my bosom. All there was anarchy and despair. I would have implored heaven for mercy, but my prayers were checked by the recollection that the unfortunate sharer of my guilt was still dear to my heart, and that every effort to drive him thence seemed but to render him more a partner of it.

The necessity of coming to some determination compelled me to resolve on flight; but the extreme weakness I still laboured under rendered flight at this time impossible; but, by serving as an excuse for not quitting my room, it enabled me to conceal my unhappy situation.— I was one day reflecting in how short a time I must abandon every friend and relation, and commit myself to a world to which I was a total stranger. When my aunt entered my apartment, her benign countenance beamed with delight; she tenderly embraced me, saying, she had brought me news that would make me quite well; that a few days ago she had wrote to my father of my illness
and

and recovery, and had this moment received an answer to her letter, informing her, that he would not lose a moment in coming himself and bringing my mother, to press their beloved Frances to their bosoms, as they would be wretched until they had obtained her forgiveness for their past severity. This was too much,—I fainted in Lady Lesly's arms.

On my recovery, I found this deluded friend in an agony of grief, accusing herself of having killed me by her folly, in so suddenly telling me the joyful tidings. After a little recollection, I feigned a desire to sleep, and requested to be left alone for that purpose, desiring not to be disturbed until I should ring for my woman, as I wished to prepare myself by rest to receive my parents. My request was complied with, and I was left to my own reflexions. In those I was left to punishment sufficient, for never did the sun in all its course behold so very lost a wretch as your unhappy mother now was.

I threw myself on my knees to implore the protection of heaven. At that moment I thought I heard the noise of a carriage enter the court. I started from the posture I was in, and precipitately hurried to the stairs. I paused there awhile : all was silent. I ventured down, and passed the outward door unperceived, which I shut after me. I now found myself endued with fresh strength and courage : I had just reached the last gate I had to pass, from which I dreaded any obstruction, and found it open.

I presumed now to think that heaven had favoured my design ; when, lifting up my eyes at the sound of horses, I had just time to perceive that it was my father's carriage, and to hear my mother's voice calling to the servants to open the door, as she saw Lady Henly coming to meet her. I heard no more. Happy had I been, wretch that I was ! and thrice happy all those who were so unfortunate as to be connected with me, had I never more beheld the light of heaven ; but I was reserved to expiate my crimes by the greatness of my sufferings.

I was conveyed back to the house, insensible to all that passed. The shock I received brought on a premature labour, and I was restored to life in the same moment, that, by giving birth to my Caroline, stamped me with

indelible infamy. The recollection of the scene I must now describe shakes my whole frame, and at the distance of eighteen years causes every vein in my unhealed heart to bleed afresh : but I will hasten to perform this my last act of penance and self-humiliation ; for, surely, to reveal such crimes as mine to a beloved child, perhaps to deprive myself of the only tear that would have fallen on my grave, and even have my memory held in abhorrence, may be termed acts of the severest penance and humiliation ; but I have imposed the task, and, in spite of the struggles of my bleeding bosom, I will fulfil it.

The alarm of my being brought home in such a situation occasioned my room to be crowded with attendants, every one of which were struck dumb with astonishment at this unexpected proof of my infamy. My mother was the first to recover the use of her faculties. She, with composure in her countenance, drew near my bed, and kneeling down, with hands and eyes lifted to heaven, with steady voice solemnly implored the Almighty to record a parent's curse, and make it effectual here and hereafter.

Struck with horror, I attempted to clasp her in my arms. She avoided my embrace, and, rushing into the adjoining apartment, she threw herself on the floor in all the agony of despair. Her violence occasioned the bursting of a blood-vessel, of which this unfortunate parent expired in a few moments.

What followed for several days I knew not, as I was deprived of sense and motion ; but, when I was supposed to be beyond the reach of human misery, to fulfil the immutable decrees of Providence, I was once more compelled to behold the light. I found my aunt weeping by my bedside. I could not endure to behold sorrow of which I was the unworthy cause, and, as I had not been perceived, I again closed my eyes. A short time after my woman entered with a request from my father to see Lady Lesly.

This was a balm to my heart, as it gave assurance that one parent yet lived. My kind aunt, on retiring, left me to the care of the person who had just entered, who took her place beside me, and, entering into conversation with another attendant who was in the room, she informed her,
that

that the Earl had received dispatches from Lord Henly, that he was on the road, and expected every day. She added, that she hardly wished her poor lady to recover now, as she was certain, from her knowledge of her disposition, that death would be preferable to such a meeting as this must be.

The misery I felt at this discovery was such, that I could scarcely refrain from betraying myself; but, exerting all my resolution, I remained silent until my maid was left alone with me. I then gave signs of life, at sight of which she was going to call for help. I perceived her intention, and, catching her arm, I detained her; when, throwing myself out of bed, I knelt before her. Shocked and affrighted, she used every effort to raise me from the ground; but I assured her I never would rise from that situation, until she had given me her solemn and sacred promise to comply with the request I was going to make. She eagerly replied, that there was nothing I could propose that she would not undertake to perform, except seeing me longer in that posture.

I now suffered her to replace in me bed, when I informed her I had overheard what she communicated in regard to Lord Henly's return; I likewise acquainted her that it was my fixed resolve to die, if I found no other means to avoid this dreaded interview, but that I thought, with her assistance, I might save myself by flight from so impious an alternative. She declared her readiness to accompany me wherever my wishes should lead me, but expressed her fears lest Lord Henly should return before I could gain strength to put my design into execution. I told her, I had resolved that very night should decide whether I was equal to the plan I had formed; that I intreated she would not oppose me, nor use arguments that could have no effect; that I foresaw the difficulties I was going to encounter were of such a nature, as would have made it impossible for me to undertake them, were I not compelled by dire necessity to embrace them as the only means of preserving me from a deed of horror. She again assured me of her readiness and fidelity, and I intrusted to her the care of making whatever provisions she should deem necessary.

She now went to inform the family that she had perceived signs of life in me. The physicians had that moment entered the house; they hastened to my apartment, where, finding me recovered beyond their most sanguine hopes, they ordered me some drops, and left me with strict charge that I should not be disturbed, as rest was of the greatest consequence to me in my present state.

The thoughts of flying for ever from those I had so deeply injured, seemed to restore my mind to perfect tranquillity, and I sunk into a profound sleep, which lasted several hours. On waking, I found myself greatly refreshed; my faithful Mary was alone with me. She informed me every thing was in readiness, that the family were all gone to rest, and that she had obtained permission to watch alone with me, by having said that it was the doctor's particular desire not more than one person should remain in the room, as every thing depended on my being kept quiet.

I arose immediately. While I was preparing for my departure, I was seized with an irresistible desire to behold once more that honoured parent whom I was going to desert for ever; nor did I feel a less ardent wish to shed a tear on the cold bosom of my offended murdered mother. I acquainted the intended partner of my flight with my design of stealing to the apartments where each was, to indulge my eyes with the last sight of those dear objects before I was eternally separated from them. She used every persuasion to prevail on me to desist from this undertaking, but in vain.

Attended by her, I entered my father's bed-room; he was in a gentle sleep. Kneeling down, with a fervour I had never before felt, I petitioned heaven to pour down eternal blessings on his revered head; and drive from his heart every remembrance of his unworthy daughter, that no thoughts of her might ever disturb his valued peace.—How long I should have remained in this situation I know not, for I felt something like pleasure revisit my long-forsaken bosom, as I contemplated his beloved venerable face, had he not, by pronouncing with an accent of sorrow, "Poor ruined Frances! you have broke my heart; but still thou art my child," roused me from the momentary

tary calmness I had enjoyed. I retired, repeating as I went, "But still thou art my child." The words sunk deep into my heart, nor will they ever be erased from thence until that heart shall cease to beat.

We now descended to the room where laid the remains of that parent who had fallen an untimely victim to the sorrow and disgrace my crimes had brought upon her.— I paused at the entrance; all my fortitude forsook me, and I was going to retire, when the idea, that this was the last time I could ever more behold this once idolized parent, and the following day was to consign her to the tomb, impelled me forward. With trembling steps I approached the coffin, and, removing the lid, I beheld that face, where every grace and beauty had so lately dwelt, bereft of all its charms. A look of sternness, but too expressive of the horrors of her mind in her last moments, chilled my soul. I implored her departed spirit to look down with pity on the deep contrition of her sorrowing and greatly penitent child, and to revoke that curse, the weight of which I feared would crush me. I thought she frowned upon me as I spoke. Terrified, I withdrew, and, hiding my face in the bosom of my affrighted woman, I conjured her to lead me from that place of death.

She now, with great difficulty, conveyed me, almost lifeless, to some distance, where a chaise waited our arrival. We drove to a neighbouring cottage, where was deposited the all that remained to me in this world.— Need I say this was my child, my Caroline? My companion alighting, went to the humble but peaceful roof, where slept the children of industrious poverty, strangers to the wretchedness of being great, no cares disturbed their repose. Ah! how unlike the temple of grandeur and magnificence I had just left; where every eye was swelling with weeping and every bosom wounded with distress; and yet, how few days were past since these hapless mourners (now a prey to shame and sorrow) had rejoiced in all the blessings that health, honour, and prosperity, could bestow; and I, the most lost of human beings, was the cause, the sole cause of such accumulated distress. I felt all the weight of my crimes, with the insupportable addition of a dying parent's curse. My soul shrank from the
horrid

horrid retrospect, a cold damp seized my heart, and I hoped approaching death would speedily release me from such unutterable anguish, when my faithful Mary, returning, put into my arms my weeping helpless infant, whom she had obtained from her nurse by a forged tale of having been sent to bring her to its expiring mother, who desired to see it before she died. She refused to let the woman accompany her little charge, alledging the confused state of the family as her reason, but promised to return with it herself, as soon as the wishes of its parent were complied with.

How shall I paint the emotions I felt on pressing to my bosom the first time the innocent cause of all my calamities! It is not in words to tell my feelings at that moment; all the mother took possession of my soul: I wept aloud. My tears gave relief to my over-fraught heart, and prevented its breaking.

When I had given vent to the transports you had occasioned, my maid requested to be informed of my intentions, as to the place of my future residence. I started at the question: it had never occurred that another place of residence was necessary. Entirely engrossed with the desire of escaping, I had paid no attention to what was to follow; but I needed not much time to fix, like the first unhappy pair expelled Paradise; "The world was all before me where to choose." Unlike the rest of my fellow-creatures, who seek out the parts inhabited by their friends and connexions, my only view was to hide myself for ever, from all that was dear to me, and to spend the remainder of my days excluded from the sight and knowledge of all to whom I had been known, when the sunshine of prosperity marked my steps, and ere calamity had taught me humility.

A moment's consideration convinced me England was not the place where I could hope to regain my tranquillity. I therefore made choice of France, as more likely to afford me that retreat and obscurity which were the sole objects of my desire. We accordingly pursued the road that leads to Dover.

On our arrival at Rochester, I gratified a desire I had indulged of having my fatherless infant baptized before I left

left my native country ; and, it being the time of prayers, the ceremony was performed in the cathedral church of that place.

We reached Dover the same evening, where we were obliged to remain that night, the packet not being to sail before the next morning. This delay, to one in my situation, appeared an age. I was almost frantic with the fear of being overtaken. Shut up in my apartment at the inn, I was bewailing this misfortune, when a voice from the adjoining room, which I was convinced I was not a stranger to, caught my attention. With a palpitating heart, I drew near the partition which separated us, when I distinctly heard the same voice pronounce these words : " My dear son, exert that fortitude I know you possess ; drive this abandoned woman from your thoughts, and think of nothing but revenge on her and her associate in guilt." I was terrified before at recollecting the voice to be that of the father of Lord Henly ; what must my sensations have been, when that of Lord Henly himself, in trembling accents, replied, " O my father ! talk not of revenge on that deluded wretch, (for such I am sure she is,) nor despise your son while he confesses, that, amidst all the misery and dishonour in which she has involved him, his soul is still torn with fears for her safety ! Yes, my Lord, I see that, unworthy as she is, she insensibly twists round the strings of my agonizing heart,—a heart which cannot know comfort while at variance with her ; for, though she has for ever destroyed my peace, it shall be my study to restore her's ; nor shall I think my life ill spent, if my endeavours to reconcile her to herself succeed. On the villain, her seducer, shall all my vengeance be exhausted ; but the poor ruined Frances need dread no punishment from me. May she inflict none upon herself ! but, knowing the pride and haughtiness of her soul, I tremble for her life."

The entrance of a third person put an end to this interesting conversation, and they shortly after departed, of which my maid came with great joy to inform me ; and that the wind being fair, the passengers had prevailed on the master of the packet to sail directly.

This had the effect she wished. It awakened me from a deadly stupor, into which the reflection on the noble generosity of Lord Henly's heart and the meanness of my own had thrown me.

We embarked; and the following day landed at Dunkirk, which, after resting one night, we quitted, and travelled by short stages (my shattered constitution not admitting of greater expedition) to a part of France where I was least likely to meet with any of my own countrymen. My friend (for I no longer considered her in the light of a servant) here disposed of part of my jewels, which she had found means to convey out of the house the evening of our departure; as likewise what money I had with me, which she now exchanged for the currency of this country. After a short stay in this place, we retired to the spot from whence I write this narrative. Here I had hoped to enjoy that repose to which I had been long a stranger, and for some days I felt less wretched. I thought I breathed more free, now that I no longer drew the same air with those I had rendered unhappy. But a little time convinced me I had not a mind capable of enjoying solitude; that, to be happy in retirement, I must possess a heart with which I could commune. Alas! how different was mine! Self-examination was to plunge a dagger into it. To think was to despair. Adversity, how blunt are all the arrows of thy quiver, in comparison with those of guilt!

On my settling in this place, I assumed the name of Mordaunt, (it was the Christian name of Villeroy,) and passed for the widow of a British officer, who had fallen in the service of his country, and that I had chosen this retirement to indulge my sorrow for his loss, and at the same time bring up an only child on the small provision he had in his power to leave me.

This report gave me all the leisure I could wish.—The company of the unhappy is seldom sought, and the poor weep unheeded and unregarded.—Thus several tedious years passed on; a journal of one day would serve as a journal of the whole, they were spent in sighs and tears, in spite of the efforts of my smiling Caroline, whose hopeless situation was a perpetual source of grief to me. I impiously accused Providence of having given life to a being without
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the means to render that life tolerable, and demanded of heaven why this innocent was to suffer for the crimes of its parents.

While I was thus murmuring at the dispensations of my offended Maker, the object of my cares suddenly drooped, and I beheld the daily alteration in her person with a consternation that deprived me of the power to make any attempt to save her ; but my tender Mary having heard that there was an English physician, who had come to reside near us for the benefit of his health, applied to him for his assistance, which he gave with that readiness his benevolent heart ever experiences, when opportunity offers to alleviate the distresses of his fellow-creatures. The little hopes he could give me of preserving the dear treasure of my heart brought on a lingering illness, which I was convinced would prove fatal to me.

In the certainty of this, I wrote the inclosed letter to the still-beloved Villeroy, which I gave to my weeping friend, with injunctions to forward it as soon as I should be dead. As I was a stranger to what part of the world he was in, I directed to him at his father's in England ; the following is a copy.

TO MORDAUNT VILLEROY, ESQ.

“ A few short hours will end the worldly misery of the once happy Lady Frances Henly. This alone could induce her to address the man for whom she has forfeited every blessing in this life ; nor presumes to hope for happiness in the next. But think not I mean to upbraid : no, Villeroy, thou partner of my guilt, I do not wish to add mine to the reproaches of your own heart. No, dearest of men, (for that you are still dear to me every vein of this bleeding bosom will testify,) even at this moment, when every other tie is forgotten, and my distracted soul looks forward to that tremendous hour with horror, when I am to be called to account for the miseries I have occasioned,—sinking under the weight of a parent's curse, that parent pleading against me at the great tribunal. Yes, Villeroy, even at this moment, the most ardent wish of my heart is breathed for your eternal welfare ; but, lest

the hand of death should prevent my purpose, I must hasten to inform you, that the fruit of our unhappy love was a daughter, who now lies a victim to the same power to which I yield. My only hope is to survive until I see her gentle spirit depart before, that I may be assured she has escaped the evils my soul presages a lengthened date would heap upon her : but, lest this should not be the case, and that she should be reserved to fulfil some future decree of Providence, I think it my duty to inform you, that I have given her the name of Caroline Mordaunt. Perhaps your name will be the only knowledge she will have of a father. Yet, why should I tax you with such baseness as to suppose you will neglect the daughter of your once-loved Frances ? No, it is impossible ! Let me then conjure you, should chance ever direct her to you, to receive her. Shield her, protect her helpless innocence, and for her mother's sake be to her a father. Remember, Villeroy, it is the dying request of one, who but for you had never known calamity.

I have bequeathed her the sting of my misfortunes ; it was all I had to give. Should they teach her to shun the dangerous precipice from which her parent fell, how great will be the gift ! Be it your task, Villeroy, should she ever claim your protection, to warn her against the too-prevailing arts of your sex. To you I resign her, with an ardent prayer, that she may prove as great a blessing to you, as I have proved a curse to my poor, disgraced, valuable parents ; and may she never resemble her lost mother in life as she does in her features !

I have now fulfilled the task of duty and maternal fondness. I have only a few words to add, which are, that the last moments of my existence shall be breathed out in prayers for your good or ill success in future, as you shall merit by your conduct to this helpless child of sorrow.—Farewell, Villeroy ! farewell for ever !

FRANCES HENLY.”

I had continued for some time in constant expectation of my release from this world, wishing, yet dreading, to hear of that of my Caroline, whom I was debarred seeing
through

through tenderness to us both. I had for several days perceived an unusual degree of anxiety in the countenance of my companion, but dared not enquire from whence it arose. I waited in silence a disclosure which, I doubted not, would give me the last pang that heaven could inflict on this side the grave.

In this state of mind I was surprised by her sudden appearance. She entered the room, almost frantic, crying "She will live! O my beloved lady, our Caroline will live!" Before I could enquire the meaning of her words, the humane physician entered, and congratulated me on the safety of my child. He informed me that the crisis of her disorder was over, that it had been severe, but ended favourably, and he was happy he could now pronounce her out of danger. A momentary joy took possession of my heart, but it was of short duration; the recollection that I must leave her behind me, in a world from which the least she had to expect was poverty and neglect, soon chased away every grateful idea from my mind; and I lamented the cruelty of my fate, that would not suffer me to behold this beloved object of my cares lodged beyond the reach of misfortune.

This worthy gentleman, after contemplating me for some time, with a countenance of impressible piety and benevolence, drew a chair, and, seating himself near me, besought me to be composed, and submit myself to that Providence, at whose dispensations it was presumption to repine. He said, he hoped my education, not my heart, was in fault, as the errors of the former might be corrected, but for the defects of the latter he feared there was no cure. Perceiving me attentive, he proceeded in his conversation to reveal to my uninformed sense comforting and sacred truths, to which I had until that hour been a stranger. He taught me the duties of a Christian and a parent: he assured me, mine was the sickness of the mind, not that of the body, and that my recovery rested chiefly on myself: he exhorted me to atone for my past errors by an endeavour to prolong my days, and use them in the performance of those duties I had hitherto neglected, religion and maternal instruction. He pointed out the obligation I was under to preserve my life for the benefit
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of a being to whom I had given existence, and whom I had no right to deprive of so great a blessing as it was in my power to be to her, by teaching her to avoid principles which had, by depriving me of fortitude to support the ills of life, rendered that life miserable; and, by want of a just confidence in the unerring justice of my Maker, nearly proved fatal to my everlasting peace. This generous man concluded by making me a solemn promise, that, if my endeavours to live should prove ineffectual, my Caroline should never want a parent while heaven prolonged his days.

Astonished at such unexpected goodness, I would have thrown myself at his feet, but he prevented me, and intreated I would not so over-rate little acts which it was incumbent on every Christian to perform. I gazed on his venerable figure with a rapture of delight, and I thought I beheld in him something more than mortal; clasping his hands in mine, I bathed them with my tears; I conjured him to inform me what pitying power had sent him to be my saviour and comforter, or where he learned that blessed disposition to sooth the sorrows of the wretched; but, (I continued,) Oh! tell me, do not I dream? Shall not I awake to grief and disappointment?—He again assured me I might depend on his promise. He urged me not to look upon myself as alone marked out by heaven to suffer what was the lot of many: he too was the child of affliction, and in the hard but wholesome school of adversity he had been taught the lesson of humanity. “Yes, young lady (he continued with a faltering voice,) I know what it is to be a parent, a fond, a doting parent. I too, though now reduced to depend on another for the means of life, was once amongst the happiest of fortune’s children. I then possessed an angel,—but she is gone!—the partner of my breast is gone!—The stern decrees of Providence were too much for her feeble constitution.” He burst into tears, and suddenly withdrew to conceal his emotion.

From this time my mind acquired a degree of tranquillity I had long despaired of regaining. Instead of repining at the miseries I endured, I offered up unceasing thanks to the great Disposer of good and evil for his mercies to an offending wretch.

When

When I reflected on the undeserved suffering of the man, whose life of piety, charity, and benevolence, seemed to have a just claim on the protection of heaven, I was almost led to accuse the justice of Omnipotence, ignorant as I was, that he alone can judge what is best for his creatures, and that his ways are past finding out.

Now that I became a rational being, I divided my hours between my duties to the Supreme and the education of my child, and, for the first time, made an acceptable use of those talents and accomplishments which hitherto had only been instrumental to my undoing. I saw with inexpressible delight, that avidity with which my Caroline imbibed not only the ornamental instruction I could give her, but the more material mental tuition she received from her able teacher, Dr. Smith, whose leisure was dedicated to her improvement. In this manner did we proceed, until Caroline attained her fifteenth year, without any change in our situation, except the loss of my ever-lamented Mary, who was carried off by a fever. To the last hour of my life I shall retain the most feeling sense of her generous friendship, and I cherish a fond hope that we shall shortly meet in a place where no sorrow is known.

My now only friend had for some time past intimated his wish to have our little charge sent for a few years to some part of France, where she might have the benefit of masters to give a finish to her education, which it was not possible to attain, situated as we were; but I had avoided entering into a conversation with him on the subject, as I foresaw it would end in depriving me of my heart's only treasure. He perceived my motive, and at those times forbore to press his scheme, but at length his regard for his adopted daughter got the better of his humanity for me; and he took advantage of its being her birth-day to introduce his request, by representing that she was now at an age that would not admit any further delay. He urged this with so much success, that he obtained my compliance, and accordingly she was, a fortnight afterwards, intrusted to the care of the Lady Abbess of the monastery of —, who had long been known, and greatly esteemed by this worthiest of men. What I suffered at this separation none but those who have parted with

with an only and idolized child can judge. A strong foreboding, that this was the last time I should ever behold her, rendered the hour of parting truly terrible. My tender filial Caroline, shocked by my distress, implored my permission to remain with me with such earnestness, as required all my fortitude to resist; but, after some time passed in a state of irresolution, I yield my own happiness to her improvement.—We parted never more to meet.

Three years are now past since my eyes have beheld the only object that was capable of affording them pleasure; those years have been spent in sickness, solitude, and sorrow. Formerly I made a part of the crowd; I am now a solitary individual, left alone with God and my own mind. I have endeavoured, by the most humble penitence for my crimes, and by an unrepining resignation under the heaviest sufferings, to obtain forgiveness of that God, and I will trust in his mercies, for he never fails to heal the bruises of the wounded spirit.

I have now, my child, finished the narrative of my disastrous life. It has been a painful task to me, but it is capable of proving an inexhaustible source of good to you. Oh! engrave it on the tablet of thy heart; let it teach you to fly from the first temptation to vice; learn to distrust your best resolves. By too great confidence in herself your parent fell.

Among my papers you will find a letter to your father, should Providence ever direct you to him. The one I formerly wrote (a copy of which you have perused) was, by mistake, forwarded to England during my illness.—Whether it was ever received I know not. It went by a friend of Dr. Smith, who was directed to put it, with others, into the first post-house, after he arrived in his own country, and, as I had not named the place of my abode in it, there was no clue by which he could discover in what part of the world you were left, should he be inclined to seek you. The total uncertainty I am in, with regard to his fate, (having remained in profound ignorance of what has befallen not only him, but every other individual in whom I was interested,) the recluse manner in which I had lived, affording no possibility of any information, except what Dr. Smith might have received from his correspondents, and of him I never dared make any
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enquiry,

enquiry, dreading lest I might hear something which would plunge me still deeper in guilt and misery ; for, early in my acquaintance with this gentleman, he had, in the hope of amusing me, sent me some old English newspapers for my perusal ; in the first of which I cast my eyes on, I found mention made of a duel which had been fought between Lord Henly and Sir Harry L——, in which the latter had been killed on the spot. The intelligence went no farther, but the paragraph concluded with a remark that left no room to doubt that this unworthy character had fallen a victim to his own baseness and folly, in having given the world to understand that his attentions to me had been rewarded with generosity equal to his most sanguine wishes.

I had still another motive for my silence, having never intrusted this valuable friend with the real cause of my sorrow and despondence, and, earnest to preserve my secret for ever from his knowledge, I stifled every desire that would have impelled me to seek for intelligence, which might prove destructive to all my future hopes, by depriving my child of a friend and protector. I must repeat, my Caroline, the total uncertainty I am in with regard to his fate obliges me to intreat you not to indulge the hope of ever receiving a father's protection, as such hope might lead you to neglect the means heaven may point out for your establishment in life.

I have the inexpressible comfort in my last moments of knowing I have bequeathed you to a friend, who, while he remains on earth, and you continue to merit his attention, will never forsake you. But, my beloved child, my adored Caroline, I feel I must, I must bid you adieu, a last adieu.—The chill of death is on me ; even Villeroy has no longer a place in this rended heart ; I go to receive the punishment of my crimes, or the reward of my penitence. Sometimes my soul is brightened by hope, at others clouded by despair. A hand appears to come forth, and write upon the wall, “Thy mother's curse is registered above !” My affrighted soul shrinks back, and I wish for added years of contrition and mercy ;—but it will not be. Take then the blessing of thy dying parent ; it is all she can.—Be virtuous, and be happy !

FRANCES.

To no other name am I entitled.

THE
HISTORY
OF
MISS PLADLOW;
OR THE
DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

[FROM THE DELBOROUGH FAMILY.]

MISS Pladlow had the misfortune to lose a very amiable mother at the age of ten months, and when, for her sake, the doctor, whose character was more respectable than his finances, accepted a situation in the Duke of Angrave's family, he committed his precious darling, only then six years old, to the care of Mrs. Parkington, contenting himself with such occasional visitations as did not incroach on the indulgence of his noble patron, or interfere with the official duties of his office.

His honest heart reposed in the security that his daughter was placed where she would be well taken care of, much better he thought than he could have done for her in his own house, having always set his face against second marriages, and having no female relation to whose charge he could intrust her.

Mrs. Parkington really merited the good opinion Doctor Pladlow had entertained of her; she was in every respect
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a truly deserving woman. She had been many years established in his neighbourhood; her school was flourishing and her attention to her pupils unremitting, and, if it had not been quite so much divided, the situation of the poor little motherless Ann would have been fully as eligible as if she had been brought up under the immediate eye of her surviving parent. Mrs. Parkington loved and cherished her with true maternal fondness, and gave to the forming and improvement of her mind as great a proportion of her time as she could have given to any individual scholar, had that individual been a daughter of her own; but the volatile disposition of her pretty charge required constant attendance and constant culture, which was no more in her power to bestow, than for a gardener to stand over one particular flower and neglect all the rest of his parterre.

Miss Pladlow had entered her teens in all the majesty of beauty, when a vacancy happened in the school by the marriage of a sober discreet woman, whose department it was to instruct the young ladies in the French language, and on this occasion Mrs. Parkington applied to Doctor Pladlow, who was then in the Duke of Angrave's family, for his assistance in recommending a person to supply the loss of her late assistant.

Now the Doctor, though the best man in the world, was certainly the worst that could have been employed on so delicate a commission; but, willing to execute it to the best of his abilities, he referred the request to the person who superintended the education of his patron's daughters, and she promised to look out for a country-woman of her own (being a Parisian) who was properly qualified for the office she was wanted to fill: accordingly the next week, a Mademoiselle was dispatched down to the school in a stage-coach, with more recommendations, from ladies of the very first fashion, than money, ribbon, blond lace, or rouge.

As we have already brought forward this important character, it may not be altogether unnecessary to say a few more words on the subject of her merits, and how she came by them. Several ladies of quality, old and young, married and single, the forming of whose minds and morals

rals had been her peculiar task in the thirty years she had taken up her abode in the metropolis, were all of them ready, on account of past services, not only to declare, but to sign such declarations with their own honourable and right honourable names, that Mademoiselle Scuderie was mighty well qualified for a governess; that she spoke the language of her own country with purity, knew something of Italian, and had behaved with much discretion whilst in their service: twenty of those written testimonials she carried with her to Mrs. Parkington, and, being an adept in the science of hypocrisy, after a trial of six years, Mrs. Parkington was as much the dupe of her arts as on her first coming down to take possession of her post.

The good school-mistress had often thanked Doctor Pladlow for his recommendation, who in truth knew nothing more of the person so much approved, except what he had been told.

Mademoiselle Scuderie found the confinement of a school did not quite agree with the very liberal notions of freedom she had imbibed by her long residence in the land of liberty, particularly after having passed so much of her time in the houses of the great, where liberty might be said to reign unfettered: though, in less exalted situation, liberty is obliged to submit to the restraints of a few odd old fashioned laws, the observance of which, to those who can look forward to no better prospect than an approving conscience and eternal rewards, is considered as a matter of more consequence than the generality of great people believe them to be; but what could poor Mademoiselle do to right herself? Her place was a lucrative one, and places of profit she knew, by late experience, were more easily lost than gained. Notwithstanding she had been governess and chief confidante to twenty ladies of high rank, having no further occasion for her services, being arrived at that happy age when they could manage their own little affairs, the only thing they could be prevailed upon to give her, and what of all others she least deserved, was a good character; so that, when she got into her present establishment, she was literally in a state of starvation, and to which she was very loth to return,
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great as her objections were to that sort of life, her necessities had compelled her to accept.

The extreme beauty of Miss Pladlow afforded a distant prospect of better days to Mademoiselle ; she knew the power such a blaze of charms must have on the hearts of all mankind the moment they should be exhibited to the world, and, by making an interest in her affection, she hoped to be a sharer in any good fortune that might hereafter attend her ; with this advantage in view, all her leisure hours were dedicated to filling the poor child's head with folly, and her heart with vanity, by which destructive arts she had gained such an ascendancy over her, that she would have given up the whole world rather than be separated from her dear Mademoiselle : she had nearly died of grief when her father fetched her from school, and returned to it with as large a proportion of joy when Lord Greendale was expected at Redberry.

In novels and romances she was perhaps as well read as any other young lady in whose education Mademoiselle had been concerned. She was herself a great lover of such light summer reading, and had a pretty large collection which she called her own, but which, in fact, had been hired for the use of her former pupils, and afterwards forgot to be returned, as the names of different circulating libraries on the bindings clearly announced. The box that contained those prohibited treasures and forbidden pleasures was conveyed to the school-house under the denomination of wearing-apparel, and made her public entry more respectable than it would otherwise have been ; for, to speak truth, all her wardrobe, except the cloaths on her back, might have been packed up in a comb-case.

She not only indulged her beautiful pupil with reading all sorts of novels, good, bad, and indifferent, but would also recount to her the histories of all the families she had lived with, would tell her how it was the fashion for mothers to keep daughters in their nurseries till they might themselves be mothers, and how cleverly those very daughters had at last outwitted their mothers ; how many young ladies that she had brought up had got married and divorced in less than two years, and how many more of her acquaintance, who had not a six-pence to cross themselves
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with, had got rich husbands merely by their beauty, and then she never failed to draw an inference in favour of her lovely friend, so very palatable and cordial, as by frequent repetition to perfectly intoxicate her senses.

Nature had made her amiable; her understanding was not at least below mediocrity, and her heart had many good qualities; but Mademoiselle was never an admirer of the works of nature, except to destroy them, so that Miss Pladlow's mind was as much out of repair at the age of eighteen, by the coquetry and affectation thrown into it by means of Mademoiselle Scuderie, as it could possibly have been, had she passed three winters in town, in the bosom of fashion and the splendid circles of high life.

The Duke of Angrave, however far he might have strayed from the boundaries of wisdom, at least of Christian wisdom, in the pursuit of riches rather than happiness in his son's establishment, had acted in other respects by the exact rules of good sense and paternal affection, of which we cannot shew one instance more to the purpose than the choice he had made of Dr. Pladlow for the conductor of his son's education.

His Lordship having finished his studies at Westminster with an éclat that did him the highest honour, and his governor the greatest credit, the latter was dismissed by his Grace with abundant expressions of gratitude and munificent tokens of his perfect approbation; and the former was installed with all the order of freedom which the Duke had left in his own power to bestow upon him, every avenue to pleasure was opened to him; the temple of Venus, the courts of Bacchus and Comus were not barred against him, and the only place of public worship, from which he was excluded in this metropolis of idolatry, was the tabernacle of Hymen.

Prior to his leaving England, he obtained permission of the Duke to spend a few weeks at the country retirement of Dr. Pladlow, whom he loved and respected with more sincerity than most pupils are wont to bestow on those who have been instrumental to their acquirements of knowledge.

When

When a letter from Lord Greendale, signifying his intentions of paying a visit to his friend and tutor, was delivered into his hands, opened, and the contents examined, he hesitated, he was glad, he was sorry, his Lordship's presence would certainly do him pleasure and honour; but, alas! there was also a chance that it might be productive of pain and humiliation. Dr. Pladlow, who had been fourteen years a widower, on the very day before he got this letter, had fetched from a boarding-school, where she had been sequestered from the death of her mother to her present age of eighteen, his beautiful, his only, and his beloved child: he knew the warmth of his pupil's affections, though they had never yet been called into action, and the Duke had intrusted him with his engagements to Miss Palmerston. Partiality to the lovely Ann terrified him from the temptation he was running into, and fear of the consequences that might ensue to the Marquis, himself, and his daughter, completed his embarrass. What could be done? It was impossible to put off Lord Greendale; he must have begun his journey before a letter could reach him; for Ann to stay with him, to be seen, and of course to be loved by the Marquis, would involve them all in destruction: that he could not submit to hazard. There remained but one path of safety for him to tread, which was to return his daughter to the asylum from whence he had taken her; it was five miles from his own house, and where there could not be a possibility of her being thrown in the way of his visitor, which honourable and prudent plan he carried into execution the following morning, telling the poor disappointed Ann, as a reason for the suddenness of her removal, he had just been apprised that a party of his friends from London were on the road, with the design of passing some part of the season of partridge shooting at his cottage, and that, as soon as they had left him, he would bring her home again, and establish her the mistress of his little family.

Redberry was the name which we suppose was given to the Doctor's habitation, in accordance with the blushing luxurious vine that covered and almost concealed the front of it, and at Redberry Lord Greendale arrived three days after Miss Pladlow was departed from it.

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As Jenkins was putting his Lord to bed, the second night after his arrival at this home of quiet and hospitality, his Lordship, who always behaved towards him with the greatest condescension, was enlarging on the merit of his entertainer, the neatness of his house, and the beauty of its situation, but observed that, in the midst of all his enjoyments, he missed the ladies of his own family, not having seen the face of a female since he came into the house.

Your Lordship would have had no reason to complain, replied Jenkins, had you come here three days sooner, for it was no longer ago that Miss Pladlow was sent away from the house. The housekeeper shewed me her picture this morning, and indeed, my Lord, if it does not flatter, she must be the most peerless beauty that your eyes ever beheld.

Lord Greendale expressed a surprise which was exceedingly natural, it being the first time in his life of his having heard that the friend, who had for twelve years acted the part of a father by him, was himself a father. Indeed, this was a circumstance Dr. Pladlow had carefully concealed, and his reasons for so doing may be found in the list of those which had occasioned him to send his daughter away, when he received the intelligence that his pupil intended to honour him with a visit. A generous, but premeditated, design had been made to appear merely the work of chance. It was not by denying the paternal character that he had kept his Lordship in ignorance, but, by avoiding at all times to speak of himself or family, there had been no opening for the Marquis to make enquiries. His present intention were not to disown his daughter, but only to keep her and his pupil from the danger of seeing each other. There were but two cautions he thought necessary to use, besides that of removing Ann from the house; one was, that his servants, if questioned, should not discover to what place she had been removed, and the other to take down a whole length picture of her, which he had caused to be drawn after he had separated from the Duke's family, and which till then had adorned his library, and to commit it to the care of his housekeeper, who, having received no other charge but to lock it up, thought it no breach of trust to shew it to my
Lord's

Lord's gentleman, and my Lord's gentleman would have thought himself deserving of a halter if he had not mentioned it to my Lord.

His Lordship contemplated an hour after Jenkins had left him on the intelligence he had brought him, and in the eighth part of the time he had penetrated into the Doctor's reasons for never having spoke to him of his daughter, and for sending her away when he was expected; he not only saw, but approved them, and resolved he would take no pains to render them abortive, or make his honest heart uneasy, by letting him see he had become the master of its secret. With this prudent determination, he turned round upon his pillow, dropped asleep, and dreamed of the picture.

His Lordship asked Jenkins the next morning if he could, by any contrivance, get him a sight of Miss Pladlow's portrait, without the housekeeper's knowing he had seen it, at the same time he bid him not say any thing to her of his ever having mentioned the subject of her young mistress to him. My friend, continued he, has been silent about her, and I will not appear to have discovered what he wishes to conceal: I have nothing but curiosity to gratify, so get me unnoticed a peep at her picture, and it will do as well as if I had been permitted to see the lady herself. Jenkins promised to be on the look out for a favourable moment; and opportunity, never behind hand, when, depending on our own strength, we choose to go in quest of temptations, presented the picture that very day to the Marquis, who, having gazed on it half an hour, felt that it was armed with ten thousand beauties, was sure the painter must have been an egregious flatterer, and took refuge in that idea, nor did it for eight and forty hours again enter into his thoughts, except to think how greatly Miss Pladlow must have been flattered by the artist.

Lord Greendale was very fond of field-sports, and would often go out with his gun and dogs quite unattended, and had more than once stayed out the whole day; sometimes the Doctor would be uneasy at his pupil's long absence, but the quantity of game he produced at his return was a sort of certificate how he had passed his time,

and never failed to remove suspicion, and restore the old man to perfect confidence and good humour.

In one of those excursions it so happened, that, having sprung a covey of birds some miles from Redberry, he had pursued them through several corn-fields, till, almost breathless with fatigue and incommoded by the extreme heat of the weather, for it was one of the hottest days in September, he was tempted to shelter himself in a thick copse, that offered him a cooling retreat on the side of a common, where, on the root of a tree, he sat himself down; and, having called his dogs round him, and laid his gun by his side, not knowing perhaps what else to think of, his thoughts reverted to the picture; and, after considering the matter all over, he settled it in his own mind that it was a fault rather than perfection in that painter who should daringly presume to make the human face divine more resplendently glorious than nature herself had ever represented it in the most finished of her works.

His Lordship was roused from his philosophical meditation by the sound of female voices, which he could hear very distinctly, though the persons were hid from his view by the thickness of that part of the wood into which they had penetrated; he started from his seat, listened, and, guided by the sound, crept near enough to see the backs of two females, who were sitting with their faces from him under a tree; one of them, he observed, had taken off her hat, cloak, and gloves, which laid at her feet. It was impossible he could get them vis-à-vis, but the figure of one of them had a strange effect on his nerves, for he trembled with agitation while he listened as she spoke thus to her companion.

How enchanting it must have been to have lived in paradise on such sultry days as this! Why do not you do as I do, and throw off your incumbrances?

Lord help you! replied the other, you are always too warm or too cold; your beauty may plead an excuse for your whims, and it does not signify how many good things you destroy; now, if ever I get a husband, it will be a God-send, and how is a poor governess, who has but
twenty-

twenty-five pounds a year, to get more hats and cloaks, if I were to use mine and kick them about as you do ?

But, my dear Mademoiselle, interrupted her lively friend, you must and you shall have a husband ; only mind now if the old gypsey, who is to meet us here, when she tells your fortune, does not promise you one.

I wish she was come, returned Mademoiselle, and gone again, for I am afraid of my life our appointment will be found out, and then the least thing I can expect is that I shall lose my place.

Never mind if that should happen, for then I will take you home with me, and, when I am married, you shall be governess to my children because you are so good natured.

As the young lady concluded this more grateful than prudent promise, she cried out exultingly, Have done with your fears, Mademoiselle, for here comes the prophets.

Lord Greendale followed the speaker's looks with his own, and saw, creeping along between briars and brushwood, which almost obstructed her passage, an old beldam, answering exactly to the description of Otway's witch, in his excellent play of the Orphan. The ladies, without changing their situations, desired she would take her place by them, and proceed to business. The hag insisted that the two friends must separate, it being against her rules to speak with more than one at a time, or to have a third person present ; and the Marquis, seeing the governess about to leave her place, in conformity to the established laws of the Egyptians, lowered his head some inches to prevent her seeing him there, if she should happen to turn that way ; but, perceiving she walked forward, and stood at a convenient distance, with her back still turned to him, he re-assumed his position, and redoubled his attention, in consequence of which no word nor action escaped his notice.

My pretty lady, said the old woman, you must give me your hand, for all my learning lies in palmistry.

This was a command highly favourable to his Lordship's wishes, as it brought within his view such a hand

and such an arm as defied the art of imitation by painting or chissel. Make haste, said she, stretching it towards the gipsy, and be sure you tell me no bad luck; the answer she received did not displease, and, being ordered to lay half a crown on the palm of her hand, which was soon transferred to the pocket of inspiration, there followed so long a list of good fortune and various sorts of prosperity, as would have been a cheap bargain, had the purchaser bought it at twenty times the sum she had given.

Lord Greendale heard nothing but a jargon of folly and a string of inconsistencies, from which he could pick out no intelligence that would give him an insight into the what or who this credulous young creature was, who listened with such avidity to the tale of imposition; and, when she had delivered her dark oracle to the one, he was not sorry to see her hobble away to the other, where, whilst she was dealing out the same sort of cant, he had the exquisite delight of hearing the following little ballad warbled out in strains so sweet and melodious, as thrill'd through his soul, and filled it with such transport as had nearly betrayed him; he would certainly have begged a repetition of the song which had so infinitely charmed him, had not the approach of her friend put him in mind of their situation and his own.

S O N G.

As Mira and Clara one morning were walking,
Of this, that, and t'other, in confidence talking,
Lothario drew nigh, and accosted each fair
With a negligent grace and a smile debonnaire.

To Clarissa he bow'd, sigh'd, and call'd her divine,
And in whispering accents, cry'd Clara be mine;
But no sooner he'd kindled the soft soothing flame,
Than to Mira he whisper'd verbatim the same.

The glimpse he caught of Mademoiselle's face, as she returned to the place she had before quitted, gave Lord Greendale no desire to behold it a second time; but there was another which he was resolved to see at all events, and waited with some impatience for their removal from the spot

spot where they had been so long stationed, having mutually enquired of each other concerning their good and bad fortune, I wish I had asked the old woman, said the sweet singer, whose notes still vibrated through the heart of the Marquis, what was my father's true reason for sending me back to Mrs. Parkington, when I thought I had bid an adieu to my school for ever. Now you must know, Mademoiselle, continued she, that I shrewdly suspect it was not a large party of friends his that he expected, as he seemed to insinuate, though to be sure he did not actually say so, only that the house would be full, and he should want my apartment; but now, to convince you how sensible I am of your friendship, I will tell you a great secret; one of the servants, before I left Redberry, whispered me that it was nobody in the world that was coming there, but the young Lord he had been living with so many years in London, and that I was sent away, she believed, because I should not fall in love with him.

The Marquis's blood mounted to his cheeks, and his fluttering heart beat double strokes; at the same instant, one of his dogs fawned upon him, and, barking, seemed to remind him of the sports he was neglecting. The ladies started, and, getting hastily up, turned round to see what it was that had alarmed them. He had now a full view of the most beautiful face in the world.

The first meeting of eyes being over, and an exchange of compliments having taken place, his Lordship, without declaring the pretensions he had to their consideration, found no difficulty to engage them in conversation, and, before they parted, (which was not till the school-bell, which reached them from a considerable distance, summoned the ladies home to dinner.) He had made himself so very agreeable to them, that they readily promised to meet him there again the next day; nor did the lovely Ann refuse to let him press her hand three times and kiss it once before he departed.

After the Marquis had taken leave, Mademoiselle, in her officious eagerness to congratulate Ann on the conquest she had made, full of wonder who the stranger could be, and of admiration at the handsomeness of his person,

person, and the gracefulness of his manners, tumbled over a stone that laid in her way, and in the fall hurt her ankle so much, that Miss Pladlow could not lift her from the ground, but was forced to run to the house for assistance. She was carried home in a chair, and put to bed, to which she was confined several days; for, though no bone was broken or dislocated, the strain was a very bad one, and, what made it a grievous accident to Ann, was the disappointment of her hopes to meet the agreeable stranger the next day, as she had most indiscreetly promised him she would do.

Fair and gentle readers, you who are yet unhackneyed in the ways of the world, stop at this part, and contemplate the very natural picture of real life we hold up for your inspection. Look at Miss Pladlow in the background, that is to say, in the first stage of her infancy; you will there see her innocent, artless, modest, and timid, the most interesting light in which your sex can ever appear. See the destroyer of those feminine graces, the syren, whose song is death, approach her in the disguise of friendship: she holds the cup of flattery to her lips, infused with deadly poison, and that syren is Mademoiselle Scuderie: for having listened to her voice and been directed by her counsel, Miss Pladlow, though still innocent and modest, is no longer artless or timid. In her attachment to the insidious French woman, she may be reckoned unfortunate, but, when she permitted a man, with whose name she was even unacquainted, to talk to her of love, to press her hands, and carry them to his lips, she forfeited her pretensions to discretion, and, by granting his request of a second meeting, we tremble to pronounce that she bid adieu to the only guards of her sex, prudence and delicacy. The first specimen we have of her art was turned against herself, and had Lord Green-dale kept his appointment, and had his principles been less strictly honourable than in reality they were, it would have infallibly effected her destruction. To meet him unattended by a female companion, she felt repugnant, she even feared, and very justly too, that such a step might be the means of lowering her in his estimation.

The

The day on which Lord Greendale had the good or ill fortune to meet with his tutor's hidden treasure, he came back to Redberry at a very late hour in the afternoon, and without any marks of that success which always attended his pursuits. The only thing he brought home that he had not carried out, was a thoughtful air, an embarrassed expression, and a guilty countenance.

Instead of delivering his fowling-piece at the door, as was his custom, he passed by Pompey, who waited to take it, and walked into the parlour, where he found his anxious host impatiently waiting his return. The hand that was held out to give the cordial welcome received not my Lord's hand, but my Lord's gun; then, drawing from his pocket the empty game bag, he applied it as a handkerchief to his face, without being sensible of any blunder he had committed, and in a quick hurrying tone asked a thousand questions and made a thousand apologies before Dr. Pladlow had recovered from the surprise he could not but feel at seeing the strange alteration a few hours had wrought on the composure of his young friend.

The worthy Doctor's astonishment was not unmixed with uneasy doubts and fearful apprehensions. Ann was not a hundred miles from Redberry. Was it possible the Marquis should have met with Ann? He asked his Lordship, with a faltering voice, which of the neighbouring manors had that day afforded such timely shelter to its winged inhabitants, and disappointed so good a marksman of his usual success.

The question itself, but more the hesitation with which it was put to him, and, above all, the confused look that was fixed on him by the agitated enquirer, brought Lord Greendale to the full possession of his senses. He saw in a moment where he had erred, and, willing to settle the affair by one grand lie rather than twenty prevarications, he carried the good man seven miles to the East, when, if he had gone the direct road, it would have been only five to the West. Again the Doctor's mind was restored to ease. It was impossible he could have met with Ann in the way he had taken, and what right had he to suspect his credulity was misleading him, when, from his earliest infancy, he knew his dear pupil to be a strict observer of truth,

truth, and never once to have deviated into the paths of falshood ?

When the Marquis condescended to degrade himself by imposition, however mistaken the means, the motive had its root in better ground than perfidy or baseness. He loved Ann, but he revered her father, whose peace, he was convinced, depended on the preservation of his secret. Should he rob him of tranquillity, by declaring the chance that had revealed it ; should he plant a dagger in his bosom, by letting him see the interview had been as fatal as his own fears had predicted, there was but one other step more repugnant to his feelings, and to injure the beautiful Ann would have been a crime of such infinite magnitude as never could have found a place in a heart so tender, so honest, so sincere, as Lord Greendale's. It was the first time he had loved, and he loved with violence ; but he would have sacrificed his life in defence of her honour, how then could he ever disgrace it by unworthy sollicitations ?

After he had parted from Dr. Pladlow for the night, leaving him the most assured and contented of friends and fathers, he found Jenkins waiting for him in his chamber, who soon saw, by his Lord's unusual silence and more unusual gloominess, something had happened to distress him. He asked if his Lordship was fatigued.

No !—

Was he ill ?

No !—

Hoped he had heard no bad news from London.

No !—

This faithful creature, who loved his Lord as a brother, and honoured him as a divinity, feared to ask any more questions, though he longed to know what it was that disturbed him. He sighed from sympathy ; tears filled his eyes, which were fixed on the Marquis's, as he stood observing him at a respectful distance. Several minutes passed in profound silence, when, rising hastily from the table, before which he had sat himself down, both arms resting on it, and his face reclined upon them, Jenkins, said he, I am not unhappy, but I am more than unhappy ; I am miserable !

God

God forbid! cried Jenkins, starting with horror.

Hear me! interrupted his Lord; I will confide in thee. I know thou art attached by friendship to me; to duty only I would not venture my confidence; even from both I require the security of an oath; swear then, that, however it may appear to you, that, even for my own advantage, my secret should be given up to my family, though thou wast sure it would save me from perdition to disclose it, swear thou wilt never betray me.

Jenkins was terrified; he hesitated. The idea of keeping a secret that his Lord had certainly implied might prove his destruction if not revealed, conveyed nothing but images of horror to his timid imagination. On the other hand, humble as his situation was, it was possible, if he was let into the nature of his Lord's misfortunes, he might be happy enough to assist in removing them, or to prevent their consequences; such, at least, as attention, diligence, and vigilance, could prevent.

Actuated by motives of affection, in which curiosity or self-interest was no ways concerned, poor Jenkins conformed to all that his Lord required, and was accordingly let into the mystery of his situation, beginning with Miss Palmerston, to whom his family had married him, and ending with Miss Pladlow, to whom he would most willingly have married himself; and the ways and means to accomplish this desirable event took them up so long in concerting, altering, and finally to arrange, that, though the sun is no early riser in the month of September, he had actually peeped into the chamber, and beamed a good-morrow on his Lordship, before he had once thought of dismissing his old friend and companion, but from henceforth his new confidant and counsellor.

Having ordered himself to be awakened at nine, Jenkins was very much surprised when he drew aside the curtain not to find him in bed; but, hearing his Lordship calling on him from his dressing-room, he made haste to obey the summons, and found the marquis very busy writing at his desk. Sit down, said he, and do not speak to me till I have finished what I am about.

The first part of this command his humility prevented him from performing, but the second was punctually obeyed. He

observed that his Lord spent as much of his time in reading what he had already written as in writing what he was next to read, which prolonged the time so much, that it took up nearly an hour before he came to a conclusion; then, presenting the fruits of his labour to Jenkins, he bid him read, after he had heard the reasons he should advance to him why he had thought it necessary such a letter should be written.

You know, said he, I have promised my divine Ann to be in her neighbourhood again this day, and that she had the goodness to signify that I should find her at the same place where I had the extatic bliss of seeing her yesterday. For her sake, for my own, I must see her no more, as long as I remain the guest of her father. I make to him, to honour, and to the reputation of Miss Pladlow, this sacrifice of my dearest inclinations; I love her to madness, and will, to get rid of that cruel engagement which fatally binds me to another, act a part of desperation.—But, O Jenkins! till that bar is removed, till I can honourably demand her of her father, I would avoid another interview, which might be paid for at the price of her destruction and my eternal confusion. The letter I have given you, and which I desire you now to read, must speak for me to Miss Pladlow. You shall convey it to her dear hands; but return not, I charge you, without an answer such as I have requested.

Jenkins, having read the letter, gave it back to his Lord.

L E T T E R.

One short moment, how sweet! how exquisitely dear the recollection of that moment! what has it not opened to my view of superlative happiness! Again I might have realized the fleeting vision of felicity: this day, with your own permission, dearest Miss Pladlow, I might have seen you; at the moment you receive this, I might have been at your feet, I might have been thanking you for instructing my heart in the first rudiments of tenderness, for teaching it to feel emotions new and enchanting; all this your condescending goodness would have permitted me to enjoy! yet I profit not by your indulgence, I fly not to you, I

press not your lovely hands to my lips ! These feeble expressions of my soul will be honoured with their soft touch, whilst I, self-banished from your presence, dare not approach, dare not quit Redberry, dare not trust myself again in your fight, without the sanction of your father,— I had almost said my father. His claims to my affection and respect are little inferior to those of a parent. Yes, madam, I have the honour to share his paternal cares and tenderness with you. That man, who feels he never can resign his pretensions even to more than your favour, is the Greendale who has so long engrossed the attentions of your excellent father, who has robbed you for so many years of his personal protection. My crime, if you account it one, was unpremeditated. I knew not he had such a jewel in his possession, till chance conducted me yesterday to that ever-beloved spot where his treasure was deposited, and, having once seen it, how to make it my own will employ my thoughts unceasingly, till the means are accomplished. I acknowledge my presumption, and, if you accuse me of unreasonable expectations, I plead guilty; but dear and adored accuser, as I throw myself on your mercy, judge me with compassion. I ask you not to hate me, and, if you do not hate, may I not venture one step farther? No, I will not solicit a return of love till my heart tells me I deserve it; my intentions are honourable, yet so cruel is my situation, that, being forced to confine them to my own breast, they must wear the complexion of dishonour; for this reason it is that I fly from you. It occasions my silence to your father: he does not even suspect that I know there is such a being as yourself in existence; he must never know, till I can ask him with confidence for permission to lead you to the altar, that we ever have met, and it will be still better for us all, if he is at present left to suppose we have not so much as heard of each other. Oh! did you know the whole of my situation; how dreadfully incumbered, how surrounded by almost insurmountable difficulties, and which nothing but my passion for you can ever give me a chance of surmounting, pity, if not love, would make you reserve for me that hand and those vows on which the felicity of my future days must entirely depend. Long,

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very

very long, I fear, it may be before I come to claim the blessings your goodness may preserve for me ; till then we meet no more, nor must I write to you again, I call upon heaven to witness, that, if you honour me with your remembrance, no other woman shall bear my name, nor have the smallest share in my affections.

I shall soon leave this kingdom. How long I shall remain abroad must depend on the success of my endeavours to throw down the bars that fatally at this time obstruct my felicity. Never, my dearest Miss Pladlow, will I return but to sue for your preference ; not sculking like a thief to steal away your affections, but to demand them in the face of the world as the honourable reward of my fidelity. Hard is the service I enter upon, but glorious will be the conquest, and, if in the pursuit I appear to trample down those fair principles of propriety which ought to be carefully preserved by him who aspires to the possession of your heart ; if you hear that I am guilty of excesses that my soul would shudder to commit ; even if your father should be deceived, and tell you my actions have degraded me ; though he should forsake me as an object no longer worthy of his notice, do not you believe me the criminal the world and he may have cause to think me ; do not you forsake me, but whisper to yourself this truth, though to secure you my own, and honourably mine for ever, I must, by my conduct, seem wholly undeserving of you ; that, oh ! it is for you, my gentle, my adored, my lovely mistress, that for a while I shall submit to disguise my real character, in which, I trust, there are no traits to alarm your delicacy. It is to the shrine of honour that I sacrifice the semblance of honour ; and, whilst I seem to disregard the laws of rectitude, I shall in reality be the most zealous in maintaining them.—My fate was enveloped in mystery almost at my birth ; one day it shall be revealed to you ; at present think it impracticable, and condescend to pardon the darkness in which I am forced to leave you.

I mean to intreat your good father to be the companion of my travels ; if he indulges my request, I beseech you do not oppose it : his presence will be necessary to my existence, when divided from you by an immensity of
space

space that freezes my blood to contemplate, now that I am at the distance of only five miles from you. Dear Miss Pladlow, have no confidante, let no one share your confidence ; I am undone for ever if you have not the goodness to confine my secret within your own dear bosom.— Repose your trust on my honour : I never, never will deceive or mislead the daughter of my friend, the mistress of my affections. I intreat you to signify that you pardon, pity me, and will accept the only terms I have at present to propose. I feel my presumption in making them, but mine is a case of desperation, and without making them I should have lost you for ever. I do not ask for a written answer ; it may not be in your power to indulge me with so sweet a treasure where you have so many observers, but say thus to the messenger ; tell the person who sent you hither, I am not dissatisfied, and in those few words love shall teach me to read volumes of his own eloquence. I would bid you adieu, but cannot.

GREENDALE.

From the time Jenkins was dispatched to —— with this letter till his return to Redberry, the Marquis's impatience amounted almost to agony. He had neither rest to his head, his heart, or his limbs, till the return of his messenger, to whom he could only say, throwing himself into a chair, Well, Jenkins, have you seen her ?

I have, my Lord. She has read your letter, and bid me tell your Lordship she was perfectly satisfied.

Enough : it was all I required of her, all I could expect from her ; but tell me, dear Jenkins, how did you get to speak to her alone ?

Nothing so easy, my Lord. I met her before I reached the wood : she was walking unattended in the field that leads to it ; I knew her by her likeness to the picture. I ventured to accost her, and enquired if I had not the honour to speak to Miss Pladlow. She answered yes, and I then delivered your Lordship's letter, which at first she refused to receive, but, when I told her I brought it from Redberry, she held out her hand to take it, looked confused, and, observing me with more attention than she had done before, said, with an air of suspicion, that I certainly did

did not belong to her father, nor did she ever remember to have seen me. I begged she would be so good as to apply to the contents of the letter, which I hoped would remove any unfavourable impression my appearance might have occasioned.

Proceed, proceed, cried Lord Greendale, whose emotions were various and violent. Tell me all she said, all she did, all she looked! Heaven and earth! if she despises not my proposals, if she will be silent and faithful, I may yet be fortunate. Why do not you speak, Jenkins?

She turned from me, my Lord, as she was reading your Lordship's letter, but when she had read it twice over, perhaps oftener, for she did not come forward again in three quarters of an hour.

Charming prudence! cried the enraptured lover. All that time was devoted to consideration; and then, and then, Jenkins, how did she look?

My Lord, I hardly know how to describe her looks; they were confused, delighted, agitated, she trembled exceedingly.

Ecstatic creature! delighted! you are sure she looked delighted! Repeat that word again, Jenkins, it conveys to me the sound of happiness.—You are sure you did not mistake the expression of her countenance?

Impossible, my Lord, that I should mistake it. Sorrow may be concealed and anger smothered, but the transports arising from unexpected good fortune are not to be concealed. Miss Pladlow, at least, could not conceal them; her face was animated with blushes, her smile was full of pleasure, and her eyes danced with joy.

The hurt Mademoiselle had received the preceding day prevented her from going out, and to trust any other person with the secret was impossible; she therefore determined not to give him the meeting she had promised, at the same time cheated her own resolves by pursuing her walk through the very path which he must take, and at the very hour in which she expected him. Fortune was on this occasion more favourable to her than she deserved; it saved her from an interview with the Marquis, and presented to her his letter only, with the contents of which she was more transported than it was possible she could have been

been by the presence of the writer, having dismissed Jennings with exactly the verbal message to his Lord which was warmly solicited by his Lordship, she ran back to the apartment of Mademoiselle Scuderie, and, having first carefully fastened the door, forgetting all the charges her lover had given her to cherish his secret, she reposed it in the bosom of her confidante, whose agitation was very little inferior to her own. They continued reading the mysterious letter over and over so often, till every word it contained was impressed on their memories so forcibly, that nothing could blot it from thence, and the recourse they had to it daily, almost hourly, made such an omission as forgetfulness a decided impossibility.

Already Miss Pladlow, possessed by anticipation the rank of a duchess, and Mademoiselle did not fail to enumerate any advantage that must of course fall to her share in this splendid alliance. Truth forces us to own, that if Ann's heart was at all touched by any other passion than ambition, the hurt was so slight, that she did not even feel it herself.

Lord Greendale was the first man who had spoke to her with particular tenderness. She thought it delightful, and without desiring to know more of the speaker, she wished to hear him talk to her again in the same language. This was really the state of her heart before she received the Marquis's letter, from which time she made herself believe that she was as much in love with him as any heroine in romance could be with her hero, or even as the young ladies of whom Mademoiselle had frequently told her, who thought no difficulty too great for them to encounter which opposed their passage to the presence of a lover, or that too many duties could be sacrificed to make him happy and themselves miserable.

The only matter that could now distress the mind of Miss Pladlow was the mystery of her lover's situation; and what could it be was a question so often asked of herself and Mademoiselle, that, like a feverish idea, waking or sleeping, it never forsook her, notwithstanding her intriguing confidante always assured her, that, as soon as the Marquis was gone upon his travels, she would set about finding it out, and had already invented the

the means, which she said must be successful for finding out the truth of the matter; but, as to the nature of the plan she had constructed, that was a secret she chose to hold in her own keeping, nor could all Miss Pladlow's importunities draw it from her.

Lord Greendale too well knew the Duke of Angrave's insatiate avarice to build the least hope of his relinquishing the prospect of possessing Miss Palmerston's fortune, which would have been equally pleasing to his Grace, had the lady herself been quite out of the question. Besides, the heavy forfeiture he must be subject to if his son married any other woman, was such a bar to the gratification of the Marquis's wishes, as he saw but one way to surmount, which was, to impose himself on her guardians for a dissolute abandoned profligate, who was totally unworthy of an alliance with their ward, and to tire out the patience of his affianced wife by his unremitting coldness and decided neglect, till the whole party should be agreed to loosen the galling chains by which his freedom was fastened down, and, in consideration of Miss Palmerston's future happiness, he even expected she and her guardians would be the first parties to propose an amicable dissolution of the hated contract, if he could but be happy enough to make himself an object of disgust to the one and of contempt to the other. The plan was laid before he quitted Redberry, and before he had written to Miss Pladlow the letter which has already appeared; but, though it was carried into execution with spirit, and followed up with intrepidity; though it was a stratagem so wonderfully well concerted between him and his faithful Jenkins, whom he had pressed into the service, yet the success of it did not answer his purpose. The false accounts of his conduct, ingeniously contrived to circulate from every quarter of the town, drew on him the disapprobation of his family, the condemnation of many, and the censure of all, except only the guardians of Miss Palmerston, who silently passed over in the Marquis of Greendale, heir apparent to his Grace the Duke of Angrave, such imputed actions of folly and extravagance as, had they fallen on any other character, those grave and wise gentlemen would undoubtedly have been the very first

first to arraign and reprobate ; but, contrariwise, they were not only themselves indulgent to his Lordship's imaginary improprieties, they also disposed their manageable ward to disbelieve them entirely, nay even to discredit the evidence of her own senses, which had told her a thousand times she was an object of disgust to her intended husband, and their language might have been understood, but for the crafty and flattering insinuations of those very gentlemen who might have been the friends of her fortune, but were most certainly the enemies to her peace.

Disappointed, yet not in despair at the vast sums of reputation he had squandered in the pursuit of freedom, without having made the smallest progress towards its attainment, he departed from England, firmly fixed to proceed in his plans of deception, not only whilst he continued abroad but to the end of his life, if he should not in less time have the good fortune to make himself hated by Miss Palmerston and her incorrigible guardians. He had no pity to bestow on those who had plunged him into misery, if they should suffer by the only means he could use to extricate himself from it ; but, when he thought of the grief his masked conduct would occasion Dr. Pladlow, he felt it as an aggravation of his own distresses, it was necessary he should be deceived with all the rest of the world ; but the wounds he knew it would give his tranquillity were a dagger in his own soul.

When, at the urgent solicitations of the Duke of Angrave, Dr. Pladlow consented to travel with his beloved pupil, he found no difficulty in persuading Ann of the necessity there was that they should again be separated. She was returned to her father, and presided as mistress of his house, at the time a letter from his Grace arrived at Redberry, conveying the most brilliant proposals, which might have had no weight with the Doctor, whose wealth was already more than equal to his moderate wishes ; but what he would have refused to selfish considerations he granted to gratitude and the warm intreaties of his benefactor.

Miss Pladlow could with difficulty conceal the joy her father's determination had given her, because she looked upon the request, though made by the Duke, to originate

in the Marquis, as was really the case, and regarded it as a tacit proof of the steadiness of his Lordship's attachment to herself. Her lips, indeed, expressed sorrow, but her heart revelled in all the delights of expected gratifications. She intreated her father's permission to remain at his house during the time he was absent, as, after having lived several months at home with him, she should feel very great reluctance to her former residence; for, though Mrs. Parkington was one of the best women in the world, the school, she must confess, had no charms for her, having acquired from her dear father such a taste for the enchanting luxuries of quiet retirement, as she could not but hope she should never be obliged to relinquish as long as she lived.

Charmed with the rational sentiments of his darling daughter, the transported, alas! we are sorry to say deceived, parent, tenderly embraced her. His eyes glistened with tears of satisfaction, and he assured her he should readily grant her request, and settle on her a handsome establishment, if they could think of any good kind of matronly woman who would accept the office of her companion; for he did not hold it proper that so young a woman should be left entirely to her own management, and he would make it worth the while of any such person to live entirely with her at Redberry during his absence. He stopped here, and, being arrived at the very point to which she had wished to conduct him, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, she ventured to ask him what he should think of Mademoiselle Scuderie, to whose care of her she was already so much indebted, supposing they could prevail on her to reside at Redberry, and Mrs. Parkington, she dare say, would consent to give her up for so friendly a purpose.

Say, child, replied the Doctor, quite as much delighted as Ann appeared to be, though, perhaps, not so much as she really was, I say that I like your proposition so well, that I will immediately wait on both the ladies, and it shall not be my fault if I do not bring you back Mademoiselle Scuderie for your companion. It is impossible that I should not approve the original of those good qualities

qualities which I every day see so brightly reflected in my own dear Ann.

Miss Pladlow threw her arms round the neck of this tender approving parent, and hid her face on his bosom. It was an involuntary action to conceal the guilty blush with which it was overspread, and not what he believed it to be, the artless emotion of filial fondness.

There could be no fear of a refusal on the part of Mademoiselle, and, though Mrs. Parkington, whose eyes had never been opened to her real character, was sorry, and found it inconvenient to part with so principal an assistant, yet did she resign to her good friend, Dr. Pladlow, the precious hypocrite, who carried her away with him, very much advanced in his estimation by the number of tears that followed the adieus she received from the mistress herself, and all her scholars, on quitting their society.

From the time Dr. Pladlow left England with his pupil, Ann's little heart beat higher and higher with the pulse of impatience to come at the grand secret, and Mademoiselle, who had promised so largely, was every day importuned to set about making the discovery of what it could be; but, having nestled herself into a very comfortable situation, having a carriage at her command, (for the Doctor had sent down a second hand chariot for the use of his daughter,) and, being lady-paramount of the mansion, she was in no haste to quit all these good things, even for a few weeks, to go in quest of adventures: however, from time to time she promised and repromised, broke and rebroke her word, till the sweetness of Miss Pladlow's temper began to turn acid, and her endeavours to please, coax, and entertain, her companion, were so visibly abated, in consequence of Mademoiselle's everlasting excuses, that, fearing she should lose her whole interest where it was so material for her advantage to preserve it, she, at the end of ten months, sat out for London, leaving her beautiful charge, as had been agreed between them, making a visit, self-invited, to Mrs. Parkington, to whom she had signified a request that she might be permitted to remain with her till Mademoiselle's return, who pretended to have had a legacy from some

friend in France, which was to be settled in London and made her absence from Redberry indispensibly necessary, though she hoped to accommodate her business in a fortnight at farthest. Mrs. Parkington was happy to receive so distinguished a proof of Miss Pladlow's kindness. She gave her the most affectionate welcome, and warmly congratulated Mademoiselle on her unexpected good fortune, observing that she had never heard her mention any friend to whom she looked forward in the way of benefit from survivorship.

Poor Mademoiselle Scuderie returned to Redberry, after staying in town twelve days, the victim of disappointment and the prey of ennui. She had left her secret behind her, and had brought back nothing in exchange but liberal promises of future communication. Miss Pladlow had shewn herself twice at a race-ball during the first eighteen months of Lord Greendale's tour to the continent, and had raised no small flame in the hearts of almost as many men as dared to examine the beauties of a face which could not be gazed at with impunity. Several had applied for her favour, and for permission to address her father on the subject, but all were rejected; nor did the loss of their adoration in the least manner affect her with any thing like regret, except on one occasion.

Amongst her other admirers was the Honourable Mr. Ashford, the eldest son of Lord Danzey, whose person was remarkably handsome, his heart good, his manners pleasing, and he possessed a very considerable fortune independent of his father. His attachment to Ann, like that of Lord Greendale, had commenced at first sight, in the ardency of his passion, and his steadiness to persevere in the honourable gratification of it: he also very much resembled the Marquis, so that, when she assured him there was no hope of his succeeding, she saw him at her feet so truly wretched, and so interestingly pathetic, that she joined her tears with his, and for a moment paused between her promise to the Marquis and the more tender inclination she felt for his rival. An appearance so much in favour of the latter aggravated her distress by increasing his importunities, and the only expedient she could think of, to end his hopes and her own embarrass,

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was candidly to tell him she had, without her father's knowledge, formed an engagement, which, though she meant not to fulfil unauthorised by him, she would never retract from. He intreated she would not withhold the name and situation of him that so cruelly impeded his felicity; but this she refused to do so positively, that he was forced to take what she insisted should be his eternal adieu, with no other gratification than reading in her eye that he was not at least an object of her hatred.

The season was March, the weather boisterous, and the evening far advanced, when a servant, who had been sent to the post-town, returned with two letters, one foreign, the other stamped with the London post-mark. — Having first opened that which she knew to be from her father, and which, like all his other epistles, was short and sweet. She next looked at the seal and direction of that which laid before her on the table, having given the Doctor's letter to Mademoiselle for her inspection.

Well! cried Ann, was ever any thing so odd! This is certainly a coronet-seal, but so clumsily pressed, that it is almost defaced; and the letter is free too, but the name is so badly written, that I cannot make it out.

Open it then, said her friend; but stop a moment, and let me look before you break the wax. She examined it carefully, and, though her broad cheeks were as red before as rouge could make them, when she saw enough of the arms and coronet to know they belonged to the house of Angrave, and perceived it to be really his Grace's name on the back of the letter, at that moment the very palest spots on her countenance were those which the daubing hand of art had laid on, so much higher is the colouring of nature than that of art when guilt holds the pencil. She immediately thought her confidante, Madam Villeroy, must have betrayed her, and foresaw the destruction of all her hopes in the ruin of Miss Pladlow's prospects; but, in the midst of her internal and external confusion, she was too cunning to blow her own coal. She concealed her palpitations with all possible address, gave back the letter to Ann, and declared she could not conceive who it came from. We need not here observe, that, though the Duke of Angrave's name
and

and seal had been used on the occasion, he had no share in the merit of the composition.

L E T T E R.

Audacious wretch! would nothing satisfy thy diabolical ambition, but to connect thy obscurity with the honours of my princely house? Shall the daughter of a preaching puppy of a parson lift up her daring eyes to the Duke of Angrave's heir, as a husband fit to couple with her meanness? Know, infamous creature, he would have sufficiently degraded himself, had he given thee the title of his mistress, and I would have spurned him with my foot, for having derogated from the dignity of his ancestors by a choice so spiritless. Know you not, woman, the mistress of Lord Greendale should be the wife or daughter of a peer? Now hear thy fate, and tremble! I command thee in three days to depart from Redberry, and to hide thy infamous head where it shall never be seen to disgrace my family. Go to the mountains in Wales! and may they cover thee eternally! Dare to disobey the least of my commands at thy peril! Take only the vile Scuderie for thy companion. Neither directly nor indirectly dare to tell where that abode lies to which I banish thee for thy audacity. The moment thy father is informed of my just resentment, I will crush him to atoms, and bring thee to public execution for practising the sins of witchcraft. My messengers shall be at Redberry in three days, either to see that my orders have been obeyed, or to drag thee to the awful presence of the enraged

ANGRAVE.

The consequence of this thundering mandate, after poor Ann was relieved from a fainting fit, into which it had thrown her, and when she had recovered her speech, that was for a long time obstructed by heart-rending sobs and briny tears, was a sudden but fixed resolution to leave Redberry the next morning, at day-break, as privately as possible; to pursue her route for Liverpool, and from thence embark for the nearest port to her father's residence, which was then in Rome, to throw herself at his feet, confess her errors, claim his protection, renounce Lord

Greendale, and ever after to be good and dutiful. Nor did Mademoiselle oppose any of her intentions, being still more afraid, even than her fair friend, to stay where she was, and flattering her concealed hopes, for she no longer dared to communicate them, that the Marquis would certainly marry Miss Pladlow when he should be told what she had suffered on his account.

They passed that night in making preparations for their journey and voyage; but, as we do not mean to attend them on either, we shall set them down, at the close of their dangers and fatigues by sea and by land, one short street only from that in which Lord Greendale's house was situated. Miss Pladlow understood a little of Italian, but Mademoiselle spoke it with tolerable fluency, having passed some years, in the beginning of her eventful life, in his Holiness's dominions.

Ann had never once varied from those good resolutions she had carried with her from Redberry, and alighted at a public hotel with no other view than to refresh herself, that she might have strength to meet her father, and to concert on the least alarming method by which she might acquaint him of her arrival.

Amongst the crowd curiosity had collected together to see the ladies get out of their carriage, fortune had so contrived it that Jenkins should be almost one of the nearest to them. He had been sent with a message from the Marquis to a friend of his who lodged at the hotel, which he had just delivered, and was returning through the court when the carriage drove up. Mademoiselle alighted first; her figure so ill rewarded the trouble he had taken, that he was actually turning away, when he accidentally caught a glimpse of Miss Pladlow's side face, as one of the attendants was lifting her out in his arms, being so overcome with fatigue and terror, that she could not walk to the house.

Transient as the view was, and the improbability that she should be in that place, the appearance staggered him extremely. He thought it impossible it should be her, but the lady he had seen so strongly reminded him of her lovely face, that he went back into the house, puzzled, anxious, and uneasy. He asked a thousand questions, but
could

could get no satisfactory answer. All that the people at the hotel knew themselves they very readily told him; but this all amounted to nothing more than that both the ladies were foreigners, but they did not know from what country; that one of them was very young and beautiful; that she wept much, had not spoken a word but in so low a whisper to her companion, that they had not even heard the sound of her voice. He intreated to see the baggage that had been taken off the carriage: he examined every part of it; he looked round and round, but could see nothing like a direction on any part of it.

While thus employed with the trunks, bundles, and boxes, that had been put down just outside the room in which the ladies were sitting, a waiter passed by him, carrying refreshments to them. He followed him to the door, and, in the same moment it was opened, he had so good a view of Miss Pladlow's face and figure, as at once to convince him that it could be no other than the beloved object of his Lord's affection.

Confused with the multitude of his own ideas at the wonderful discovery he had made, he rather flew than ran back with his intelligence to the Marquis, who was waiting for his return, that he might dress to fulfil an evening entertainment. Jenkins, thrown off his guard by the suddenness of the scene that had passed at the hotel, broke it with so much abruptness to his Lord, who happened to be alone, that the effects it had on his Lordship were really of an alarming nature; he turned pale, staggered, and fell back on the chair, which he had just risen from, almost without sense or motion. No being could have a stronger claim to compassion than the faithful creature whose precipitation had reduced him to this condition; he threw himself on his knees before him, he clasped the Marquis's hands in his own, eagerly called upon him for pardon, begging for the love of God he would speak to him, that he might not have to reflect it was he who had been the murderer of his Lord, his friend, his benefactor.

No, Jenkins! cried the Marquis, who was recovering from the violence of a shock he had not been able to withstand. No, no, no, it is not you that have killed me, but,

but, if Miss Pladlow has given her hand to another, and has followed her husband hither, it is she that has destroyed me; this must be the fatal cause of her appearance at Rome; to come under any other protection would be still more shocking to my feelings and destructive to my peace.

I do not think, my dear Lord, replied the now comforted Jenkins, that Miss Pladlow is under any man's protection. No man was with her, upon my honour, not even a male attendant.

Then I will soon know the occasion of her arrival; and, snatching up his hat, he bounced off like a rocket, followed at a respectful distance by the humble friend of his misfortunes; and here it will not be unseasonable to observe, that the anonymous and joint productions of his sister, Lady Selina Dangle, and Madame Villeroy, had reached him exactly five days prior to that on which the penitent Ann made her entrée into the capital of his magnificent holiness; and, though he had cursed the officious intermeddler, and treated the letter itself as all people of common sense should treat such sort of incendiary compositions, with sovereign contempt, stamped it beneath his feet, and afterwards flung it into the flames, yet, when he was told the beloved subject of that letter was actually in Rome, and that she was come without the command or knowledge of her father, he had ten thousand ideas floating on his disturbed imagination, any one of which was sufficiently baneful to blast the fairest blossom of his distant hopes.

Jenkins conducted his Lord to the door of the room where he had left the ladies, and retired. The Marquis opened it so gently, that the noise did not disturb them: he saw his divinity; his limbs trembled, his breath almost forsook him, and his feet seemed rooted to the floor. To him the moment was critical, it was the most awful he had ever experienced. Had the eternal sentence, which was to pronounce him happy or miserable, depended on that moment, his terrors were adequate to the occasion.

Mademoiselle had fallen asleep in her chair, and was enjoying that sort of canine repose, to the solace of which the sons and daughters of sensibility must ever re-

main strangers, whilst sorrow is the attendant on their couch; but neither sorrow, remorse, nor disappointments, could penetrate the heart, or break the slumbers of this snoring French woman, or awaken her to a participation of those sufferings poor Ann would probably never have experienced, but for her own arts and her own treachery. Her eyes were closed to the distresses of her victim, and her ears to the voice of the lovely complainer, whose sobs and tears, as she sat writing to her father in one corner of the room, with her face turned from the door, melted the soul of Lord Greendale to indescribable softness, might have taught compassion to the hyæna, but had no effect on the self-loving Mademoiselle Scuderie.

We are not expected, it is hoped, to be very minute in our descriptions, but, should it be otherwise, we will endeavour to preserve a medium between the wishes of our readers and our own inclinations, by telling them in few words, that Miss Fladlow had on a very becoming travelling dress of light blue lutestring, with a hat and feathers of exactly the same colour, which she had either taken off before the Marquis stole upon her unperceived, or, what is still more likely from its lying on the ground, was, that it had good naturedly fallen off, that the finest hair in the world might be wholly unfettered, and give an air of ease to the dignity of beauty, by straying in careless ringlets over the snowy forehead, the polished bosom, and the graceful shoulders of the enchanting Ann; the tears fell faster from her eyes than the words from her pen; sighs and sobs retarded the progress of her undertaking: at last, in a fit of despair, she tore the paper on which she had been writing, and, wringing her hands in agony, cried out, What can I say!—What can I do!—What will become of me!—Cruel Duke! cruel Lord Greendale!

To hear his name announced in accents so reproachful, so plaintive, produced an immediate effect. The heart-stricken Marquis, no longer stationed as the unobserved spectator of her emotions, was now at the feet of his adored mistress, who had so little remembrance of his person, that she gave a faint scream, and in very bad Italian bid him be gone, having no other idea but that he must
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be an assassin, who had been employed by the implacable Duke of Angrave to take away her life. This was an error under which he did not suffer her to remain an instant, and the explanation threw her into still more violent agitation than had arisen from the apprehension of death itself. She insisted that he should leave her: he was deaf to her commands. They both became more composed; he seated himself by her. She told him the motives for her leaving Redberry, the resolution she had taken on receipt of his father's letter, and intreated his Lordship's influence to obtain pardon of her dear abused parent, and to assure him in her name she had renounced them for ever.

The Marquis was disconcerted, not so much at the resolution she had taken to desert him, because he well knew that in such cases ladies' resolutions are not always immutable; but he was piqued, grieved, almost offended, by the little interest she seemed to take in the affliction with which she was coolly stabbing the hopes he had so long and so affectionately cherished. He looked at her, he examined her face with the eyes of passionate fondness during the whole time she was speaking; but, alas! no tender glance, no friendly blush told him he was beloved, and that to renounce him for ever would cost her a few moments of sorrow. The contents of the letter, which had frightened her from her peaceful home, were so engraved on her memory, that she was able very faithfully to relate them to the Marquis, which were so like what his father would have written on such an occasion, that he had no cause to suspect there had been any deception used in regard to its authenticity: the original she could not then shew him, having for security locked it up in her trunk, which could not be opened till the next day, when she promised him he should see it.

Having listened to the tale of her misfortunes, as well as to all she could advance in favour of her present determination, and, finding her so much exhausted that she could proceed no farther, he took advantage of her silence, and thus addressed her in a voice that was at once gentle, soothing, persuasive; urgent, firm, and determined.

That I adore you, my dear Miss Pladlow, is not more demonstrated to my own soul than that you behold me with indifference; yet it is not you that I accuse, it is myself that I condemn. I have occasioned you nothing but misery, when I meant, as heaven is my witness, to secure your felicity: how then should I expect love where my wretched fortune has made me appear to merit hatred only? My situation has been dreadfully embarrassed, engagements have been formed for me in which I was never consulted; these engagements my family may still think binding, but I know they are redeemable. I cancel them from this moment, and to-morrow shall see me your husband, or——.

Stop, stop! interrupted the affrighted Ann; I never, never can be the wife of Lord Greendale. Is he not son to the Duke of Angrave? Name it not!—You kill me with terror; restore me to my father's love, give me back to his protection, and ——.

Idol of my soul, cried the Marquis, stopping her in his turn, yes, by heaven, I will restore you to your father. He shall receive you with all that boundless transport with which your husband shall lead you to him. Do not turn pale, do not tremble; I will not alarm you, but suffer me calmly to explain my intentions.

But I cannot, replied she, with a peevish sort of expression, I cannot marry the son of a man so cruel, so hard-hearted as the Duke of Angrave.

It would be endless to repeat the rest of this interesting conversation, which lasted upwards of two hours. Suffice it to say, that, at the end of that time, Lord Greendale had gained something like a victory, though by no means adequate to his wishes, as it was but too apparent she yielded to fear what she would not have granted to his fervent importunities; for, whatever she had to dread in her father's reception of her, merely as his daughter, was swallowed up in the contemplation that he would certainly embrace her with joy as the Marchioness of Greendale. In this state of mind, half consenting and half reluctant to his Lordship's return the next morning, with a proper officiator to make them one, she saw him depart, unmoved by any other agitation than what was produced by her
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her own timidity, her fears only extended to her present situation ; she forgot the Duke's threats in the Marquis's promises of tender and eternal protection ; her heart too was grateful to the latter. She did not love him yet, but she had no doubt that she should love him to-morrow, and then very naturally thought, what would Mr. Ashford say when he heard that she was actually married.

Soon after she had parted from the Marquis, she awakened Mademoiselle Scuderie. It is impossible to describe the madness of her exultation at being told all that passed during her state of oblivion. Her boisterous joy had all the appearance of inebriety. She fell to her old trade of castle building with more alacrity than ever, and defied the rudest blast of fortune again to tumble down her works ; whilst Ann, though neither so much elated nor so happy, was at least more contented than she had ever been since the receipt of the supposed letter from his Grace the Duke of Angrave.

When the Marquis left Miss Pladlow at the hotel, he went from thence in pursuit of a clerical gentleman, the travelling governor of an English nobleman then at Rome ; and, having found him, he, with many persuasions, prevailed on the reverend divine to give him the nuptial benediction the next morning at the hour of eleven.

The name of his intended bride he carefully concealed, and the place of her retreat ; but it was agreed that the Marquis should call the following day, and conduct him to it. Before that time arrived, the divine had taken it into his serious consideration, that the office he had engaged to perform might be attended with many inconveniences to himself, and he thought, by giving Dr. Pladlow a peep into the business, he should get rid of all personal hazard. If he proceeded, the odium would fall more on the Doctor than himself, and, if any step was taken to prevent the marriage by acting cautiously, he should get his neck out of the collar, and never appear to have forfeited the confidence of Lord Greendale, being one of those accommodating beings whose ambition is to be equally well with fathers and sons, who do not happen to be well with each other.

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This prudent man lost no time in seeking out the Doctor, who was thunderstruck at the intelligence, which, under the seal of secrecy, strongly impressed, he communicated to him. The lady's country, family, fortune, endowments, or even in what house she resided, were unknown to himself, of course he could give no information concerning them; but, in order to get at the latter, he put it into the Doctor's head how easy it would be to have them dodged, when the Marquis called to take him to the bride-house at eleven the next morning; and, having settled it in the best manner they could, the prudent man retired, and left the good man to dispose of himself as he thought proper.

Doctor Pladlow neither took off his cloaths, nor laid himself down the live-long night; nor did he even rest his weary limbs on a chair, whilst his feeble legs could support him in traversing his chamber. A thousand times he measured it in length, in breadth, and from corner to corner, as often watched for the approach of day from his window; nor was his mind more at rest than his body. The certainty of his pupil's connecting himself imprudently would, in any unincumbered situation, have afflicted him; but, affianced as he was to Miss Palmerston, his total destruction was, in the opinion of this wise and affectionate Mentor, annexed to his marriage with any other woman. From Lord Greendale's condescension he had nothing to expect, and very little from the pleas of conscience, duty, or rectitude, so completely had his Lordship succeeded in deceiving his family, the world, and the Doctor, by locking up the treasures of his character, and letting them see it only with external marks of poverty. The only reasonable hope on which he thought he could build his success of dissolving so frantic a union, would be to take the lady by surprise immediately before the ceremony was to be performed, and, if he could not frighten her from her purpose by a less threatening expedient, to declare, in the presence of Lord Greendale, that she could have no pretensions to the honour of receiving his hand, for that it was already the property of another.

Such

Such were the Doctor's intentions, when, the next morning, having, unobserved, followed the footsteps of the Marquis and his clerical friend to the hotel, he entered it the moment after them. He had faithfully promised to conceal the part this friend had taken to occasion a separation instead of promoting a union; for which reason, he wrote thus on a scrap of paper, and sent it by a waiter to Lord Greendale.

N O T E.

Do me the honour to let me see your Lordship for a moment. I saw you enter this house, and am fortunate in the discovery, as I must have the honour to consult you, without loss of time, on what I am to say to the Duke regarding your Lordship's remittances.

As the Doctor expected, so was the reply, that his Lordship was then very busy, but would see him there, or wait on him at home, in half an hour: there was no moment for delay. He advanced to the door where he had seen the Marquis enter: he gave a soft tap; the lock was not secured on the inside; the priest had undertaken to fasten it, but, somehow or other, neglected to do so, being certainly the most absent man in the world when ever he thought proper. He had been presented to the ladies, and the Marquis was leading his trembling terrified bride to the table, before which he stood with the book open before him, whilst Mademoiselle supported her on the other side, flaming in rouge and rose-coloured ribbands, and Jenkins had dropped on his knees to pray for his dear Lord's happiness, prior to his taking possession of the double office that had been assigned him of clerk and father.

Such was the exact situation in which the whole party were disposed, when the Doctor's humble demand of admittance reached the Marquis's ear, and occasioned something very like confusion of face in the reverend officiator. The handle of the lock was gently turned, and but just cleared from the door, when a voice was heard on the outside, not unknown to any of the party, that said;

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"One word, my Lord; permit me the honour of one word with you, I beseech you."

Miss Pladlow looked transfixed, but neither wept nor fainted. Mademoiselle screamed. Jenkins concealed himself behind a screen. The parson closed his book, bowed to the Marquis, and observed that it would be proper for him to retire till his Lordship should have sent away the intruder, and recomposed the lady, which he accordingly did, without waiting a formal permission from his Lordship, making his exit through an opposite door to that where the Doctor was planted. Had it been any man but the father of his bride who had occasioned this delay to the completion of his happiness, the enraged Marquis would probably have hurled him from one extreme of the house to the other; but here his rage was restrained by affection, and his actions governed by respect. In the dilemma he was reduced to, by seeing the lock made no resistance when the hand of the Doctor was applied to it, he endeavoured to force Ann with gentle violence in at the door through which the divine had already glided; but, resisting all his strength, and again finding her voice, which had nearly forsaken her on hearing that of her father, she called upon him with a loud scream, that resembled the cry of insanity, and fell motionless on the floor.

Presumption is an error. Let us steer far from it, rather than risk the imputation of it by vainly presuming to represent the complicated feelings of amazement, grief, anger, horror, love, and compassion, that divided the soul and agonized the countenance of Dr. Pladlow, when, on hearing his name so vehemently pronounced, he rushed into the room, saw that it was indeed his daughter, or, as it appeared to him at that moment, the inanimated clay cold corps of her who once was his daughter.

He gave the Marquis a look that penetrated to his soul; that look had a thousand tongues, and every tongue was charged with this short expression: Is it you that have destroyed my peace? Is it you that have murdered my daughter? — He directed a commanding frown of banishment to the treacherous French woman, that, like a mandate from heaven, sent her from his presence. He
spoke

spoke to neither, but, seeing tears chasing each other down the cheeks of the poor Marquis, as he stood by the side of the lovely Ann, having lifted her into a chair, and reclined her head on his bosom, with one hand preventing her from falling, with the other holding drops to her nose. The severity of the Doctor's features relaxed: he removed him from his station, but not unkindly, and even pressed his hand as he took the smelling-bottle from him, to perform at once the tender offices of parent and nurse.

A soft sigh issued from the bosom of Ann; the tide of life revisited her lips and cheeks. She opened her eyes, but closed them again in transport, on finding herself fondly embraced in the arms of her father. He laid his cheek to her's, and soothed her with tenderness. She slid through his arms, and kneeled before him. Her uplifted hands were clasped together, and she exclaimed, I am pitied! my father pities me! Will he not pardon also his guilty penitent child?

She is not guilty! cried the Marquis, throwing himself with an air of distraction by her side, in the same humble posture. Upon my soul, Sir, she is not guilty: it is I that have deceived you: the whole crime, if it is a crime to love, is all my own. Would to heaven she divided it with me, then should I be comforted! Had not your presence forbid my felicity, at this moment she would have been my wife; she would then have loved me; the force, the tenderness, the ardour of my passion, should have forced her to divide it with me. Yes, Sir, continued he, in rather a resentful accent, I am too well convinced I owed Miss Pladlow's concession not to my own influence, but to her fears of your displeasure; those are now removed, and I am undone!

It was in vain that the Doctor had often interrupted him to solicit he would rise; but, when his Lordship had done speaking, he obliged him to quit his humiliating station. He placed himself between the Marquis and his daughter: his words or his looks had nothing reproachful in them; on the contrary, his whole heart was taken captive by compassion; his eyes swam in liquidated tenderness, and his voice, though firm, was meliorated by sympathy.

The misfortune, said he, that I always dreaded, and against which I have been always trying to guard you, my dear children, has been permitted to fall upon my head, and would have laid it low in earth, if I had not fortunately directed my steps to this house in time to stop the proceeding of an event so rash, so inconsiderate, as must have ended in all our destruction; but, before I proceed further in what I have yet to say, will your Lordship condescend to tell me by what means you became acquainted with my daughter? and I shall then demand of her what were her motives for her extraordinary flight from Redberry, and still more wonderful appearance in this place.

Penetrated to meet nothing but mildness, where they had so much reason to expect the bitterest reproaches, they gave as distinct a detail of the whole affair as if they had been rendering up their last accounts at the throne of Grace. Nothing was concealed, and, whilst the good man felt for the Marquis's disappointment, he rejoiced with abundant joy that his heart was uncorrupted, and that it was only a misplaced passion to which he had been sacrificing false appearances, on account of his daughter's separation from her lover. He had no fears to combat with, as, before the conversation was half-ended, Ann had herself confirmed what the Marquis had before advanced, by very innocently declaring, that, now she was restored to her father's love and protection, she heartily forgave the Duke of Angrave, at the same time assuring Lord Greendale, with that sort of naiveté which, if not remarkable for sensibility, was at least a proof of her sincerity, that, when she should hear he was married to some beautiful woman of quality, who was worthy of his affections, she should rejoice at his happiness quite as much as if she had the honour of being his sister. She did not even keep to herself the interviews that had passed between her and Mr. Ashford, or how sorry she was to have made him so unhappy. In short, she was herself the very best physician the Marquis could have found for what he had hitherto supposed an incurable passion, one of those everlasting flames which boys and girls are too apt to suppose will burn world without end.

Dr. Pladlow, who, on this occasion, thought his Ann talked like an angel, watched every turn of the Marquis's countenance, where, amidst many and various changes, he thought he could read this confession: "These sentiments may mortify me, but I would rather hear them from the lips of my mistress than have them smothered in the bosom of my wife."

Before Dr. Pladlow had been in the hotel half an hour, he had called up a waiter, and, without quitting the room, had given him some private orders, which, it is probable, the Marquis might imagine was to prepare a dinner; but, when the same man returned at the end of three hours, and said all was ready, his Lordship began to suspect the truth. He started, turned pale, his eyes filled with tears, and he cried out, "My God! you are going then to leave me!"

My dear Lord, you conjecture right. I go, indeed, but it shall be for a short time only. Will you have the goodness to meet me in Paris at my return?

I shall not live to obey you; why will you take her from my sight?

Look at her. Learn of her to be resigned: it will also teach your Lordship another lesson. The woman, who is formed to make the happiness of Lord Greendale, should be endowed with sensibility like his, and return his love with equal tenderness.

His Lordship felt the delicate insinuations this remark conveyed. He coloured like scarlet, and, sighing, cast a tender but reproachful look on Miss Pladlow, who threw her eyes on the ground, afraid to meet the scrutiny of his, being conscious he would only read in them a confirmation of her father's oblique reflection, that her heart was not so warmly interested as his own.

It is necessary, continued the Doctor, that I should see the Duke of Angrave. This unlucky affair must reach him. I have good reason to suppose it will be spread over the city in a very few hours, and there are many scribblers in Rome ready to acquaint his Grace of all the particulars.

It is true, my daughter's name will not be brought into the charge, because there happened to be no witness of our

explanation ; but allow me to observe, that, by the letter Ann has received from his Grace, and which I have not yet seen, there can be no doubt to whom your father will affix the guilt of having seduced your Lordship's affection, and of slackening the reins of duty and obedience, which, before your unfortunate acquaintance with her, you never had resisted.

Ah ! my dear Marquis, do not these considerations convince your reason ? Do they not shew you how absolute the necessity is that forces me to leave you ? The displeasure of a father is no light consideration. The resentment of your's must be appeased. Honour me with the commission to restore you to the arms of your family, and to reinstate you in the full possession of their affections.

Lord Greendale held out his hand ; the Doctor, pressing it between his own, said, This is kind, indeed ! — Generous youth, of what is thy soul composed, so warm and yet so rational ! I go then with your consent.

Alas ! you mould me as you please.

My expedition shall shew with what impatience I wish to return to you.

You will kill her with fatigue. I go with you, except you promise me not to travel with expedition.

Assure yourself, my dear Lord, she shall not be subjected to any inconvenience from which I can guard her. As he said this, he turned to embrace the Marquis, but he was gone.

Doctor Pladlow took Mademoiselle with them as far as the first town in France, where he dismissed her, not unprovided for, but with a reprimand that made her tremble under its asperity, followed by a stern assurance, that, if ever she again shewed herself in England, she should be given up to the just vengeance of an offended family, and receive her well-earned sentence of banishment from the Duke of Angrave himself.

Having left Ann under the care of a female acquaintance in whom he could confide, and whose house laid in his road from Dover to London, Doctor Pladlow proceeded to the Duke of Angrave, and obtained an audience of his Grace.

The

The Doctor repeated every minutia of the transaction between the Marquis and his daughter, from the beginning to the end of their acquaintance. His Grace was exasperated at his son's conduct, but so well satisfied with that of the Doctor, as to assure him of his eternal friendship and gratitude. He disowned the letter that had been written to Miss Pladlow in his name. He had never, he added, even heard that the Doctor had a daughter, and requested that, for the lady's sake, both the circumstance of the letter and her being any ways concerned in the meditated folly and madness of the Marquis, might be forever concealed from all but themselves; not even intrusted to any branch of his Grace's own family, for that he was warmly interested in the preservation of her fame, on account of the very great obligations the honourable behaviour of her father had laid him under.

Mr. Ashford, being informed of the Duke's disapprobation of his son's choice, solicited Dr. Pladlow's permission for liberty to attempt to win again the affections of his daughter, which was acquiesced with by each, and time passed on with leaden wing till the day arrived which made a compensation for the anxieties and remorse of innocent but duped credulity.

THE

FORCE OF LOVE.

THE Countess of Freval was left a widow with one daughter, about sixteen years of age, and one son, about a year younger. She was possessed of a very large fortune, but chose rather to retire and superintend the education

ducation of her children at a remote country-seat, than expose them to the danger of habitual luxury and seducing examples in public life.

It happened, that, in the neighbourhood there was a young lady of a good family but small fortune, whose name was Adelaide. She was about the same age with the Countess's daughter, extremely beautiful, of a most engaging manner, and uncommon sprightliness and understanding.

This young lady the Countess received into her family as a companion for her daughter, without considering that she had also a son, whom she thus exposed to temptations which few have resisted.

The young gentleman soon became enamoured of Adelaide, and soon made her acquainted with a passion which he diligently concealed from every one else. She was far from being insensible to his merit, but was so much mistress of herself, that she concealed it even from him.

She knew the Countess to be a haughty woman, who, having enriched the gentleman whom she married by an immense fortune, had formed great projects for her son, and would resent, with implacable bitterness, his marriage with a person so much his inferior. She therefore diligently avoided all opportunities of being alone with the young Count, and for many months succeeded. Her eyes, however, had involuntarily encouraged him to persist in his assiduities, and, at last, having stole upon her, as she was musing in a retired part of the garden, he conjured her to hear him with such tenderness and importunity, that she could resist no longer.

She heard him with a visible emotion, and at last told him, with a most amiable blush and decent confusion, that, if she were his equal in rank and fortune, he would have no reason to be displeased with her answer; but that, as she was so greatly his inferior, she hoped he would not so far injure her as to attempt the gratification of an unlawful passion, and added, with a sigh, that she could not so far injure him as to accept any proposal of marriage. "I should not (said she) deserve the affection you profess, if I did not urge you to surmount it. I will therefore assist you in the attempt, by constantly avoiding an interview ;

view ; and thus, while my obscurity prevents me from accepting your love, I shall at least reflect with pleasure that I deserve your esteem."

The Count was now more enamoured with her prudence and virtue than he had before been with her person. He urged her to marry him with yet greater importunity ; but she still refused, and, breaking away from him, persisted in her resolution to avoid him for the future. He was not able to elude her vigilance during many months, but his attempts to express his sentiments in the presence of others were now so often repeated, and her apparent insensibility made him go such lengths to attract her notice, that his mother at length discovered his passion, and rallied him upon it. The Count, upon this occasion, put on a serious air, and began to expatiate on the virtues of Adelaide ; but the Countess prevented the declaration, which she saw he was about to introduce, by charging him, in the most peremptory terms, to think of her no more. But she did not stop here, for the campaign being then opened, she sent him to the army, as a volunteer, the next day. As the whole fortune of the family was at her disposal, he was compelled to comply, after having assured Adelaide, that, whatever should be his fortune, his love would be the same for ever.

During the absence of the young soldier, a neighbouring gentleman became enamoured of his mistress, and, as he considered her as under the Countess's protection, he made his first proposal to her. The Countess was so pleased at this opportunity of putting her son out of danger, that she not only consented, but promised to augment her fortune, upon this marriage, with a very considerable sum.

The young Count, who was just then entered into winter quarters, got intelligence of this match, and, immediately taking post-horses, he arrived while they were pressing Adelaide, by every possible motive, to consent. He threw himself at his mother's feet in an agony of tenderness and grief, avowed his desire to espouse Adelaide, which he urged her to permit, as that which alone could prevent him from being superlatively wretched.

The

The Countess answered this importunity only with reproaches; but the expostulation became so warm, and was so long continued, that it could not be kept a secret from the new suitor, who, in point of honour, desisted from his addresses, and declared he would not marry an angel under such circumstances. This disappointment made the Countess yet more angry, and Adelaide was immediately dismissed. The Count, who before delayed his marriage in deference to his mother, now thought it his duty to defer it no longer. To repair, therefore, the loss of fortune and protection, of which he had been the cause, he made Adelaide his wife, and still hoped that time and assiduity would produce a reconciliation. In these hopes, however, he was deceived. The Countess was inexorable. She withdrew the Count's allowance, and abandoned the young couple to all the wretchedness of want, aggravated by the remembrance of habitual plenty.

After four years, having buried a little girl, which they had offered to their mother's protection without effect, they found it impossible longer to procure the necessaries of life, and were therefore at last compelled to part. After many ineffectual efforts, the Count proposed to his wife, that as the only expedient to prevent their perishing of want, she should enter into a nunnery, and he into a convent. To this proposal, which was made and received with tears, reluctance, agony, and confusion, the unhappy lady consented, and it was immediately put into execution. Some few trinkets, which, during all their distress she had preserved as presents from the Count, were now converted into money, the whole of which he insisted she should keep; and, after such a scene of tender distress as no imagination can paint, they parted. The lady took the veil under a lady abbess to whom her family and misfortunes were known, and the Count went into a monastery at Paris.

But, though these wretched lovers had now forsaken the world, they were still persecuted by fortune. The story of Adelaide having been much talked of in the convent, some of the sisters, either jealous of the praises she received, or moved by some secret malignity, caballed against her, and succeeded so well in their machinations, that, after the

the death of the lady abbess her friend, they procured her to be expelled the house.

She was now again driven out to sea, and exposed to the storms by which she had already suffered shipwreck. However, she had in the monastery some friends, though the majority were her enemies; and one of the sisters gave her a letter of recommendation to her father, who was an officer at court. With this letter she went to Paris, and, while the gentleman, to whom she was recommended, was busied in seeking to procure her another retreat, she sent word to the Count, her husband, of her arrival, and requested that she might be admitted to another interview, though but of one hour.

This unexpected request of a wife, so tenderly beloved, threw the count into another agony. He did not, however, dare to see her, and therefore, when he was sufficiently recovered, he entreated that she would not think of an interview which might be fatal at once to his peace and her own.

Adelaide, whose love was still too delicate and too ardent to take this refusal, however reasonable, without pain, became yet more impatient to see him. She therefore went to the convent, and upon entering the church, the first object she beheld was her husband, who was engaged with the rest of his community in the solemn exercises of devotion to God. She was struck with his posture, his appearance, and his employment. She waited till he rose from his knees, and then went up and looked upon him with an eager tenderness, which might well have compelled a return. But the moment his eyes caught her's, he cast them to the ground, and, notwithstanding her utmost endeavours to attract his notice, he passed on with a solemn and slow pace, concealing his emotions with the appearance of insensibility and neglect.

She knew that he disguised the sentiments of his heart, and she knew also that it was not less for her sake than his own; yet the appearance only of neglect or unkindness, for whatever reason assumed, was more than she could bear; and, after a short struggle with the passions that swelled in her bosom, she sunk down in a swoon. —

She was immediately carried off, and her first enquiry, after she recovered, was for her dear Count.

Some who were present ran immediately, and told him his wife was dying, and his superior commanded him to make haste and console her; but before he came, the conflict had put an end to her life. At this moment all the fortitude of the Count forsook him, and he burst into tears. It was with difficulty that he was separated from the body, and, being at last carried back to his convent, he spent the remainder of his days in austerities, which hastened his death.

THE
FAITHFUL SLAVE,
OR THE
HISTORY OF THEODOSIUS.

A Story founded upon Fact.

VIRTUE and honesty, in whatever condition they are found, are amiable and lovely. Nothing so much contributes to the improvement of true and genuine friendship, nothing so much tends to check or prevent the absurd actions resulting from visionary and romantic projects. If the native and inherent excellence of virtue be not always calculated to set her off to advantage, a secret awe and dread of her will ever be produced; and it not unfrequently happens that a degree of veneration is procured from those who are not the most cordially disposed

posed towards her. But this influence is evident in a very superior manner, when this disposition has the additional encouragements of fortune and dignity to support and protect her.

Theodosius was the son of a very worthy clergyman in the North of England. Upon every occasion was he distinguished for his attention to his people; and he frequently employed the growing branches of his family in friendly offices of this nature, to instil into them the principles of humanity. Luxury and dissipation had not yet tainted the morals of the common class of his parishioners. They lived upon the slender, but to them the sufficient, means of support with which nature and Providence had blessed them: they were contented with a little, and were happy. His own family shared in the common benefits conferred by this venerable and respectable pastor on all around him, and Theodosius, whose docility of temper and gentleness of disposition were ever conspicuous, was not deficient in those improvements which the nature of his education so happily pointed out to him.

At that period of life when youth should look forward to the means of a future livelihood, the father of Theodosius had a very favourable opportunity to provide for one of his sons. This was to accompany a young gentleman to the East Indies. Polydorus (for by that name we shall distinguish him) was to act in an elevated station, and the prospect was in the highest degree flattering. The advantages of the offer, to any person in the least ambitious of making a figure in life, were represented in such very alluring terms, that the old gentleman could not refuse his assent to it.

But he was determined to take no steps till he had fully discovered the sentiments of Theodosius. He alone was the proper object of the proposal, part of his family being too young to embrace it, and his two elder sons had taken such measures for their future destination, as to preclude them from accepting it. In a matter of so much importance, it was advisable to watch a favourable opportunity; in the mean time, it was incumbent upon him to answer his friend's letter which had communicated the

information, and to assure him, that, in a few days, he should be acquainted with his son's determination.

The nature of the offer was too pressing to admit of much delay, and a favourable opportunity soon presented to make the experiment. Though he had no doubts of his son's most cheerful and ready concurrence in the measure, he wished to avoid every appearance of authority on the occasion. It occurred to him that two of his ancient parishioners were indisposed; it was his duty to enquire after their health, and he deputed his two elder sons to discharge that duty. His sons had been inured to the office, which served to inspire them with sentiments of humanity and tenderness. In their absence he unburdened his mind to Theodosius; addressing himself, after some desultory and indifferent conversation, in these words: "My son, you are now arrived to an age which makes it necessary for me to think of placing you in a situation that may seem calculated to procure you happiness in life. You know that your elder brothers are already designed for professions which I hope may prove agreeable and advantageous; and it would make me happy to hear that you had paid some attention to this. I should feel an unspeakable pleasure in the constant and uninterrupted society of my children, but I cannot leave you in a state of independence; it is therefore my duty to forego my own gratifications to promote your good. My period of life must, in the common course of nature, be closed much sooner than your's; and, in endeavouring to guard against the inconveniences of my death, I am conscious that a very important duty will be discharged, and therefore doubt not your cheerful and ready acquiescence." He then desired Theodosius to consider deliberately the subject of his address, and added, that he should not press him for a determination for some days, that it might have the entire approbation of his own judgment.

However agreeable the proposal might be to a young man of his age and disposition, it was natural to imagine that Theodosius might wish to retire, which he accordingly did the first prudent opportunity. The return of his brothers was now desired with an anxiety which he had never before experienced. He felt the nearness and
dearness

dearnees of their relation to him more than ever ; but he foresaw the necessity of their separation from each other, and wished to consult them on the answer he should return. This indeed was more for the sake of being confirmed in his own opinion than from any expectation of their giving him specific advice on so important a subject. Judge then, readers, how great was his happiness, how solid his satisfaction, when he found the sentiments of his brothers entirely coincident with his own. It was therefore determined unanimously to refer it to their father's discerning judgment and penetration. Theodosius soon after acquainted his father with his opinion, and neglected not to corroborate this sentiment, by adding, that his brothers, whom he had consulted, were equally satisfied with it. This concurring testimony of filial duty gave the venerable parent the greatest pleasure.

The old gentleman then acquainted his son with the object he had in view. It was no sooner mentioned than assented to, and the necessary preparations for the voyage were consequently accelerated, as he was desired to be ready to sail by the next fleet. The time appointed for his embarkation arriving, he took leave of his friends with that tenderness and tranquillity for which he had ever been remarkable, and, nothing extraordinary occurring, was transported to the place of his destination, where he arrived safe, in due time to enter upon the employment which had been prepared for him.

The young gentleman, Polydorus, on whose account he had been invited to undertake the voyage, quickly gave such proofs of his integrity and abilities, as occasioned him a speedy promotion to a place still more advantageous than that he had already enjoyed, though the former had far exceeded his most sanguine expectations. For some time Theodosius and his friend were warm in each other's applause in all their letters to England, a circumstance which gave the highest satisfaction to all the relations of the different parties, who mutually congratulated each other on the subject of their increasing felicity. This rapid promotion excited the envy of a person who had formerly distinguished himself in India ; the first vacancy had been long considered as his right by servitude, and of

course he concluded his title to be the best. The post which Polydorus had quitted was offered to him indeed, but this he peremptorily refused to accept; his honour and ambition were both affected, and he disdained to accept of a station, though superior to that he at present enjoyed, which had been occupied by a person of mushroom birth, and had been complimented with a distinction to which he was not entitled.

It was upon this refusal that Theodosius was appointed to succeed Polydorus. From this time, the fortune of Theodosius and his friends, though not decided, was less desirable. Their promotion, on a superficial view, was pleasing, but the consequences were disagreeable and serious. Envy proved a powerful adversary, and it was the more potent, as being joined with subtilty. The disappointed gentleman had many partizans, all agreeing in the hardship and injustice of giving such preference to a man so lately introduced. They determined it necessary to give a check to such hasty promotions, and resolved to make them uneasy to the possessors. Every art and stratagem were exercised which ingenuity or malice could invent, and the friends of a person who appeared to be so injuriously treated every day increased both in number and consequence. Public injuries, whether real or pretended, are of all others the most dangerous to the oppressors; it is a common concern, and the most latent sparks of philanthropy and patriotism will be revived and kindled on such occasions.

For some months Theodosius neither adverted to his own situation or that of his friend. He did not even suspect that a spirit of envy had been excited by his good fortune, or that the advancement of Polydorus had been the principal cause of it. He never once dreamed that his life was in danger from the artful machinations of disappointed ambition. The information of a trusty slave, who had gained some intelligence of the projected villainy, at last alarmed him, and the most dreadful consequences were to be apprehended from this run of good fortune. — Theodosius lost no time to communicate this intelligence to Polydorus; but, although it was done with the utmost tenderness and delicacy, it was rejected in a tone of voice

to

to which he was a stranger. This conduct roused Theodosius from his lethargy, as this seeming disaffection of his friend afforded ground to suppose that the plot was of a very dangerous nature, and conducted with the utmost art and secrecy. Such a change of conduct in his friend he could no ways account for; as he had ever consulted their joint interest and advantage, he was very unwilling to attribute it to disaffection, but he was equally at a loss what other foundation it could possibly have. He consulted his trusty slave, and obtained from him the intelligence he so much desired. He found that every means had been used to destroy the confidence his friend had reposed in him, as the first and preparatory step for effecting their purpose. This he had already discovered they had been but too successful in accomplishing.

This information left it past a doubt that no time was to be lost. Every minute now seemed too precious to be wasted. It was more than probable that both their lives, as well as the riches they had honourably acquired in the service of their country, might become a sacrifice to the turbulent passions of their enemies. Theodosius placed the utmost confidence in his slave, and he was doubly assiduous in endeavouring to discover the whole plot which was projected for their ruin. He communicated his discoveries from time to time to his master; he had learned the object of his master's enemies, which was not barely to estrange the confidence of Polydorus from him, but afterwards to make them both the victims of their resentment. This was to be effected immediately after the departure of the next fleet for Europe, as they cautiously concluded that, by taking such a step, it would be many months longer before the news of the disaster could possibly reach England, and it would be in their power before this time to prevent the execution of justice, should it ever be publicly known. But this they had concerted measures to prevent.

It was incumbent on Theodosius to save his friend as well as himself from the meditated blow. The task was difficult, but he did not despair of success. He was doubtful whether he could sufficiently alarm Polydorus without risking a discovery. His intimations of the threatened
danger

danger were therefore distant, and he soon perceived that all efforts short of imprudence would be fruitless. He therefore took measures for departing abruptly from this distracting scene, and by means of his faithful slave he converted his property into the most valuable produce of the East: these he found an opportunity secretly to convey on board an English vessel in the road, which was to sail the next day, wherein he was determined to embark for Europe with his trusty servant. Before he took his final leave, he was resolved to make one more effort to save Polydorus; he waited on him but a few minutes before he designed to embark, and, pretending that he was in haste to go on board the vessel, which was just ready to sail, to deliver a commission to the captain to execute for him in London, prevailed on his friend, with some difficulty, to accompany him in the boat. They were soon on board the ship, when Theodosius discovered the danger which threatened; he informed his friend of the measures he had taken to render his return to land unnecessary. He had secured enough on board that and other vessels to maintain him in a respectably independent style in England; he was contented with what he had acquired, and withed not for an opportunity of getting more at such a risk.

Polydorus was now as much alarmed as Theodosius had been. He was convinced, from these precautions, of the truth of this information: he saw his danger, he perceived the drift of that advice which had induced him to treat Theodosius with so much coolness and indifference, and was satisfied how much his friend had hazarded for him. "Good God! (cries he) how have I been infatuated!" He burst into tears, the tears of sensibility; — "Forgive me, Theodosius, forgive my improper and unfriendly conduct!" The captain was in the secret, and corroborated every thing which had been told to Polydorus; the trusty slave was also desired to give his testimony, who confirmed every syllable of what had been said.

After his surprise was a little abated, he asked Theodosius what he would advise to be done. To induce him to speak his mind with freedom, he declared that he would follow his directions implicitly, as he was too much agitated

tated with the thought of his danger to judge or determine any thing for himself. The time was short, and much was to be done. He had sent some considerable remittances to England, but not sufficient to maintain him in that stile of life which he had a right to expect. The captain engaged to wait another day, and it was agreed that he should return to his house, and collect every thing valuable which he could possibly remove without suspicion. It was fortunate that he had that day purchased several very valuable diamonds, which he had soon secured, and he employed his opportunity so well, that within the time limited he had sent treasure aboard to the value of five lacks of rupees. This he thought would be sufficient with economy to support him in a reputable stile of life, and the moment in which they set sail was to him the happiest of his existence. He left the splendor and luxury of the East, a magnificent house, and every means of gratified ambition, without a sigh. He was happy in divesting himself of those honours which had nearly brought them to ruin, and he was grateful to Providence, which had so powerfully interposed to his deliverance. They arrived safe in England, after a speedy passage, and took measures to discover the whole of the plot, and to bring the persons guilty of the premeditated violence to account for their conduct. After being brought to London under a proper guard, they were obliged to submit to the decision of a court of justice, and sentenced to pay very heavy fines to the parties injured. Such was the consequence of that firmness and resolution which Theodosius exercised to save his friend; a firmness which not only prevented the execution of crimes the most flagrant that disappointed envy and malice could project and resolve on, but was the means of procuring such a recompence, though inadequate to the crime, as made them both comfortable and happy through life. The advocates of justice applauded their vigorous exertion of spirit, and they long continued to enjoy the society and conversation of all worthy and deserving persons, whilst the others were execrated and despised for their complicated and detestable villainy.

POETRY.

ON THE
DEATH OF MR. HANDEL.

IN the midst of the performance of his Lent Oratorio (1759) of the Messiah, nature exhausted, he dropt his head upon the keys of the organ he was playing upon, and with difficulty was raised up again. He recovered his spirits, and went on with the performance till the whole was finished. He was carried home, and died.

To melt the soul, to captivate the ear,
Angels such melody might deign to hear,
To anticipate on earth the joys of heav'n,
'Twas Handel's task : to him that pow'r was giv'n.

Ah ! when he late attun'd Messiah's praise,
With sounds celestial, with melodious lays ;
A last farewell his languid looks express'd,
And thus, methinks, th'enraptur'd crowd address'd.

" Adieu, my dearest friends, and also you,
" Joint sons of sacred harmony, adieu !

" Apollo,

"Apollo, whisp'ring, prompts me to retire,
 "And bids me join the bright seraphic choir:
 "Oh! for Elijah's car!" great Handel cry'd:
 Messiah heard his voice, and Handel died.

T H E

S P O R T S M A N.

OFT, when I've seen the new-fledg'd morn arise,
 And spread its pinions to the polar skies,
 Th'expanded air with gelid fragrance fan,
 Brace the slack nerves, and animate the man;
 Swift from the college and from cares I flew,
 (For studious cares solicit something new,)
 From tinkling bells that wake the truant's fears,
 And letter'd trophies of three thousand years.
 Thro' length'ning streets with sanguine hopes I glide,
 The fatal tube depending at my side;
 No busy vender dins with clam'rous call,
 No rattling carriage drives me to the wall;
 The close-compacted shops, their commerce laid,
 In silence frown like mansions of the dead,
 Save where the sooty-throwded wretch cries Sweep,
 Or drowsy watchman stalks in broken sleep,
 'Scap'd from the hot-brain'd youth of midnight fame,
 Whose mirth is mischief, and whose glory shame;
 Save that from yonder stew the batter'd beau,
 With tott'ring steps, comes reeling too and fro.
 Mark how the live-long revels of the night
 Stare in his face, and stupify his sight!

Mark the loose frame, yet impotently bold,
 'Twixt man and beast, divided empire hold !
 Amphibious wretch ! the prey of passion's tide,
 The wreck of riot, and the mock of pride.

But we, my friend, with aims far diff'rent born,
 Seek the fair fields and court the blushing morn ;
 With sturdy sinews brush the frozen snow,
 While crimson colours on our faces glow,
 Since life is short, prolong it while we can,
 And vindicate the ways of health to man.

Onward our course diversified we bend,
 And right and left with anxious care attend ;
 The poring spaniel, studious as he goes,
 Scents ev'ry leaf that on the margin grows ;
 Sudden he stops ; he eyes the plathy spring :
 'The frightened snipe darts upwards on the wing,
 With shrill-ton'd pipe implores the passive air,
 In vain ; for death e'en persecutes him there.
 Another springs ! but, happier in his flight,
 'Scapes the loud gun, and vanishes from sight.

The sport begun,———
 Heav'n ! what delights my active mind renew,
 When out-spread nature opens to my view :
 The carpet-cover'd earth of spangl'd white,
 The vaulted sky just ting'd with purple light ;
 The busy blackbird hops from spray to spray,
 The gull, self-balanc'd, floats his liquid way ;
 The morning breeze in milder air retires,
 And rising rapture all my bosom fires.

While fervid flights my lifted fancy takes,
 The wary woodcock rustles through the brakes ;
 With hasty pinions wings his rapid course,
 Till death pursues him, armed with double force ;
 Each gun discharg'd, and conscious of its aim,
 Asserts the prize, and holds the dubious claim,
 Till chance decides the long-contested spoil,
 Proclaims the victor, and rewards his toil.

His luckless fate immediate to repair,
The baffled sportsman beats with forward care,
Each bush explores that plats the hedge with pride,
Brooks at its feet, and brambles at its side.
Another bird, just flushing at the sound,
Scarce tops the fence, then tumbles to the ground.

Ah ! what avails him now the varnish'd die,
The tortoise-colour'd black, the brilliant eye,
The pointed bill, that steer'd his vent'rous way
From northern climes, and dar'd the boist'rous sea ;
To milder shores in vain these pinions sped,
Their beauty blasted and their vigour fled.

Thus the poor peasant, struggling with distress,
Whom rig'rous laws and rigid hunger press,
In western regions seeks a milder state,
Braves the broad ocean, and resigns to fate.
Scarce well arriv'd, and lab'ring to procure
Life's free subsistence and retreats secure,
Sudden he sees the roving Indian nigh,
Fate in his hand and ruin in his eye.
Scar'd at the sight, he runs, he bounds, he flies,
Till, arrow-pierc'd, he falls, he faints, he dies.
Unhappy man ! who no extreme could shun,
By tyrants banish'd and by chance undone.
In vain fair virtue fann'd the free-born flame,
Now fall'n alike to fortune and to fame.

These to prevent be still the statesman's end,
And this the task of sov'reigns to attend.
Be mine the care to range this ample field,
Try what its springs and what its thickets yield,
Pursue the game that to the skies aspire,
Pursue the æther with successive fire,
Spring o'er the fence that bars my active mind,
And rouse my friend that ling'ring stays behind ;
Guard the steep bank to catch with eager pains
The forward bound that scarce the margin gains ;
Or loudly laugh, when, diligently nice,
He backward slides, and bumps the crackling ice.

And

And thou, dear spaniel ! friend in other form,
 Obsequious come, thy duty to perform,
 Whose fond affection ever glows the same,
 Lives in each look, and vibrates thro' thy frame;
 And thou, dear pointer, never devious stray,
 But search the plains inquisitively gay,
 With lengthen'd side and sapient nose inhale
 The floating vapour of the scented gale.
 Oft I have seen thee, when the balanc'd year,
 By Libra weigh'd, rewarded Ceres' care,
 Thro' new shorn fields with active vigour bound,
 Snuff the fresh air, and traverse all the ground ;
 Or cautious tread, and step by step survey,
 With keenest attitude the tim'rous prey ;
 Then, statue-like, with lifted foot proclaim
 The partridge near, and certify the game.
 Where'er I range, whatever sports pursue
 Be still attendant, and be still in view.

The day advanc'd, and waning to the West,
 Demands a thought for respite and for rest ;
 Back to the city calls a sudden eye,
 Where varied beauties all in prospect lie ;
 The pointed steeples menacing the skies,
 The splendid domes that emulously rise.

These to behold may please the vacant mind :
 More pleasing far the cottage of the hind,
 That yonder smokes, by russet hawthorn hedg'd,
 By hay-yard back'd, and side-long cow-house edg'd.
 Oft have I there my thirst and toil allay'd,
 Approach'd as now, and dar'd the dog that bay'd ;
 The smiling matron joys to see her guests,
 Sweeps the broad hearth, and hears our free requests ;
 Repels her little brood that throng too nigh,
 The homely board prepares, the napkin dry,
 The new-made butter, and the rasher rare,
 The new-laid egg, that's dress'd with nicest care ;
 The milky store, for cream collected first,
 Crowns the clean noggin, and allays our thirst,
 While crackling faggots, bright'ning as they burn,
 Shew the neat cupboard and the cleanly churn ;

The

The plaintive hen, the interloping goose,
The lambkin dear that frisks about the house ;
The modest maiden rises from her wheel,
Who unperceiv'd a silent look would steal ;
Call'd, she attends, assists with artless grace,
The bloom of nature flushing on her face,
That scorns the die which pallid pride can lend,
And all the arts which luxury attend.

With fuel laden from the brambly rock,
Lo ! forward comes the father of his flock,
Of honest front ; salutes with rustic gait,
Remarks our fare, and boasts his former state,
When many a cow, nor long the time remov'd,
And many a calf his spacious pasture rov'd,
Till rising rents reduc'd them now to three,
Abridg'd his farm, and fix'd him as we see ;
Yet, thanks his God, what fails him in his wealth
He seeks from labour, and he gains from health ;
Then talks of sport, how many wild ducks seen !
What flocks of widgeons too had fledg'd the green.

While thus amus'd, and gladden'd with our lot,
The hasty ev'ning calls us from the cot ;
A small gratuity dilates their heart,
And many a blessing follows as we part.
Nor you, ye proud, disdain their state to hear,
The state of nature crowns their frugal cheer,
Transmitted pure from patriarchal times,
By art unfashion'd to corruption's climes.
To you unknown their labours and their race,
Alike unknown their innocence and peace ;
Secure from danger, as remov'd from fame,
Their lives' calm current flows without a name.

Now had the twilight, veil'd in gloomy grey,
Mourn'd the departure of retiring day ;
A darker hue the face of nature wears,
And scarce distinct the distant town appears.—
Back to our mind in swift succession throng
(To cheat the time and steal the road along)

The

The various sports of all the summer past,
 When ling'ring long vacation came at last ;
 Imagination fondly sports to tell
 How many grouse, how many partridge fell.

The rising moon, with delegated sway,
 Supplies the radiance of the distant day,
 Reveals the various objects that we meet,
 And all the busy tumults of the street.
 With head-long pace the vagrant hawker scours,
 And bloody news from lungs horrific pours,
 The dull discordant ballad-notes annoy,
 That mock the crowd with love's fantastic joy ;
 The cumb'rous coach, with blazon'd pomp, that shews
 Where pamper'd pride and indolence repose ;
 While, close behind, the shiv'ring female strays,
 Parted from virtue, innocence, and ease.
 She, once the darling of her mother's arms,
 Her father's pride, and blest with blooming charms,
 Thro' all the village known for spotless fame,
 Fair was her beauty, fairer still her name ;
 Till the sly tempter urg'd insidious suit,
 And lur'd her weakness to forbidden fruit ;
 There perish'd grace, her guardian honour fled,
 And sad remembrance mourns each blessings dead ;
 Expell'd the paradise of native sway,
 She wanders now to every vice a prey.

Heav'n ! how unlike the pure, the tranquil scene,
 Where rural mirth and rural manners reign ;
 Where simple cheer disclaims the cares of wealth,
 And fresh'ning gales diffuse the glow of health.

THE
SWALLOWS.

[FROM JAGO'S POEMS.]

ERE yellow Autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to wintry storms the varied year,
The swallow-race, with foresight clear inspir'd,
To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.

On Damon's roof a grave assembly sat ;
His roof a refuge to the feather'd kind ;
With serious look he mark'd the nice debate,
And to his Delia thus address'd his mind.

Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid,
Observe and read the wond'rous ways of heav'n ;
With us through summer's genial reign they staid,
And food and lodging to their wants were giv'n.

But now, through sacred prescience, well they know
The near approach of elemental strife ;
The blustry tempest and the chilling snow,
With ev'ry want and scourge of tender life.

Thus taught, they meditate a speedy flight ;
For this, e'en now, they prune their vig'rous wing ;
For this consult, advise, prepare, excite,
And prove their strength in many an airy ring.

No sorrow loads their breast, or swells their eye,
To quit their friendly haunts or native home ;
Nor fear they, launching on the boundless sky,
In search of future settlements, to roam.

570 THE POLITE REPOSITORY; OR,

They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine,
That warns them hence : they feel it, and obey.
To this direction all their cares resign,
Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.

Well fare your flight, ye wild domestic race !
Oh ! for your wings, to travel with the fun !
Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,
Till your long voyage happily be done !

See, Delia, on my roof your guests to-day ;
To-morrow on my roof your guests no more !
Ere yet 'tis night, with haste they wing their way,
To-morrow lands them on some safer shore.

How just the moral in this scene convey'd !
And what without a moral would we read ?
Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,
And with his lesson register the deed.

'Tis thus life's cheerful seasons roll away ;
Thus threatens the Winter of inclement age ;
Our time of action but a summer's day,
And earth's frail orb the sadly-varied stage !

And does no pow'r its friendly aid dispense,
Nor give us tidings of some happier clime ?
Find we no guide in gracious Providence
Beyond the stroke of death, the verge of time !

Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,
That point the path to realms of endless day ;
That bid our hearts nor death, nor anguish fear,
This future transport, that to life the way.

Then let us timely for our flight prepare,
And form the soul for her divine abode ;
Obey the call, and trust the leader's care
To bring us safe through virtue's paths to God.

Let

Let no fond love for earth exact a sigh,
No doubts divert our steady steps aside;
Nor let us long to live nor dread to die;
Heav'n is our hope and Providence our guide.

EDWIN AND MARY.

AN ELEGY.

[FROM CUMMING'S POEMS.]

JOY dwells no more on Avon's winding stream;
No more is heard the shepherd's cheerful lay;
Nor more the blithsome nymphs dance on the green,
Where the flocks feed and sportive lambkins play.

Why is forsaken gentle Edwin's bow'r?
The bow'r he form'd, when the rose-bud hue
Glow'd on his cheek, fresh as the op'ning flow'r,
Showing its charms to the enraptur'd view.

When from his brow the shining ringlets hung,
When fire and sweetness spark'd from his eyes,
When music flow'd so sweetly from his tongue,
The sacred muses listen'd from the skies.

No more on Avon's banks the swains rejoice!
Silent, alas! is Edwin's verdant bow'r;
There now no more the voice of music flows,
Which us'd so oft to cheer the festive hour.

For that lov'd youth now treads no more the plain;
No more with glee he joins the shepherd's song;
Now Mary smiles not midst the gladsome scene,
Nor leads the dance amidst the youthful throng.

Upon their birth propitious heav'n smil'd :
 Parental fondness rear'd their infant days ;
 Each morn they wak'd to joys serene and mild,
 As the soft breeze that on the blossom plays.

The dearest friendship form'd their tender minds ;
 As years advanc'd that friendship grew to love ;
 That virtuous love which souls congenial binds,
 While in sweet harmony the passions move.

Serene and pleasant was the charming scene,
 Unheeded flew the fleeting hours of joy,
 Concealing in the mazes of their train
 What fate destin'd this pleasure to destroy.

Fair shone the morn ; from ev'ry grove and glade
 The early birds sung to the orient beam ;
 When blooming Edwin left his nuptial bed,
 To bathe, O Avon, in thy fatal stream.

Down rush the torrents from the distant hills,
 And dire destruction sweeps along the plain,
 While chilling horror every bosom fills,
 And sorrow bursts from every heart in vain.

Oft Edwin tries the wish'd for shore to gain,
 Where shepherds mourn the friend they cannot save ;
 His nervous limbs combat the tide in vain :
 O'erpower'd and spent he sinks beneath the wave.

Mary awakes.—She hears the voice of woe :
 Unusual fears her gentle bosom pain ;
 The crystal tears adown her bosom flow ;
 She calls on Edwin, but she calls in vain.

Forth now she bends her steps with anxious care,
 To seek her Edwin midst the horrid scene ;
 Her tresses flow upon her bosom fair,
 " Edwin !" she cries ! but, oh ! she cries in vain.

Now

Now, flow and penfive, near the shepherds drew,
 Bearing young Edwin breathless in their arms;
 The shades of death sit on his manly brow,
 Sunk are his eyes, and fled are all his charms.

"Weep on, O Mary!" say the shepherd throng;
 "We'll mourn with you the lovely Edwin's fate,
 "We'll mourn the pride of swains.—At times the song
 "In plaintive strains shall tell his virtues great."

In silent woe the lovely Mary stands;
 Her grief, too big, denies the friendly tear;
 Her bosom heaves, to heav'n she lifts her hands;
 To heav'n ascends her sad and silent pray'r.

"Stay, gentle shade! O lovely Edwin stay!"
 At last the wretched Mary wildly cries!
 Her snowy arms cling round his lifeless clay,
 Pressing his pale cold lips, she groans and dies.

Within one tomb the hapless pair were laid;
 By it the rosemary and hawthorn bloom;
 The yew-tree yields a solitary shade,
 And spreads around a melancholy gloom.

There no unhallow'd foot presumes to tread,
 There no rude hand dare pluck the verdant flow'r:
 Nightly the shepherds visit the long shade,
 And in sweet strains their plaintive sorrows pour.

Edwin and Mary's love is often sung
 In softest notes, tun'd by the feeling muse:
 Their sacred virtues dwell on every tongue;
 Thro' ev'ry heart their gentle pow'rs diffuse.

There may the solemn dirge continual flow,
 And thither may the odorif'rous breath
 Of vernal spring and summer ev'ning blow,
 Until th'Almighty burst the bars of death.

THE HAPPY SWAIN.

HOW happy is the rustic peasant's life!
 No jarring passions swell his tranquil breast;
 Far from the crouded city's noise and strife,
 Sound are his slumbers, for his heart's at rest.

Alike, in summer's heat or winter's snow,
 Health paints his cheeks with colours all her own;
 Alike, when sun-beams scorch or tempests blow,
 His sheep are tended and his fields are sown.

Far from the dazzling joys of pomp and state,
 He envies none their still-increasing store;
 Nor (hear and blush, ye vain ambitious great)
 Fears to be less, or wishes to be more.

He ne'er for guilty lawless pleasure roves,
 But, taught by nature, urg'd by choice to wed,
 From yonder hamlet calls whom best he loves;
 With her he shares his heart, with her his bed.

To gild her worth he asks no wealthy dow'r,
 His labour feeds her, while his arm defends;
 In youth or age, in pain or pleasure's hour,
 The same fond husband and the best of friends.

And she, the faithful partner of his care,
 Soon as the folded flocks have ceas'd to graze,
 Soon as still ev'ning clouds the silent air
 Awakes the crackling faggot's cheerful blaze.

He feasts contented on his homely cheer,
 While round his knees his prattling children play;
 And oft with pleas'd attention sits to hear
 The little hist'ry of their idle day.

Thence to the chaste though homely bed he goes,
 Where no base rival e'er was known to stray,
 There till the lark disturbs his sound repose,
 He unmolested sleeps the night away.

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